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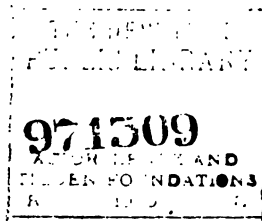
REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

The Church heareth none but Christ. — LUTHER.

BOSTON:  
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## THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE boy who killed the bird, and cut it in pieces, to find where the song came from, is not a bad representation of the way in which the Fourth Gospel has been handled to discover the secret of its power. Ever since it came into possession of the Christian Church, it has nourished the faith and piety of the loftiest and the lowliest minds, such as Origen, Augustine, and Schleiermacher, among thinkers and theologians, and the great company of spiritualized Christian believers who have found here an open way to the heart of God. The question, "Who wrote the Fourth Gospel?" — if you mean by that who held the pen that formed the letters and words, — is a question of very inferior moment to any one whose spiritual vision has been clarified by it; for to him there is only One who could have inspired it, even he whose interior life is there commemorated and most fragrantly set forth.

The critics we conceive are perfectly right in supposing that the Fourth Gospel must some way be got rid of before Christ can be brought down to the common level of our human nature. The other books must be reconstructed, but this must in the main be expunged. The process through which modern criticism of a certain school has come to its conclusions, and finally ruled it out entirely, is exceedingly in-



structive. It is not so much a question of history as a question of philosophy ; and, if it had not been the latter, we doubt if it would have been a question of history at all.

As early as 1793, and between that date and 1812, the claims of the Fourth Gospel were contested by German critics on the ground of alleged diversities between this Gospel and the other three, and the assumed coincidence between the Johannean theology and that of Philo. These critics were mainly Eckermann (1793), Vogel (1801), Herst (1803), Ballenstedt (1812). The assaults of these critics, however, were not extensively heeded, and did very little to disturb the traditional opinions, for the reason that they were made from internal grounds, and did not touch the historical evidence. But, in 1820, Bertschneider published his "*Probabilia*," in which the historical evidence is also assailed. According to him, the author of this Gospel belongs to the first half of the second century, and wrote it with a dogmatic purpose ; namely, to propagate the metaphysical doctrine of the deity of Christ. At that time, however, these arguments obtained no currency. The school of Schleiermacher was in the ascendant, and they had a warm partiality for the Gospel of John. Bertschneider was answered by Calmberg (1822), by Hemsen (1823), and by Crome (1824) ; and the only change which the whole discussion produced was a new value placed upon the Fourth Gospel, and its pre-eminence above the other three. Bertschneider himself retracted his doubts.

But the critical philosophy was becoming fashionable in Germany, and was destined to give birth to a new school of Biblical criticism. Not to dwell here on its rise and development, it is enough to say that it culminated in Hegel ; and though Hegel declared that "only one man understood him, and he didn't," it is easy enough to see how he shaped the understandings of the men who ruled with sovereign sway in the department of rationalistic theology, and who originated its style and method of Biblical criticism. His philosophy became the very life and soul of the Tübingen school : it ruled and determined its whole estimate of the nature of Christianity, the integrity of its records, the possibility of

miracles, and the entire course of its development in history. The man who stands at the head of this school is Ferdinand Christian Baur. He is an ardent and devoted Hegelian ; and whether as critic or historian, he only sees Hegelian ideas regnant in the whole course of religious development. In two of his works, he has given an exposition of the Hegelian philosophy as it bears directly and specially upon Christianity, fortunately in the uncolored and icy clearness by which his style is distinguished.

"The Absolute Being," says Hegel, is simply all that is. God would not be God without the world and humanity. He is such only by a living process, by eternally becoming ; by perpetually evolving himself into phenomena, and returning back from phenomena into himself. A God abstract, and without nature and humanity, is not conceivable. If you ask where then was God before nature and man were created, Hegel would answer, there was no such ante-mundane epoch. God from eternity has been creative, and to all eternity will be in endless series. Without man, he has no consciousness, no knowledge of himself ; for consciousness pertains only to finite existence. God is always becoming man, and this is his egress out of himself into the finite. Man is always becoming God, and this is his regress back into the infinite. This is the life-process of God, the great current of being as it goes round and round in its everlasting sweep ; the ocean tide of eternal spirit as it always sets from the poles to the tropics, and back again from the tropics to the poles. In its egress towards the finite, it first comes to self-consciousness in man ; and, in its egress, it sweeps man back into the unconscious Infinite. This great whole, which is the absolute One becoming many, and receding into the One again, is thus ever begetting children, and seeing itself and knowing itself in their consciousness as in a mirror, and then in its ebb-tide breaking the mirrors and dissolving them in the primal and infinite being. The absolute, however, is only real ; the finite, the manifold, the phenomenal, is apparent, illusive, and negative. "The world indeed is, because God, without the world, cannot eternally be as God ; but God is ever

the Creator only of worlds rising and vanishing in an endless train." \*

Hegel not only accepts all the doctrines of Orthodox Christianity, but takes them up into his system relieved of all partiality and inconsistency, and justified to the philosophic mind. The Trinity, the Atonement, the Supreme Divinity of Christ, his death as the atoning sacrifice, his resurrection and ascension, — all these are essential doctrines of Hegelianism, not merely re-affirmed, but shown in their wide relations and vast significance. These grand essential doctrines of Christianity are explicated in this wise: —

There are three distinctions in the Godhead, — the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. God, as the Father, is conceived in thought as subsisting in his own eternity, uncreating and unrevealed. God, as the Son, finites himself, becomes creative, differences himself from himself, thus passes into self-consciousness in humanity and nature, and becomes the God-man. God, as the Holy Spirit, dwells in man, makes man conscious of God, in which consists the essence of all religion, and thence returns back into itself. In this ebb-tide of the Divinity, the finite ceases, all difference is abolished; and this is the atonement. These are the three moments of the Hegelian Trinity: God in himself is the first person; as he differences himself from himself, and becomes God-man, he is the second person; as he abolishes the difference, and passes back into himself, he is the third.

The essential Godhead of Christ has a most important place in the system. Schelling and Hegel both affirm this in most unqualified terms. They even look down from their transcendent height, not only upon the poor vulgar unbelief that cannot see the God-man in the Saviour of the world; but also upon the faith of the Church, that only sees him partially and dimly, and not in the wider and more transparent atmo-

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\* Baur, *Christlike Gnosis*, p. 707.

"God in all spirits contemplates himself, the totality of finite spirits being the self-conscious reflex of the Divine nature opening down and glassing itself in them. God in this sense is all in all. This alone is the true conception of the immanence of God in the world." — *Ib.* p. 706.

sphere of philosophy. There are three moments or degrees of apprehension, says Hegel, through which we rise to an adequate conception and knowledge of Christ. To the outside unbeliever, whose apprehensions are only carnal, Christ appears as a mere man, as simply a martyr for the truth, like Socrates. But faith rises higher than this. Faith sees in Christ the God-man. And this is the second "moment" or stage of apprehension. But faith clings to the outward fact, to the mere historic phenomena, and is not yet released from the limitations of sense. This release is vouchsafed to philosophy. By this we are bound no longer to a fact away in the past, but rise into the realm of ideas where faith sublimates into knowledge. When we come to this height, we have done with the historic and personal Christ, and ascend into the region of truth universal. The Christ is no longer an individual, but humanity in the aggregate through all climes and ages. The God-man is not one man, but all men ever and everywhere. It was necessary that the truth of the incarnation should be brought down to the senses of men as it was in the individual Christ of past history, that faith might grasp it and hold it; but, that done, philosophy comes along and releases the truth of its husks and wrappings, and makes it universal. What was first supposed to belong to the Christ of Palestine is made over to the whole race. Henceforth we know that God becomes man, not once for all, but ever in an infinite series down the endless line of generations. Thus unbelief is turned into faith, and faith sublimates into the Gnosis in the lofty realm of universal ideas.

In construing the doctrine of the Atonement, the death of Christ is the essential point on which everything is made to turn. For the prime work of the Atonement is to abolish death; that is, to do away with the finite: in Hegelian phrase, it is "the negation of a negation." In the death of Christ, death itself is abolished; for the finite vanishes, and so God returns back into himself. In becoming man, there was the egress of the infinite into difference: in the death of Christ, the God-man, there was the vanishing of difference, and therefore the regress of the infinite back into itself. It is the

means by which humanity is "stripped off," and God dies into himself, and is pure spirit again.\* Here, too, there are the same three moments or grades of apprehending the Atonement as of the Trinity. Unbelievers see nothing in Christ but the death of a common martyr. Faith looks to Calvary, sees an expiring God, veils her face, and adores. Philosophy is released from the limitations of place and person, sees in the death of all nature and all humanity only the finite peeling off, and God dying back into himself; "atoning himself with himself," and returning to his own infinitude. From a doctrine of faith the Atonement sublimates into knowledge, becomes a universal truth, freed from all sensual envelopes in the upper region of serene ideas. "Hence the Gnosis finds a type for itself that God is triune, and the significance of history is that it is the history of God himself. Sensuous certainty goes over into spiritual consciousness."

The sinless purity of the Christ is also a postulate of the Hegelian philosophy. Faith affirms this of an individual in past history. Philosophy frees it from all local and sensuous personality. Sin adheres to persons only, but the race is sinless. The individual Christ was imperfect and sinful; but the real God-man, which is humanity in its solidarity and its never-ending series, is without spot or pollution. The sublime morality of the gospel, which demands self-denial and self-sacrifice, even to the giving-up of all personal life, is also re-affirmed by the new philosophy in its loftier significance. For the more we die to ourselves, and renounce our individuality, the more completely do we die back into God, and return to the infinite on the ebb-tide of the Divinity. The resurrection and ascension of Christ are in like manner delivered from their historic frame-work, no longer involved in the doubts and uncertainties of documentary evidence, but lifted up into the realm of universal ideas. For it is not the Christ of Palestine, but universal humanity, that lives again, and

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\* An sich Got und todt, —diese vermittlung, wodurch das Menschliche abgestreift wird, anderseits das an sich Seyende zu sich zuruckkommt, und so erst der Geist ist.

ascends to heaven. From the negation of its phenomenal life, a higher spiritual life is ever evolved, and it is always through death that the universal God-man rises and re-ascends out of difference to oneness with himself.

There was one thing which Hegel left in doubt, — the doctrine of a personal immortality. There could be no question, however, as to how his system could develop in this direction. His trinity is that of Brahmanism reproduced in its essential features. Brahma is the Infinite, abstractly conceived, one and undistinguished. Vishnu is Brahma brought forth to view, and concrete in the most perfect form, which is the human. Siva is both the limitation of all being, and its death or return into its primal unity. This is the trinity of the Hindus, — God in his unending life-process through its circle round and round.\* On its ebb-tide man is lost in the infinite, and his personal existence extinguished. All difference, multiplicity, and self-consciousness are abolished to be reproduced again.†

The disciples of Hegel were not slow to see that the Christian doctrine of immortality must also be released from the shell of personality, and exhale into the upper region of serene ideas. To look for a personal existence beyond death, or to aspire thereto, is the dictate of selfishness, and argues a want

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\* Hegel's "Philosophy of Religion," vol. I. p. 299, quoted and commented upon by Baur, *Dreieinigkeit*, vol. I. pp. 8-12.

† So long as I know myself as a special existence, as an independent personality, so long belong I to the world of illusion, and am far from God. Only when I fully forego myself, not merely my sinful thought and feeling, my self-seeking and my own will, but myself as independent existence generally; when I for myself fully am nothing more, and no special personal existence will bare; when all my inclination, all feeling of pain and pleasure, all work and all thought, except pure and sheer unity, I absolutely forego; when I my spiritual personality slay, and only the One is, and all difference is not, and I am not, but only Brahma is, — so have I the point reached when I can say "*I am Brahma*." In this state, however, Brahma is not drawn down into the Ego; but the Ego is rapt into Brahma, as the water-drop is one with the sea. The Indian Pantheism is not self-deifying, but self-destroying.

*Wuttke's Geschichte des Heinentums*, pp. 324-5.

of self-renunciation. All personal existence is corrupt and sinful: this is strained out of us by death, through which we return to the unconscious infinite. Personally we die, and our consciousness goes out; but our qualities survive to be reproduced in the everlasting flux and reflux of the Infinite Spirit: and this is the Christian immortality defecated and sublimed by philosophy.

The existence of an angel-world, or of any world of individual, personal beings, above the plane of this present natural life, becomes a chimera of the human brain. Nature discharges man from her keeping through the gateway of death, not into some supernatural sphere where his individuality is both preserved and intensified, but he is washed on the return tide back into the infinite Spirit with which he is really identical, and from which his separation was only docetic and illusive. His only personal immortality, or life after death, is here on the earth, in his works, in the memory of mankind, in the spirit which he leaves behind him to be diffused over the earth. "Grass," says Meyen, "is already growing over the grave of Daub: is he therefore dead for his friends and for the world? His works, and hence also his spirit, live. Many winter storms have already swept over the grave of Hegel and of Goethe, but does not their spirit still live amongst us? It is as Christ said, — 'Where two of you are met together, there am I in the midst of you.' Thus each continues to live according to his works."

In this way Christianity cuts clear of all its historical relations, and floats in the upper regions without touching the ground. We can say now that the historical Christ never existed, except in mythology; and if all the documents of the two testaments should turn out to be fabulous, without even the smallest element of fact to date from, it is all the same with the disciples of the new Gnosis. The use of these works, in the process of opinion, was simply provisional. They served as the body and cuticle of great truths in that stage of the world which needed them, till the times became ripe for setting them free. Mythology, for this purpose, was as good as history, till philosophy could strip away the transient, which

was the sensuous form and covering, and eliminate the permanent into its pure spirituality. One of the Hegelian disciples calls this "The spiritual kingdom of the Idea."

One step farther in the process of the new Gnosis must be carefully noted and described. It will be seen at once that it has no place for final causes. The final cause of an action is simply its moral motive, and implies the intelligent adaptation of means to ends. The final cause of God in the creation is his benevolent purpose, manifest in what Paley calls "contrivance," or the wise concentration of instrumentalities and agencies for working out beneficent results. Take up a watch, and examine its system of springs and wheels, adjusted and delicately contrived all to one end,—to move the hands on the plate and make them keep time exactly; and we exclaim at once, "What proof of design, and hence of a designer of wonderful intelligence and skill!" Look into a human eye, and the concentration of means to ends is more marvelous yet. Or look away to nature's grander ongoings; the poise, for instance, of the earth in its orbit, and the angle which the equator makes with the ecliptic, so exact as to produce the alternations of even and morn and spring and summer. Natural religion, so called, had argued from the endless marks of design to intelligent mind and purpose envisaged in the universe. But design involves the idea of consciousness, and consciousness from the first person of the Hegelian trinity is absolutely excluded. The infinite Spirit only comes to self-consciousness within the realm of the finite, in the second person of the Hegelian trinity. In plainer English, he arrives at self-consciousness only in man. Therefore on the farther side, beyond the finite and within the realm of the infinite, there are no intelligent motives. Behind phenomena, there are not, and cannot be, any final causes. "The ever-streaming immanence of spirit in matter" comes down without conscious purpose till it finds its incarnation on the plane of natural existence, and there comes to a knowledge of itself.

The bearing of all this on the question of miracles is not to be mistaken. The Christian idea of nature is that its forms are the types of divine thought, and its ongoing the execu-



tion of a divine volition. The leading events of the Gospel history only bring out the same idea in broader and more open sunlight. The miracles of the New Testament, as most Christians believe, are one with the great miracle of nature ; but they declare in articulate speech a conscious purpose on the part of God and a world of intelligent causes which nature only declares in majestic silence. They necessitate the conception of a supreme order of the universe, and an Ordainer who lives above it and within it ; not streaming unconsciously through it, but making it the means to an end in all possible adaptations, and giving it a moral and educative power in the elevation of the human race. They are credible on the theory, which Pantheism must needs reject, that the universe is more than one story high ; that above the flats of nature, and the beings that swarm over them, are other tiers of existence ; that the higher subordinate the lower, and bend them to a divine purpose and end, and make the earth a seminary for the skies. In any system which excludes final causes, the events of the New Testament, that make up the frame of its history, are not merely incredible, but a blank impossibility.

It is a singular fact, and may overcome some of our readers with a special wonder, that Hegel not only lived and died in the most fragrant odors of Orthodoxy, but was hailed as its champion, for which the ages had waited to place it on an impregnable foundation. A Christianity from which a personal Christ, a personal Deity, and a personal immortality, had all been discharged, was still preached from Orthodox pulpits, and kept on under its old forms, rituals, and sacred names, and was placed now, it was thought, above the assaults of its infidel foes. It was now a city set upon a hill ; a fortress too high up to be stormed, or to be reached by vulgar weapons. It was some time before it was discovered, on a near approach, that the ordnance was all wooden, though painted in exact imitation of the old guns that had been taken down ; and that, when you entered through the gates, you found the city evacuated, all its armies and peoples gone, all its stores of provision removed, its streets as silent as a graveyard, your

voice echoing back from deserted habitations, and your footfall ringing hollow among the tombs.

The discovery, however, was sure to come. The Hegelians of the "extreme left" were not slow in pushing this philosophy to its ultimate and logical results. It determined into its inevitable and congenial Christology in the hands of Baur and Strauss, two of the most able professors of the Tübingen school. They came to the New Testament with the foregone conclusion that supernatural appearances are impossible, and therefore, as a rule of criticism, angels, miracles, voices from heaven, wherever they occur, are *ipso-facto* evidences of unreliability. They are to be accounted for on the pre-assumption that they never took place.

This of course demands a complete revolution in the whole department of Biblical criticism. The gospel of the New Testament must bend to the new gospel of ideas, and be made conformable therewith. How is this to be done? There are three ways possible:—

First, there is the theory of the Naturalists, so called, already in vogue, and which Paulus had applied to the New-Testament history. He admits a basis of fact around which the supernatural has gathered and nucleated, and which he undertakes to strip away. For instance, the transfiguration of Christ was a dream of the three disciples. They were tired, and fell asleep, and dreamed they saw Moses and Elias, as Jews very naturally would, and in their dream they saw their Master, invested with material splendor, in congruity with their yet carnal conceptions of his kingdom. Suddenly a clap of thunder waked them up; and, in their half-waking condition, they thought it a voice from heaven. Again, the resurrection of Christ was the re-animation of his natural body, which was taken from the cross in a state of swoon, and placed in a cool recess, under favoring conditions for reviving consciousness. And so on. This way of explaining the miracles was followed out with exhaustless ingenuity. It undertook to save the honesty of the New-Testament writers: it could admit the genuineness of the Gospels by affirming the credulity of their authors. But it had had its day, and


was falling into contempt; and the way was open to the Tübingen critics for a new play of hypothesis.

This came next in the *tendency theory* of Baur. This assumes that the primitive Church was divided into hostile camps,—the Jewish converts on one side, and the Gentile converts on the other; that Peter figured at the head of the former, and Paul at the head of the latter; that the split was pronounced and wide, and the controversy sharp and bitter; that it continued with the followers of these two leaders after the leaders themselves had passed away, and ran down past the middle of the second century. The four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles so called, most of the Epistles which bear Paul's name (he probably wrote only four of them), are productions of this seething controversy. They embody facts which had come down by tradition, but were produced in their present shape long after the apostolic times. The narratives of miraculous events were invented and put forward in the interest of one or the other of these two parties, and so imposed upon the churches along in the second century, and the names of apostles or their companions were assumed for them in order to give them currency and authority. The first two Gospels are "Petrine," the third is "Pauline." The fourth is also Pauline and anti-Jewish. The Book of Acts is a compromise written to bridge over the gulf, and reconcile the parties, and the reconciliation and final fusion was accomplished in the last half of the second century.

Next comes the mythical theory of Strauss, which attempts to expunge still further the nuclei of facts from the Gospel history, and set Christianity afloat in air. A myth differs from legend in that it has no basis of reality. It does not start from a fact which gathers around it assertions of fable. That would make it a legend. It starts from an imagination, or from a congeries of fancies, and, on these, paints the chimeras of the popular mind, and so covers the past with cloud-land.\* After the death of Jesus, there was a general expectation among his followers that he would come again in the clouds of heaven, raise the dead, and judge the world, and raise the saints into Paradise. They thought the time was near.

They lived in the future. They looked and waited. But the generations passed, the fathers fell asleep, and no Christ came. These seething imaginations cooled off and faded away.

Then from the future they very naturally turned round and looked into the past, and that in turn was kindled and became aglow. They did not see there the Messiah who *had* appeared, but the one who had been expected, and who in the popular imagination ought to have come. They found already a series of Jewish conceptions and beliefs, and these readily formed themselves into a nucleus around the person of Jesus. The supposed miracles of the Old Testament reproduce themselves, though with transmutations and new combinations, in the life of the Messiah. About the middle of the second century, and more than a hundred years after Jesus had lived, was the point of time when the Christian communions ceased to look for a new personal coming of their Lord, and so live in the future, but looked back and lived in the past. During all this time the Christian mythology had been forming in the popular imagination. The air was full of it, and it needed only to be condensed and precipitated, and appear in visible and tangible shape ; and this is the work which the authors of the four Gospels and the book of Acts have accomplished. The old Jewish antetypes and wonder-history furnished the molds in which it must inevitably determine and crystallize. Illustrate. The Messiah was to be like Moses, the deliverer of his people. Jesus was the Messiah, and so he must have equaled Moses. Moses wrought miracles : Jesus must have wrought miracles which at least would match his. Moses went up with three men into the mount where a cloud unfolded them, and Moses was rapt in the Divine glory, and came down with his face shining : Jesus therefore must be shown on *his* mount of transfiguration with three disciples. The Messiah was to be the son of David : hence the two genealogies. He must be born in the city of David. Nazareth was not such a city, but Bethlehem was. Hence the story of his miraculous birth there. And so on through three classes of "myth-groups" which involve Jesus from his birth to his ascension.



In his second "*Leben Jesu*," published in 1864, Strauss half abandons some of the positions of his earlier treatise. In the earlier one, he concedes the honesty of the mythologues, who only precipitated and produced the more vague popular imaginations: in his later one, he charges them with intentional deception and imposition. He avails himself, as far as he can, of Baur's "tendency-theory." The first Gospel is "Petrine," the third is "Pauline;" and so in the former are side thrusts at Paul, and in the latter at Peter. How microscopic the vision of German criticism in these matters is, the reader may judge from a single case which we will cite from each side. The writer of the first Gospel reports, in the Parable of the Sower, that an enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat. Here very likely was a sly hit at Paul, the bringer-in of the Gentiles. The writer of the third Gospel omits altogether the words of Jesus addressed to Peter, — "On this rock will I build my Church." Here was a sly hit at Peter. In Mark, however, there are none of these side-thrusts obvious even to a microscopic criticism. And what is the inference from this? Why, the writer was a compromiser, trying to split the difference, and heal the breach!

The main result is, that no such person as the Jesus Christ of the New Testament ever appeared upon this earth. Behind this region of cloud-land, doubtless there was some one, but he is hidden from our sight. About no great man of history is our information so unsufficing as about Jesus. While the image of Socrates, four hundred years earlier, stands out distinct in the clear Hellenic atmosphere, the form of Jesus looks out as scarcely human from the fog of Jewish fantasy and Alexandrian fanaticism.\*

What then have we left after the Christ has gone behind the cloud, and disappeared from our sight, and vanished from the field of history? Ideas. These remain. The excellence of Philosophy is in this, — that, while it clears away the personalities as mere scaffolding to the celestial building, the Christianity of universal ideas shines out. From its stand-point

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\* *Leben Jesu* für Deutsch Volk bearbeitet. p. 623.

we behold, not persons inaugurating the Christian ages, but the Hegelian trinity, evolving ideas, and coming to self-consciousness, and then retiring into the unconscious All. In this successive evolution and involution, human personalities, whether historic or unhistoric, are the appearing and vanishing ghosts of the scene. Nothing supernatural can be created, for there is no intelligent world but the one we live in now. There is nothing above nature and man but the Unconscious Force which evolves itself in them. There can be no voices from heaven. Heaven and hell exist only in the Christian mythology, not beyond death and the grave, where the Hegelian trinity on its ebb-tide washes all personalities clean out in the Infinite.

Strauss dedicates his last work "To the memory of my dear brother," in a fitting strain which touches the heart. This brother had recently died. "Thou hast manfully endured chronic bodily pain without foreign support, sustained only by what you are and know as a man, and as a member of this world full of spirit and of God: thou hast maintained thy courage and composure under circumstances which might make those who believe the most faint-hearted: thou hast even in such moments, when all hope of life was quenched, never given way to the temptation of deceiving thyself by resting upon a world beyond." Such is Christianity with Christ expunged, such its facts and doctrines exhaled in ideas, and such its hope and consolation in death.

The "*Leben Jesu*" was published in 1835. It cleared the air. A controversy followed which was at first sharp and stormy. A demand was made that the book should be banned and suppressed by law. This Neander steadily and successfully opposed. He had examined the foundations, and knew their strength. A calm, patient, prolonged investigation followed. The widest and most profound scholarship of the age was applied to the sifting of evidence pertaining to the rise of Christianity, and the life of its author. The result is a literature of exceeding richness and permanent value.

We are very apt to get the impression, for a while, that, where there is a great deal of dust and smoke, nothing is to

be seen clearly afterwards. Where learned men have disputed, unlearned men think often there must be hopeless uncertainty. They do not remember, that, when learned men dispute with theories predetermined, their disputes are only the airy dance of hypotheses, and that the verdict of the common understanding is better than theirs. That the hermeneutics of the Tübingen school are a dance of this sort is shown by the constant shifting of its positions and its mutually destructive theories. There was a pre-determination to make Christianity serve as a mold of Pantheism with its nomenclature and ritual unchanged. Strauss was the pupil of Baur. But Baur lived not only to involve himself in inconsistencies, but to shatter the mythical theory of his pupil. The later editions of the first "*Leben Jesu*" of Strauss retracted the theory of the first about the fourth Gospel. Afterwards he retracted his retraction, and in his last work he changes his entire position under the damaging criticism of his master. His tone now sinks, and becomes coarse and bitter. His first work treated the evangelists reverently as honest men. His last makes them conscious forgers and impostors; and to the Christ of the fourth Gospel he applies language which we should be sorry to translate.

James Martineau says one cannot read many pages in a book of German metaphysics without feeling that he is a fool. He begins to doubt whether he knows anything, or whether anybody else does. A preacher who comes into his pulpit from the clouds which these writers raise about them, and the darkness which rays out of them, hints mysteriously that modern discovery has damaged all the old foundations; that he could tell considerable if it were worth while; and that common people held their faith through the reticence of the knowing ones. Science holds the balance between theism and atheism, and presently will inform an anxious world which side has kicked the beam.

Meanwhile, as the dust of the controversy clears off, the calm wisdom of Neander, who saw what the result must be, becomes apparent. No one went into it with a spirit more

sweet and beautiful than his. To his name must be added a list long and illustrious, to enumerate which would be to suggest works of learning and scholarship, the most profound and reverent of this age or any other, especially in the departments of Christian history and evidence. Never was it more signally shown how great is the service of doubt and denial in rendering faith and affirmation clear, pronounced, and intelligent. Not only the sand was cleared away, disclosing the old foundations more deeply and broadly, but new facts were brought to light, and new fields discovered, running down like sunny glades through opening mist to the majestic Personality which the Christian ages date from. The result is, that by the verdict of the best scholarship of modern times not predetermined into pantheism, no facts of equal antiquity, judged by the reasonable rules of historical evidence, stand out in surer prominence than the fundamental facts of the New-Testament narratives; no heights of history thus remote lie on the horizon in mellower sunlight or clearer outline. Among the names in this great debate of half a century, whether disclosing the external ground of Christianity, or its divine contents, are, along with that of Neander, Ullman, Dorner, Tholük, Schaff, Nitzsch, Rothe, Julius Müller, Giesler, Olshausen, Jacobi, Hengstenburg, Bleek, Thiersch, Bunsen, and Tischendorf.

It is not in our plan to write a book of Christian evidences, but to evolve the contents of the fourth Gospel, which, rationally apprehended, are, as we conceive, their own evidence, and prove Christianity itself a gift direct from above, and not a human discovery. But our exposition would not be at all satisfactory, especially after past discussions and denials, if we left out of the account the historical ground of the fourth Gospel, or left it to be suspected that this ground had been shaken or seriously disturbed. We shall see that this has not been the case. Indeed it is very difficult to make a sharp line of division between external and internal evidence, and show where one shades off into the other; as much as it is to tell where the soul and body are joined and interlaced.





Brought home to us in their divine glory and all-reconciling power, the essential truths of the fourth Gospel imply and necessitate the form and covering in which they appear ; or, conversely beginning with their historic basis, the evidence grows and brightens all the way inward to the central light which shines out, encircles, and irradiates the whole.

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ELLEN'S ADIEU.

BY R. F. FULLER.

ELLEN was crowned affection's queen,  
 With cheek of roses, smiles of light,  
 An eye as blue as heaven serene,  
 An open forehead full and white.

In unpretending beauty's power,  
 Her sway its willing subjects drew ;  
 And, till its culminating hour,  
 How fair she was we never knew.

'T was when she sickened, and we saw  
 A light of heaven in her eye,  
 Her cheek with roses blooming for  
 The bowers of immortality.

The year is fairest in the fall,  
 The day in gorgeous sunset dyes ;  
 And she most beautiful of all  
 Was when she vanished in the skies.

That hour is printed in my heart,  
 When in the eyes' soft halo shone  
 Her spirit, ready to depart :  
 I came next morn, and she was gone.

Among the fairest forms we see,  
 That make earth beautiful, she slept :  
 On fairest immortality  
 She rose with rapture while we wept.

## RICHARD F. FULLER.

THE following communication has a special interest as being written and sent to us just before the death of its lamented author. It was very little elaborated, but the spontaneous effusion of his mind and heart, and for that reason reflects more perfectly his devout and cheerful spirit. At the same time was sent to us the tender tribute to the memory of his sister Ellen which appears on the previous page. It would almost seem that he had some unconscious foregleams of the higher light in which he is now walking with the loved ones who have gone before to welcome him.

Richard F. Fuller was a younger brother of Margaret Ossoli, of Arthur B. Fuller, who fell at Fredericksburg, and of Mrs. E. R. Channing, whom he commemorates in the lines referred to. He was a well-read lawyer, with successful practice, and a Christian of very positive and earnest faith and beautiful life. Some years ago he joined the Christian connection, because there he found freedom from the bondage of human creeds, without any casting-away of the light and easy yoke of Jesus Christ, to whom he gave fervent and supreme allegiance. He was an active member of that Christian body ; and, while fellowshiping Christians of every name with great cordiality, he enlisted with a zeal that burned ever warmer and clearer in the enterprises of his own denomination, with whom his influence became important and widely extended. His heart was a fountain of everflowing kindness and generosity ; one of the best of neighbors and truest of friends. He was a scholar of more than usual attainments, and of a wide range of reading. He wrote with ease and rapidity ; and, though he had not the highest inspirations of the poet, his verses had often a singular sweetness, delicacy, and tenderness. He was a frequent contributor to these pages, and a note from his sick bed — probably the last which he wrote — expressed a warm appreciation of our work. He died suddenly, in the full bloom of his powers, leaving all of us, who knew him, to grieve deeply, that the cheery light of his countenance is no longer to fall upon our daily path.

We print his communication as a "Sermon," — a title which he would have disclaimed himself. But walking in light now among the immortals, the words seem prophetic, and, as it were, preach to us from the higher abodes.

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## WALK IN THE LIGHT.

A SERMON. BY R. F. FULLER.

“ But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another ; and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”—1 JOHN i. 7.

This is certainly a welcome injunction. We allege that we would gladly obey, if it were practicable. Give us the sunshine, and we will walk in it. We love it, from its rosy morn and cloudless noon to the sweet hour of eve. Give it to us and we will walk in it. But how when the clouds scowl down upon us, when the mists wrap us round, when the thick night can be felt with its rayless gloom,—is it kind then to bid us walk in the light, when we have no means to overcome the darkness ? Walk in the light ! Fain we would indeed ; but our steps take hold on death and tread in the dark valley. Shine on us, celestial beam, and we will gladly walk in thy brightness.

Thus we decline the heavenly invitation to walk in the light : thus we disown the duty and renounce the privilege.

Our plea is disability ; but is our plea a sound one ? In Egyptian darkness, the Israelites had light in their dwellings ; and while the mists of earth infold us, and the night-glooms brood about us, and while we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, cannot we walk in the light ? If we cannot, we must be then and there forsaken of God ; for God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

The first characteristic of light is cheerfulness. Gloom and despondency are dispelled by a radiant spring morning, when the bird songs are bursting with gladness, and the dew is laughing on the green grass, and the sportive breezes are caressing the foliage, and fain to play with the locks and fondle the cheek. The cheer of this light shames our melancholy, and we smile, or else we hide away from it. Now the injunction to walk in the light implies, as one particular, that we may and ought to be sunny and cheerful in our tempers. But, what ! can we dictate the dispensations of Providence ? if he sends clouds, are they to be as light ? are we to laugh

in our calamities, as only the heartless and thoughtless can do? I reply, we are not to gloom and be dispirited in our afflictions. The cloud has a silver lining, and we are to see it: the sorrow has a bright side, and we are to comfort ourselves in its light. We are immortal. When those we love go to glory, the very immortality which Christ brought to light pours a halo flood down upon us directly from heaven. Now, if we gloom like heathen, we dishonor his resurrection, and make ourselves most miserable, as if Christ were not raised. The early Christians put upon tombstones emblems of joy,—not the death's-head and cross-bones, and faithless gloomings upon the darkness of the buried dust, which often make the Christian monument to be hideous.

Another characteristic of light is, that it comes from above. If we walk in the light, our way is illumined by a heavenly influence. In our system of worlds, some receive into their bosom the radiance of others, which they in turn impart with pure lustres. Others seem to be sources of light, with which the divine hand must supply them. It is not unlikely that, between those orbs which shine as the sun or fixed stars, there is some commerce of light of which we know little or nothing. Man cannot impart light unless he receives it. He does not seem, indeed, like those opaque bodies which reflect a less and colder light than they receive. His case might be better exemplified by leaven, which makes its recipient another self, qualified to exert in its turn the same agency upon others. Certainly, man can have no light except he first receive it from God,—at all events beyond the spark of a glow-worm. The light of God, therefore, in which we are to walk, gives him the glory, and is never egotism. Every gift that makes a man distinguished comes from the Father of lights; and when the recipient recognizes it as still rather God's than his, and so tries to put it to a usury for which he can give a good account, then only does he honor God and benefit man.

To walk in the light, then, while we recognize it as God's light is not to be arrogant, nor to account ourselves above others; but rather to be brotherly as childhood, and familiar as members of the common family of man. Moreover, it fos-

ters our piety. While we thank God for his light, and rejoice in it, we prize it more because it is his, and the dear gift of his generosity. His light, in which we rejoice, makes us love him better.

This characteristic of the light we are to walk in, that it comes from God, makes it easily distinguishable from an *ignis fatuus* or false light. You can tell the light of a candle from the light of day ; and you need have no more hesitancy to distinguish the light of God from the light of man. The candle does not shine like the sun : the beam is not so broad, nor so genial and warming. One ray of God's light will unite in a common influence with all other rays it meets, from whatever source and whithersoever sent ; but a chandelier of would-be-human originalities blinds and confuses, and blurs the objects of sight. The more there are of them, the greater is the uncertainty and skepticism. But the more you have of God's light, the plainer is the path and the easier to walk in.

We must notice the form of the injunction, — WALK in the light. This implies the active agency and exercise of our own powers.

The light is God's, but the walk is ours ; it is exercise of our own powers. The command is not, receive the light, bask in the light, but walk in the light. We must actively exert ourselves that God may illuminate us.

Curious human intellects have theorized earnestly as to the share which God has and man has in the work of grace. Usually it is admitted that man has *something* to do ; but the dividing line between the component parts of human and divine agency is run in very different proportions. Some assign so much to God, that man's share is almost out of view ; others attribute so much to free will that God's hand seems forgotten. Both sides may be, and probably are, mistaken ; both are cruelly wasting their energies in abstraction, as if we should discuss the dividing line between daylight and dark, and neglect to do anything till we could settle the particular point where night ceased and day began. Whereas if a man watched with all the eyes of Argus, with fifty always open, while the other fifty alternately slept, or with all the

vision of that apocalyptic being who was full of eyes within, day would be, and night would cease, before he knew it. With all this speculation about the light, we may fail to walk in it. It is a perversion of our powers to dispute about such an abstraction. Both sides of such a controversy are wrong ; one in not appealing to the active agency of man to work out his own salvation, and the other so far as it may substitute self-confidence for trust in God.

We have powers and we must put them forth. And there is no difference as to the contributive share of divine and human agency between physical and spiritual action. When a man walks, the power is from God ; the exercise of that power is of man. You cannot walk without God's help ; and he will not help unless you put forth your will to walk. What makes the frame obey that will, how much is your agency, and how much the power given by God, — that is the secret.

It is the remark, we believe, of Macaulay, that theology has not advanced since the early Christian ages. This may depend on what we mean by theology. There are certain simple and radical truths, which, like the points of the compass, do not change ; but, radiating from those points, there should have been progress. No progress of learning will obliterate the alphabet ; it will still remain the starting-point. But the advancement of letters will work out new results. The alphabet of theology, — the fatherhood of God, the sonship of Christ, the influence of the Holy Spirit, the degeneracy of man till born into the supreme love of God, — such truths as these, which are the beginnings of theology, of course continue to be the starting-points for each new pilgrim. But the character of God, written in the book of nature, human history, and experience, unfolds a constant means of progress. Science is the car for religion to ride forward in ; history furnishes new illustrations, and, of course, new knowledge of man and God's government. If theology does not advance, it is for two reasons. First, Christians gudaize and stick in literalism. Secondly, those who study science destroy the starting-points of religion. They do not go on for this reason. They take the new truth to belie the old ; so they

fail of both, and in their scientific study revive old fallacies in new forms.

A theology that does not advance is a wrong theology ; for the knowledge of God grows or dies. This is one reason why Christians forget their first love : they do not go forward, and therefore they backslide. They do not increase in knowledge, and obtain new light ; so what they have becomes pale and ineffectual.

Knowledge of God, which is theology, is not, however, speculative only or mainly. In this particular, theology may not have made progress, because it is not a science of abstractions, but a practical science of experience, and a study by the mind and heart conjointly.

The best theology can only be practically learned. As we do more and more of God's will, we know more and more of the heavenly doctrine, and go on from glory to glory.

Are we thus walking in the light? Our privileges are unprecedented. In a land of liberty, in an age of advanced Christian civilization, our light is at noonday. Do we walk in it? If so, we have made progress. What shall serve to ascertain our progress? Have we been working for God, doing his will, not our own? If so, we must have got on. Have we made progress in character? Have we been striving against our faults and besetting sins? Is their hold weaker than formerly? Do we love God, more and live nearer to him?

When we put these questions to ourselves in careful self-examination, with prayer to God to search our hearts, and show us if there be any wicked way in us, and lead us in the way everlasting, we may with due humility come to some conclusion as to whether our life is bearing figs or thistles, or nothing but leaves.

How gratifying it is to watch the Christian experience of others, and take note of the advance they have made in Christian character! We can see that they have walked in the light of Christian liberty, and have obtained emancipation from ruling passions and besetting sins. They have restrained a quick temper; they have relinquished worldly pride and

ostentation ; they have with cheerful zeal given up more and more of self to God. For my part, I have had dear friends, who have continued and closed their earthly pilgrimage under my eye ; and I have been a witness to their gradually subduing their faults and ripening for heaven. We can see this in others. Must we be blind to ourselves ? Can we not tell whether we are nearer to God than when we believed, as we surely are to death ? Can we not tell whether we have left the first rudiments, and gone on to know the Lord, whom to know aright is life eternal ? If we cannot tell, surely God can tell us ; and he will search and reveal hearts if we open them to him and perseveringly seek the illumination of his spirit.

A man can hardly be a Christian unless he knows he has faults ; and he can scarcely know he has faults unless he knows what they are, or, at least, what some of them are. Some Christians, in their public confessions, pour over themselves a complete flood of depravity, so that their special faults are lost sight of. Now, in one sense, we are sinners altogether ; but let us have an intelligent sense of it. So far as we fall below the maximum of divine love and life in our souls, we are wanting in holiness. We ought to feel the want and long to repair it. But beware of a spiritual pride in our own abasement. Beware of a general consciousness of sin, which overlooks our special faults. Do not be so over-and-above humble, as to give to God no grateful recognition for the progress in character which he has enabled us to make. God forbid that we boast to others of it, or make it the occasion of self-satisfaction ; but let us give him the glory for every victory he gives us, and let all we attain encourage us to more earnest striving.

Walk in the light ! How beautiful the light is ! When its glow blushes in the east, when its smile bathes the hilltops, when it shortens the shadows to mid-day, when it slopes and lengthens them to eve, when it dies away to our wistful gaze in the earnest glow of sunset, — oh, how lovely, how inspiring and life-giving ! But this light is faint and fleeting compared to the heavenly day, the full-orbed radiance never clouded and never set. Let us walk, let us walk in the light of God !



## WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE CHURCH.

BY OLYMPIA BROWN.\*

HAS woman any place in the church? If so, how is that place to be determined, and what should be her position in relation to the cause of truth and religion? The ancient Jews said woman has no place in the church; they did not recognize her as a moral and spiritual being, accountable to God, and under obligations to work for the truth; there was for her no part in the public worship, and no place in the synagogue. In an outer court, separated from the rest by a rail, women might stand, and, peeping through, catch a glimpse of those services by which their brothers were to be edified and instructed. The different ancient nations, so far as we know, failed to recognize the need of spiritual culture in woman. They sometimes admitted women to a place in their religious processions, or, like the Greeks, at times made her the involuntary instrument through which some oracular sayings were given to the world; but even then she was but an instrument in the hands of cunning priests. It was not as a responsible worker for the good of society, nor for her own spiritual good, that she was admitted to any part in the ceremonies of religion.

It was for Christ, first in the history of the world, to recognize woman as worthy of the respect, the liberty, and the obligations that belong to a human being. He saw her capability of grasping those great principles which lie at the basis of the absolute religion, and of applying those principles to the needs of the world.

Nothing else so distinguished the Christian religion from all other systems as its recognition of the feminine element. Other systems took note of strong, able, and *free* men: Christianity cared for the humble, the poor, and the oppressed. It

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\* An essay read before the Ministerial Union, May 10, 1869. Published by request.

broke the shackles which the old barbarous law of might makes right had imposed upon woman. It recognized the feminine element in human society and made it a power for good.

It has been said that the character of Jesus was essentially a feminine character. It foreshadowed a new type of manhood, in which the test of excellence should be no longer physical strength, but moral power and spiritual discernment.

Accordingly, we find the prophecies of the Old Testament speaking of a condition of society in which the prevailing spirit shall be gentleness and charity and peace, when the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

The Old Testament Scriptures constantly look forward to a new era for woman. Early we find the prediction that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, indicating that while, through disobedience, sin and misery were entailed upon the race, through woman was to come the redemption. Christianity was to find in the emancipation of woman its grandest triumph over the great enemy of the race. In the old dispensation, woman was to suffer, to toil, to be ruled over, and to submit in sorrow; in the new dispensation she was to stand as a victorious queen, having put all enemies under her feet, and gained the salvation of the world.

Christ, possessing all feminine characteristics, ushering in the reign of gentleness and peace, was at once the representative of man and woman. Like the great, infinite Being, whose vicegerent he was, he combined all the excellences of male and female character in himself, and his system made no distinction of sex in respect to sphere of labor or moral obligations. The prophet Joel, looking forward to the great changes which would be effected through Christianity, said, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." And I recall, too, that grand prophecy contained in the last chapter of Proverbs, a description, I believe, yet to be realized, when the Christian woman, free, enlightened, endowed with all rights of the citizen, shall take her place in the Master's vineyard, girded with strength

and honor, her mouth filled with words of wisdom and her own works praising her in the gates.

When Christ came, in accordance with the words of prophecy, he opened a new world to woman. Truly, in the new dispensation, God *did* pour out his spirit upon woman.

Christ first revealed himself as the promised Messiah to a woman ; it was at a woman's request that he performed the first miracle ; he admitted women to listen to his instructions, and to co-operate with him in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to a sorrowing world. It was Mary who sat at Jesus's feet and conversed with him of the lofty themes which engaged his attention. It was women who were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. It was a woman who was first commissioned to preach the risen Saviour,—“Go, tell my disciples that I am risen from the dead ;” and if Jesus did not choose women among the twelve who were to be his immediate followers, it was rather owing to the peculiarities of the times, than to any unfitness in woman herself. We do not seek in our ministers and church-members a likeness to the disciples in merely personal matters ; we do not ask that they shall be all Jews, all fishermen, or tax-gatherers ; that they shall correspond in color of hair or eyes with the teacher,—it was not these little particulars, nor yet the fact that they were *men*, which fitted the original twelve to be Christ's disciples : but it was that they were earnest and loyal to the truth, and filled with the Holy Spirit ; and wherever there is man or woman, bond or free, Jew or Gentile, who has received this spirit, there is one whom Christ has chosen, and who is worthy to go forth to labor in his cause. And immediately after the coming of Christ, we find woman taking a new position, making a part of all public congregations, entering into public discussions to such an extent that the Apostle Paul found it necessary to rebuke those who were ignorant and not accustomed to so much liberty, and were taking up the time with foolish questions ; but in many places he commends those who labored in the church, as when he sent Phebe forth as a minister of the church at Cenchrea, applying to her the same term which he applies to himself when he calls himself

a minister of the New Testament: and not only does he command her, but he exhorts the friends at Rome to co-operate with her in her labors as a minister,—all showing that even at this early day women were found engaging in the gospel work. In the early Christian Church, we are told that women shared in the public services equally with men. Hase says, that, in the meetings of the early Christians, women took part in the same forms of worship with men; and another historian says, that, in these meetings of the early church, “*all* addressed the audience as they were moved, not excepting women;” and in the part of the work which we call pastoral labor, women were found to be efficient. The office of deaconess was early established, by which women were formally set apart for the Christian work, consecrated by the imposition of hands, a ceremony in all respects similar to the ordination ceremony of the present day; and their duties consisted in visiting and praying with the sick, in conversing with the new converts,—in fact, all that we mean by the pastoral labor of the preacher came within their jurisdiction; and from that time to this, in different departments of the Christian Church, women have been worthy workers.

Those churches which have accomplished most have been those which have most availed themselves of woman's earnest religious spirit and ready co-operation in the cause of truth.

The Catholics have been too wise to cut themselves off from such a source of power; but by their deification of the Virgin, by the appointment of women to offices in the church, offering a sphere of activity to those who wished to consecrate themselves to the cause of religion, they have gained for themselves a wonderful power. Take away all this, all the tenderness and sacredness which attaches to their idea of the Virgin, all the good, benevolent works of the Sisters of Charity, all the opportunities of culture which are afforded in their convents, all the power they have gained by their use of woman's ability, and it is safe to conclude that at least two-thirds of the influence of the Catholic Church would be gone.

The Methodists, the most rapidly increasing of any Protestant denomination, owe much of their power to the promi-

nence which they have given to women, permitting them to speak, to exhort, or to pray, in their public meetings, appointing them as class-leaders, and in various ways making them an instrumentality in promulgating their faith.

The Quakers, though not a growing denomination, owing to their peculiarities of dress and manner, have, nevertheless, exerted a great influence in favor of reform ; and their most efficient workers, their most able preachers, have always been women, — their most inspired utterances have fallen from women's lips. And among philanthropists and preachers the world has seen few nobler examples than Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Fry. Indeed, since Christ came and declared himself first of all to a woman, sending women forth to proclaim his resurrection, women have found a place in the Christian Church.

Society needs woman's influence, the church needs her. If, as some claim, she has more of intuition, more of spiritual vision than man, the church needs that ; if she is more apt to teach, more sympathetic and gentle, the church needs those qualities ; and we want all these different gifts, the firmness, the decision, the power of argument, the force of logic, the "pure thought" which *is said* to characterize man, and also the spirituality, the moral force, the tact, the keenness of perception, which are usually attributed to woman. If man and woman are counterparts of each other, unlike in mental capacity, and differing in their experiences, then we cannot get our greatest power or do our full work until man and woman co-operate, each supplying those qualities which are deficient in the other.

God has placed man and woman together in the world in families and in society ; they modify each other, and the great facts of human experience, the great needs of the world, cannot be comprehended until man's observation and reason are supplemented and made complete by woman's perception and ready inference. It has been said, I know, that there is too much sentiment about religion already, and that woman would make it more so. But it may be that *man* in our divinity schools and ministerial meetings, shut out from the influence

of woman's mind, endeavoring to grasp a subject for which he alone is insufficient, has fallen into a dawdling sentimentality, which, as it is morbid and affected, is wanting in vigor and in power for good.

I remember a young theologian once, in answer to the argument that woman's peculiar traits of mind were needed in the ministry, replied that when God called a man to the ministry, he created a man with a feminine soul, — and that expresses the difficulty with the ministry to-day : it is too much composed of men who are trying to put on feminine gentleness and spirituality. We want no monstrosities in the ministry, no men with feminine souls : let us have the strongest, bravest, best thought of which the masculine mind is capable, and, too, the loftiest inspiration, and the clearest vision, which has been given to woman ; and then, if we have sentiment, it will be genuine, healthful, life-giving.

The fact that at least two-thirds of all our church-members are women, that in many Sunday schools nearly all the teachers are women, that in many cases the finances of the society are largely managed by women, shows full plainly that woman is adapted to the Christian work.

Thus the voice of prophecy, the example of Christ, the teaching and conduct of the apostles and early Christians, the nature of woman's mind, and the needs of the church and the world, all combine to prove that woman has rightfully, by every law of God, a place in the church. There may be a difference of opinion as to what that place should be. Some ask that woman should be allowed to work in the church, wherever her taste or capacity may lead ; that she may preach or pray, or labor, as God shall call her : but others, while admitting that woman is eminently adapted to Christian work, would still deny her all opportunity to preach that gospel which has emancipated her from slavery. There are those who see in her a valuable instrumentality in promoting the prosperity and increasing the power of the church, who avail themselves of her peculiar gifts to swell their numbers and establish their institutions, who yet close the pulpit as a place too sacred for such unhallowed associations. There are those

who seem to think that woman's place in the church is to carry on the Sunday school, to conduct the sewing society, to raise money for missionary enterprises, to add life to the prayer and conference meetings, to get good dinners for the ministers, in fact, to do anything and everything pertaining to ministerial work, except to receive the recognition and take the salary. Our Methodist brethren were recently discussing whether they could recognize as a minister a certain Mrs. Van Coot, who by her preaching had made two thousand converts to their faith. I did not learn whether they proposed to reject the two thousand converts made by such unholy means. And in my own denomination, while much has been said against women in the ministry, I have never heard that any one has objected to using the thousands of dollars collected by Mrs. Livermore, as she has gone here and there, holding meetings, and speaking of our blessed faith. In the midst of such conflicting opinions in regard to woman's true place in the church, it might be well to ask what tribunal shall decide, and how shall we ascertain her sphere of labor? I would suggest that it cannot be determined by any class of persons differently constituted from woman, nor by any class having different experiences from her own. Man, from the nature of the case, is incompetent to decide for woman, since his different mental characteristics unfit him for comprehending her capacities or knowing what are her inclinations.

It cannot be determined entirely by past experience, because every age develops new needs in society and new methods of working; besides, the more liberal education and larger opportunities which the present time offers to woman enable her to prepare herself for usefulness in a manner unknown in the past.

It being granted that the subject of religion is one of interest to woman, and that, in accordance with right and revelation, she has some place in the Christian Church, it remains only to give her freedom of choice as to what that place shall be.

Encourage her to labor in the cause of truth; give her every opportunity of preparation, and, placing her on precisely

the same footing with men, leave her free to work in the pulpit or out of it, and then let God decide where her true place shall be ; for when perfect freedom and fair opportunity are given, she will follow out the law of her nature, and that nature will not long suffer itself to be outraged by a disobedience to its promptings.

It is my own opinion, as a woman of seven years' experience in the ministry, that the work of the minister is peculiarly suited to woman, and that the great need of the present time is women in the clerical profession. Just what we want to give life to our churches, and awaken the people to effort, is the enthusiasm and the heart which earnest, devoted, educated women could bring to the work. This is shown by the success which attends the preaching of women of very *moderate* ability and most meagre preparation ; it is shown by the fact that Mrs. Van Coot, without any special preparation, in the short space of a few months, can bring two thousand persons into the Methodist Church. It is shown by the wonderful effect which is produced among the Spiritualists, by women without education or peculiar fitness, who, freed from all restraint by the pleasing delusion that they are influenced by spirits, simply speak what they feel. Let those women feel that they are just as free to speak for themselves as they are for the spirits, that they are inspired only by the great spirit of truth ; let them be educated and prepared to instruct the people, — and their power for good would become almost incalculable. The time has come when God calls woman into this vineyard ; the fields are all white and ready for the harvest.

If there are some portions of the pastoral labor which man can perform better than woman, there are also some which woman can perform better than man.

There are weak, sinful, sorrowing women to be reformed and comforted ; and it is not a thing unheard of that the minister, in the performance of the delicate task imposed upon him, has been betrayed into courses of action which he has had reason to regret : the character described by Holmes in his "Guardian Angel" is not unknown in the ministry, and



every such case is a new argument in favor of women in the capacity of pastors of societies. Indeed, where is the organization of men from which women are excluded which has long remained pure? Every profession needs the co-operation of men and women. But it is contended that the profession conflicts with woman's other duties, and that her domestic life is incompatible with the work of the minister.

This is the same argument upon which the Church in past times required the celibacy of the clergy, although it is brought with a greater show of reason in the case of woman.

But, even if admitted, it cannot apply to all women : the number of *men* who enter the ministry is small, when compared with the whole, and there are women enough who are not engaged in domestic duties to supply all the pulpits in the land. Besides, if, here and there, a woman is found who is occupying at once the position of a mother of a family and a minister of the gospel, such cases will settle themselves as they arise, and the compatibility will depend upon the versatility of the individual and the nature of the duties imposed.

We have no reason to fear that women will engage in a profession prejudicial to the interests of those that God has committed to their keeping. The good Father has not so lightly drawn the chords of affection in the mother's heart. It is a libel upon God and nature to suppose that a woman would forsake a loved husband or children for any position which the world can give. Nor need we fear that time spent in the preparation for the ministry will be lost, even should other cares come in to engross the attention ; for the mother needs the widest range of culture and the most complete mental discipline. Nothing is ever learned in vain. Antoinette Brown presides in her home all the more gracefully, and educates her four little girls all the more judiciously, that her mind has been trained, and her knowledge of human nature increased, by years of study and labor in the clerical profession. Lucretia Mott appeals to our hearts all the more potently, that, as the mother of a large family, she has had an experience which has called out her deepest and holiest feel-

ings, and taught her the mysterious wealth of our God-given human nature.

The hour draws nigh when the gospel shall find its most efficient preachers, Christianity its most devoted laborers, among women.

The time is ripe for work. The great West, with its millions of enterprising, progressive people, is asking for a liberal Christian faith.

Thousands of unemployed women, wearing out their lives in unsatisfied yearnings for some noble aim, indicate the source from which we are to obtain laborers in the cause of Christ.

Woman, long time waiting amid oppression and ignorance, is, ere long, to arise from her darkness, and, girded with strength and honor, to go forth to speak words of wisdom for the regeneration of the people, and her own works shall praise her in the gates. And when we shall see women calling the people by thousands to lives of purity and holiness, when through their instrumentality churches shall be established, and the glad tidings of salvation carried to sorrowing hearts, then will the prophecy be verified, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. In her shall all the nations of the earth be blest."

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"A LIFE entangled with accident is like a wintry torrent ; for it is turbulent, and foul with mud, and impassable, and tyrannous, and loud, and brief."

"A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring ; for it is pure, and limpid, and refreshful, and inviting, and serviceable, and rich, and innocent, and uninjurious."

"EVERYTHING harmonizes with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature ! From thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says, 'Dear city of Cecrops ;' and will not thou say, 'Dear city of God' ?"

MARCUS AURELIUS.

ON  
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

MIRACLES AND THE CREATIVE SPIRIT.

ACCORDING to the book of Genesis, the creation of man was thus — “The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ; and man became a living soul.” There may perhaps, at the Creation have been more ways than one, by which man might have grown in knowledge ; but that which obtained with him, was what is referred to, in Ecclesiastes, where it is said that “much study is a weariness of the flesh ;” and which indeed often ends in self-confusion ; and which, at the best, commonly incurs some loss, as a counterbalance against every gain. And because for us human beings, science, or philosophy, or learning, or all of them combined, are only a lamp of knowledge, it happens that things are out of sight or in it, and seem great or seem small, not because of what they are in themselves, as because of the light, by which they are looked at. And hence partly has resulted the strange variety of opinions, which have been published on the subject of miracles. Man indeed may well be the subject of marvelous experiences : “For we are but of yesterday and know nothing.” And yet there is not one of us, but might say, “The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life.” Images of God, and living souls, we have all of us, been created in the spirit of the universe, and are therefore susceptible of its disclosures. And if we have no great or common experience of them, in these days of dullness and flesh and mortality, we are yet none the less certain of having them hereafter, when seraphs shall be on the wing about us, and we be walking alongside of “a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.”

In the Scriptures, it is to be read that, more than once, leprosy was caused by a miracle, and that several times, by a

miracle, it was cured. And perhaps by the way in which the first man incurred disease, there was something miraculous involved, just as certainly as at Lystra and other places, through Paul by a bodily touch, or by some point in them spiritually being affected, sufferers were strengthened and cured. Finite creatures, surrounded by the infinite, and more or less vitally connected with it, we are wrapped about, and we are pervaded by possibilities of a miraculous character. "For I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well."

As to outward appurtenances, and as to those powers of his, which tell instantly on the surrounding world, generally a man is quick enough, but as to his make, it is almost the last thing ever to be thought of. So wonderfully am I made, that I do not know myself, nor understand myself. And the constitution of my body, is known to me through discoveries, which are only very recent, notwithstanding that the nature of the human body was a matter of great and vital concern, to millions of men, in many past ages. And the more there is known about it, manifestly the more there is to learn; not perhaps as regards its composition, but as to its relationships by electricity and magnetism to the atmosphere, and it may be to the sun and moon and planets. For indeed we are not simply denizens of this earth, but we are creatures of the universe, borne about by a planet, which is one of many sisters; the whole family of which are related in every direction infinitely.

A man can hear only what his ears will let him hear. Over our heads, may be made the music of the spheres, though inaudibly to us; and yet it might be distinctly perceptible perhaps, were our hearing a little quickened, or were the reporting power of the air or the ether, a little intensified. This is readily credible. And really, by analogy, which is largely what we all of us think by, the ongoing of the universe, hint to all persons, who are not mere arithmeticians or logicians, that we are concerned with laws, which science has never yet detected, and which perhaps, by their nature, transcend its methods. And therefore anything, which might be called a miracle, in-

stead of being treated defiantly, should as perhaps being spiritually "a sign," be as welcome, at least, as the news of another asteroid, or of some affinity among salts, just freshly detected. "Oh," says some one, "but the Bible is enough for me." And so truly it might well be, if only he could read it aright. But apparently it was not meant, that the Scriptures should be a very easy book for everybody, and for all persons alike, the self-conceited and the humble, the worldly-wise and the man "taught of God." Else, how does it happen, among Christians, that there are so many sects, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Orthodox, Unitarian? The Bible, as a history of the manifestation of the Spirit of God, the writer hereof, trusts to, as his highest guidance; but he believes that it was meant to be read as it was given, concurrently with Providence, and by the help of such light therefrom, directly and indirectly, as may fall, from time to time, on such eyes as may be open to receive it. All criticism, historical, dogmatic, chronological, being fairly allowed for, the Bible is manifestly to-day, the greatest treasure which is held in any earthen vessel; and such it will be to the end of time, no doubt, or at least till time shall begin again in some new æon, millennial or other. But though the Bible is always the same, as to what is written; the eyes with which it is read, vary at least from one generation to another. By Providence, it is ordained that men shall pass through this life of ours, one generation after another; and through Providence also it is foreordained, that for the people who read it in succession, the Bible shall widen in meaning. For, anything from the Spirit of God, addressed to mere spirits in the flesh, must be found to mean more and more, the longer it is looked at.

No one, with an eye for history, can glance across it, without being struck by the manner, in which often beliefs grow and fail, and apparently without sufficient reasons, from among men themselves. A striking remark was made by an awe-struck writer as to the French Revolution, and by Sismondi probably; and it was this, that the spirit of that revolution went abroad, touching and transforming persons in a way,

which was not to be accounted for humanly, either as to benevolence, religion or taste ; but spreading as though by infection. And no doubt with that strange manifestation, there was more concerned than simply the diffusion of words. Men were men, and tongues were tongues ; but there was that in the air, which the men breathed, which perhaps was new. It may have been something of the nature of magnetism, which may possibly have originated altogether with men themselves ; or it may have been something of that kind, intensified but through spiritual affinities, active in more directions than one. It was a something, so to say, in the air : and as some bodily diseases are infectious, so also it would seem, are some diseases of the spirit. And in both cases, the condition of disease, is suggestive of the channels of health, and may illustrate them. And the reverse of panic or of fanaticism by infection, is courage or is faith, by the Holy Ghost. And we are Christians fully and joyously, only as far as it has been our personal experience, that " By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free ; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." Commonly, logic is but an oar, almost without a blade, by which a thinker fancies that he is making an independent course ; while really his soul is afloat upon a stream which is infinitely stronger than his arm : and while he thinks that he is rowing himself independently of all the forces of the universe, he is carried indeed to a port of his willing, but which he would never have aimed at, but for the air upon the water, and which indeed he had to breathe for his life. And at the best, and in order to be at its best, logic is only movement, step after step. It does but work slowly, and as it were on the deck of a ship, which itself may all the while be driven of the winds of heaven, and tossed upon the waves of the deep.

Live believably by logic alone ! That is what a man may do, with only the one-half of his nature alive ; and that, of course, the half of him, which is only a little more than what does live " by bread alone." But to find the way to the Father in heaven by logic, would be such a hard thing, for even the

greatest intellect, that God condescends to us. And at this day, by a miracle, which has never been intermitted since the days of Pentecost, for those of us who are willing, "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

To live by logic, working merely on earthly information, is what may be done by individuals, and almost even by individual generations ; but it is what cannot last, because of its not being human. For we human beings, though native to "the heavens and the earth, which are now," are yet now already living withinside the outskirts of "a city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And so, certainly, until the last man shall have been gathered into the bosom of eternity, miracles, marvels, wonders will be dear to the human race as proofs, presumptively, that men are of more than fleshly make, and as "signs," perhaps even vouchsafed to them, of there being another world than this, in which we live, and have to die.

Hard as glass is, yet it is pervious to the impalpable rays of light ; and electricity will run along a wire, hundreds of miles in length. Well then may the "wonderfully made" body of man, be credited for susceptibilities, which though they may commonly be occult, may yet also, sometimes be the channels of great wonders. "As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child, even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all."

Human beings are spirits held in clay ; and though that clay indeed be vitalized by the lungs and the heart, it is yet porous and pervious to forces, which sweep round the world, or which stream from pole to pole, such as electricity and magnetism. And there is also the odic force. And concurrently with these forces, only so lately known of, though now so positively ascertained, it would seem as though there might be other powers, higher and still more occult than they. And therefore it might seem as though some doctrines and statements in the Scriptures should reasonably appear to be more credible to such persons as have doubted spiritually, because

of their having been infected by materialism. In man, there is an eye for seeing, and an ear for hearing: and it is through the air that ear and eye both perceive. And through the air also, there is the possibility by which a great thunder-storm at the Cape of Good Hope, might be known of, almost in a moment, as affecting the atmosphere electrically, at Cape Horn, and on the Himalaya Mountains.

Think of the electric telegraph, as to what it is in itself and as to the way in which it works; and under the best information, consider what man is as to body and spirit; and then many strange marvels will seem indeed to be transcendent, but not therefore unnatural nor incredible,—such as prophetic dreams, sudden persuasions as to far distant occurrences, the experiences of second sight, an occasional apparition even, and deep, true impressions received unaccountably, and as though from some whispering spirit. Electricity seems to be, in common language, more than the half of the distance, from matter to spirit. And it is conceivable, and it would seem even to be highly probable, that as electricity co-exists with gravitation, so there may also be forces in the universe, transcending electricity, and nearly akin even to spirit itself. And with these powers, probably, we mortals are concerned more or less, as we are with magnetism or with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

But it may be asked, "If there be a spiritual atmosphere, or anything like it, which concerns man, and through which spiritual causes may affect him, why has he never been informed of it, by revelation, just as by revelation he learns that he is spirit as well as body?" To this question, the answer is very simple. Man lives by breath; and yet he was not born with an instinctive philosophy as to the properties, uses and dangers of the common air. And after all these thousands of years, since the first man died, men are but now just beginning to understand the nature of the atmosphere. Even if the science of spirit had been imparted to the first man, it could not have lasted long with men, if it had been widely out of keeping with their science as to nature. And this indeed would seem to be implied by the words of Jesus, "Ver-



ily, verily, I say unto thee, we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen ; and ye receive not our witness. If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things ?” And thus, indeed, ultimately, instead of there being a domination of Christianity by science, it will result that science will but have predisposed Christians themselves, for a better understanding of the Bible. For there are some important verities in the Scriptures, which are almost latent at present. And indeed truths uttered from the Spirit, in human words, or in metaphors derived from nature, must always have to wait long, before they can commonly be well understood, because they are only to be “spiritually discerned.”

A thousand years ago, and even almost within the last two hundred years, in the most enlightened spot of Europe, a farmer toiled upon his land, and felt the while, as though outside of his township, there was nothing but danger and darkness. To-day, however, there is not an American agriculturist, but feels that to do well, he must know of the circumference of the world, and also of the natural forces which sweep through the land, and which keep the earth alive ; and that indeed for skill, he has got to be one of “the laborers together with God.” There has been this great change with “the natural man.” And is it not then reasonable to expect an extension of that knowledge, which is the field of “the spiritual man” ?

Doubt about a miracle, merely as a great surprise ! And yet by optics, there have been as great surprises given to men, as any spirit ever gave. And surely, if a man did not study science, and think by it, as a soldier moves, who has been sworn to service, and whose business it is to know no more than what he is put upon, optics alone might well predispose him to believe in marvels, without end.

Look at a tadpole through a microscope, and what a marvel is manifested out of nothing ! Yet the microscope is as true, in its way, as the telescope ; and probably there are spirits living, in the universe, who belong to a region far below the steps of the throne of God, whose eyes have of themselves

the power of both telescope and microscope combined. Also we, human beings, by birth, probably have visual faculties as strong as telescope and microscope, but for the flesh in which we walk about. With a little bodily disorganization, the spirit of a man becomes "clairvoyant," and he can read well, and can even walk and climb more securely with his eyes shut, than when wide awake. So, even scientifically, a man might be inclined to believe in miracles, as wonders, or as signs made from steps above him, in intelligence.

By the electric telegraph, we begin to realize certain characteristics of the spiritual world, and, as Swedenborg would say, the comparative unimportance of time and space. At any hour, almost, it is possible for a person to communicate with any city in Europe, though at a distance, perhaps, of three or four thousand miles. But, in comparison with this actuality, it would have seemed, a hundred years ago, that intercourse was just as likely with "Jerusalem, which is from above." And surely, if man be "a living soul," and be, by birth, a native of "the world which now is," and heir to "the world which is to come," it would seem as though the marvels which science discovers, might be but the earthly counterpart of miracles or "signs" unearthly, and which sometimes denote solemnly the opening of the heavens, and that something may be happening, like what was meant when it was said, prophetically, that "times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

If the ancients could possibly be confronted with the philosophers of the present time, it might well be proposed for them to compromise as to incredulity, and that the moderns should believe in the spiritual world because of science, and that the ancients should believe in science because of their belief in spirit; for, really, miracles are what signs are possible from an extra-sensual world, while science is largely the report of semi-sensual forces, outside of that solid world in which anciently men thought that they lived.

But, if we are accessible from the spiritual world by influences or visitants, why have we never been told of it? And now, really, what more express telling could there possibly be,

on any subject, anywhere, than there is on this, in the Scriptures? And again, if there be an opening between this world and another, it may be asked, why the way of it is not to be read of in the Scriptures. But now, there is a philosophy of this present world, which has only very lately been known of, but yet to the advice of which chemically, as to health, we trust ourselves implicitly. And if it should be objected, "Oh, but the soul! How can a man think to know more about it, than his ancestors did?" And to this, answer may be made by another question, and it is this: "What kind of a creature would man have been, if, by his science, he had been a Troglodyte or a dirt-eater, and been also bright the while, with the wisdom of a seraph, and warm with the love of a cherub?" Certainly, it cannot have been otherwise than that at the creation of man, it must have been ordained, that he should have the Intellectual Universe disclose itself to him spiritually, as fast at least, as he of himself should be able to find it out scientifically.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." That was David's belief. But then David believed in enlightenment from above; and indeed, among his last words he said, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue." The Psalmist said, "The heavens declare the glory of God." But there are persons assuming the attitude of philosophers at this present time, who would say, "There cannot, perhaps, be glory for what has not self-consciousness; but truly and grandly the heavens on being found out, do declare the glory of astronomers and the human intellect." And there are people who think that this sentiment is something new! And yet their forefathers in intelligence, thought in the same way, perhaps, twenty-five hundred years ago; for, in the book of Habbakuk the prophet, there is to be read of fishermen who worshiped their own skill, in their own instruments. "Therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag; because by them their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous." To grow in intellect, or even in the humblest skill, is to grow godless, except as those sus-

ceptibilities in a man are kept open which are God-wards. "But," as St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "but as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit : for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man, which is 'in him ? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." And in the proper sense of the word "miracle," the Spirit of God, as it is experienced by individual Christians, from one generation to another, is itself a continuous, unceasing miracle in the world.

In a right temper, when a man remembers that his life began with his birth, only a very few birthdays back, then no wonder seems to him so great, as even his own ability to ask about a miracle. And no miracle, perhaps, ever was greater than what is implied by the manner, in which a person can be accused by his conscience all through his life. For, what actually would conscience seem to be ? It is a faculty of human nature, certainly, and yet, certainly, not in quite the same way as logic is ; for, it is a faculty which would seem to be open to re-enforcement, and to have in it the spirit of a higher world, for meaning and strength. Conscience, by its manner of acting, would rather predispose to a belief in "signs and wonders" and miracles.

It is a common conceit, that between matter and spirit there is such a gulf of separation, as that the possibility of anything spiritual in this world, may rightly be denied at once, whether it be as regards angels or devils or apparitions, or the Holy Spirit, the Comforter ; and this notion is common even with some mere Scripturists ; and yet, surely, there is nothing like it in the Scriptures. The laws of the material world act together, like those of the human body ; and they connect together in such a way, the lower with the higher, as to suggest spirit itself as the end, if that may be called an end which is a beginning, connected with immortality.

In the human body, what diverse laws do by some means

communicate with one another ; as the chemical with the dynamic, and these again with other laws, such as those of gravitation and electricity ! Spirit unable to touch or affect matter under any conditions — what nonsense ! For, in the body of a man, laws, hard to distinguish from spirit, are assembled together, and blend, as it were, into one spirit-like force, which is called vitality.

That a spirit cannot do anything for men to know of, and cannot give “ a sign,” seems to some persons to be absolutely certain, because, as they think, spirit cannot possibly touch, nor handle, nor know of matter ; and yet they believe that they, individually, are body and spirit united. They cannot tell how anger clenches for a man his fist, nor how their own thoughts become words ; and yet they are certain, that spirit can never affect matter in any way ; and they are certain of this, notwithstanding that they do not even know what a spirit may be. And yet, actually, by its immortal nature, a spirit may have endless aptitudes, and appliances, and powers of self-adjustment.

At one time, anciently, it was held in psychology that some demons or wandering spirits were spiritual bodies possessed of absorbent powers, by which they could assimilate some of the finer particles of matter from the air, and so become thinly embodied, and faintly visible ; and it would seem as though it probably might have been so ; and if so, really it is a very curious fact. But other things like it, have been recorded ; and of which one or two, by pneumatology, would seem to have analogies in the Scriptures. And on the supposition that they are true, they are more important than they might seem to be at the first sight ; because they illustrate the possibilities of the universe, and the manner in which the supernatural may begin from the natural, and even also they may elucidate perhaps Christian doctrine. For, if we are the workmanship of God, and are created in the image of God, it would seem to imply, that there must be latent in us many affinities, by which hereafter we shall be connected with works of God, in many and perhaps infinite directions. For if men be “ heirs of God,” they would seem to be qualified by

their spirituality, and under the Divine permission, to reach and enter upon one world after another, notwithstanding what the constituent arrangements of those worlds, individually, may be. It is to be read in the Book of Revelations, "Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." And blessed are they in the highest ; for by the wedding-garment they are free of every mansion in the Father's house. And, as children of God Most High, it would seem as though there must be the possibility by birth, for all souls to be free of all worlds, not in a moment, of course, but only very slowly. Because human souls are but creations, as it were, of yesterday ; and though they are predestined to be eternal, yet, while living by the laws of nature, they might well appear in the eyes of an archangel, to be but like phosphorescent particles upon the sea of time, which are bright for a moment, and then vanished forever. "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some persons are utterly disconcerted, when it is urged seriously as to God, that "In him we live and move, and have our being," and that, thence as a fact, there are inferences to be drawn, as to what human beings are, or may hope to be. And yet that text, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you," and that beginning of prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven" — these would seem to teach that while yet in the flesh, we may be living by the Spirit, and that really "signs" are possible for us, even though there may never be more than one "sign" to be realized by us, while we are earthly. But that one sign, however, should perhaps be the greatest of miracles for those who can apprehend it ; and it is this,—that we and God are living together—he "from everlasting to everlasting," and we by "the breath of the Almighty."

Oh that infesting, nonsensical notion of there being a sharp line of demarcation between matter and spirit, in consequence of which, in the universe, somewhere or other, there is non-intercourse ! And if really there were such a line, man would not be concerned with it ; for if man be clay, he is also spirit

with all its properties, some of which certainly are active with him, though others may be dormant.

Under God, this universe is a living whole, dust and stars alike included, and from coral insects up to "the seven Spirits which are before his throne."

For most persons, the omnipresence of God, notwithstanding its infinite significance, is almost a benumbing phrase, because of the inane manner in which it has been taught as a doctrine. "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." The full meaning of these sayings of Jesus, perhaps the most pious man living has never felt, even while agreeing to it thoroughly as being the truth. And as to miracles, there is more than one way of believing. For to acquiesce in certain ancient statements, merely because we cannot deny James, and John, and Peter, is not a very quickening faith. And even to trust our own senses, as to marvels, may well be, without our being spiritually minded. Mere assent as to miracles, is a very different thing from knowing of them believingly, in the spirit of wonder, and from a sense of our being widely connected with an unknown universe.

Unknown by us, and yet not utterly unknown is this universe, wherein we are dwellers. Our souls, to-day, live cased in clay, and according to the laws of this planet, which is called earth; but when our souls by the death of the body, shall be free of such laws as enchain us through matter, we shall find ourselves as to God, still saying as we do now, that "In him we live and move and have our being." And so shall we have to say to all eternity: for by our living and moving in God, we are now already, living in that Spirit, infinite and eternal, which knows nothing of height or depth, as being itself all which there is of either—that spirit, without which the lightning cannot flash, nor the glow-worm shine, which lets loose "the sweet influences of the Pleiades," and which strengthens "the bands of Orion," and from the sense

of which, once, about this earth, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" — that spirit, which is nature in those "who having not the law, are a law unto themselves," and which again as being above the law, can quicken where "the flesh profiteth nothing" — that spirit by which the prophets prophesied, and David as a psalmist, was inspired to sing, and which yet is freer than daily bread, for such persons as can really ask for it — that spirit, which is the consummation of all miracles in one, for the man who has full experience of it, because "Now the Lord is that Spirit," and "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."

That a miracle should be defined or be objected to, as an act suspending the laws of nature, may seem at this stage in our argument, to be absurd, as perhaps it really is. For a miracle says about itself, only that it is "miraculum," a little wonder, or a "sign and wonder." An angel might give me a sign, at the recollection of which hereafter, I might smile, should I ever become an archangel. But because I can anticipate the possibilities of eternity in this bold manner, it does not follow that a miracle is anything less than miraculous to-day, or less than a precious hint given to me from outside of this world, as to there being more spiritual activities than I know of, and by some of which my own nature may be more or less involved, by affinity.

Miracles are like signs, made from steps above me, on Jacob's ladder. The dream of Jacob, on leaving his father's house, is wonderfully illustrated by the theory of Plato, as to the universe spiritually, and the manner in which men are influenced and taught; and it is wonderfully corroborated by the spirit of the Book of Revelation, and incidentally indeed and often by texts, throughout the New Testament. St. James writes in his Epistle, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." Most wonderful indeed is this dream, or probably this vision in a dream, which happened to the patriarch Jacob in Syria, some thirteen hundred years before the age of Plato the philosopher of Greece. "And he dreamed, and behold a lad-



der set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven : and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac." And to-day that ladder stands over every one of us, the emblem of revelation, and of the divine government of the world ; even though on to the lower steps of it, spirits, who are not angels, may get to stand for a moment, and thence give signs occasionally. It is true, that when my spirit shall be called up the height of that ladder, I shall transcend the greatest of all such miracles as I have ever yet known of ; but then too, I shall have the stars beneath my feet, and science itself also, and I shall have learned perhaps what the song was, which was sung over our newly-created earth, when " all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Men are the children of the Father in heaven, and not simply occupants of a planet, and natives of dirty cities or the sweet country. And there is in every one of us, now already, what will correspond with every step on that ladder, which Jacob saw reach up to heaven. And what becomes us, as mortals, is to trust in the certainty of that ladder, and in the reality of those affinities, by which we are connected with spirits and angels, and through which miracles are possible, and signs can be vouchsafed for us.

Said Jesus to his disciples, " Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also : and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." In comparison with greater works miraculously, there must be some which are less. And it would not be altogether apart from the prophecy of Jesus himself, should it be found that in some places, at certain times, miracles of healing, because of their frequency, had been less thought of, than they were among the Jews, in the age of Jesus. And if this were true, what then ? For what is a miracle, but a sign ? And what is a sign, in the sense of a miracle, but signification of there being power which concerns us, though outside of our ordinary world. It would seem then, as though conceivably the miracle of one age, might become

so common in another, as to begin even to grow less wonderful. But the more, what had been a miracle, should lose in wonder, the more significant still, would it grow in another way, as making more and more certain what at first it had only hinted as to the vital, spiritual, eternal connections between spirits in the flesh and the spiritual universe. For indeed, we mortals belong to the world immortal, invisible, through our spiritual nature, by perhaps a thousand powers or susceptibilities, which probably are nearly all of them merely latent in us at present. And of these latent powers, it may be, that the miracles of all ages have been intended to suggest for us the actuality of some five or six.

For "the heirs of the kingdom," doubtless it will prove, that all the miracles of the Scriptures, will have been but like prophecies of the powers, and the joys, and the company to which they were destined to attain. And this supposition is perhaps by the same line of thought, as that along which St. Paul looked, when he foresaw, as to Jesus Christ that "when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

There cannot possibly be any power in nature at large, which man can discover, but must have some meaning for him, as to his own nature, and be indeed in some sense, an extension of it. Nor is there anything spiritually, of which man can be persuaded, as having spiritually discerned it, but must prove for him, an introduction to some glory beyond, and which may reach up the heights of heaven, to all eternity.

The telescope and the microscope are merely human inventions, but even they report that there are worlds within worlds, and worlds beyond worlds, which concern us. But when these instruments discover wonders, in their way, in the material universe for the material man; they do also to the man who is spiritually minded, suggest prophetically, as to the spiritual world, of there being wonders there, which are only the beginnings of wonders, and of there being one heaven above another heaven.

As binding worlds together, and as holding them in inter-

course for some purposes, gravitation and magnetism and electricity may be instanced as powers. And also they may be regarded as gross similitudes as to the ways, by which our spirits will find themselves living hereafter, when possessed by aspirations after the heaven of heavens.

The universe is all alive, and it is alive all throughout it. And miracles are signs made for us mortals by spirits, in different conditions from ours, higher it may be, and perhaps even lower, and perhaps even as high as God Most High.

But when miracles are signs from heaven, there comes with them that Spirit, which is its own evidence, for those who can feel it, because of the irresistible manner in which the spiritual man is thereby persuaded. When God Most High touches a man with the finger of miracle, the man feels that touch in his inmost nature, as to holiness and newness of life. But miracles of a lower origin than the highest, may for some persons, excite only the externality of their nature, and make them perhaps merely wonder, and perhaps also grow in self-conceit.

But whatever the constitution of the universe may be, of worlds within worlds, or of heavens one above another, we mortals are the offspring of the living God, the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible. And there is that in every one of us, which quickened by his Spirit, would be affinity with all worlds, and with everything which has ever happened under the throne of God. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

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"BE cheerful, and seek not external help, nor the tranquillity which others give. *A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.*

*"Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it."*

MARCUS AURELIUS.

"We do not choose our own parts in life, and have nothing to do with those parts: our simple duty is confined to playing them well."

## THE DIRECTION OF LIFE AND THE END OF IT.

LIFE, as we use the word, is something general and vague ; and I would make it distinct. To do this I will make these two points, — the *direction* of life, and the *end* or close of it. First is the *direction* of life. We are not moving on through this world without some ruling motive, or without following some general course. We are not drifting at random, now steering one way, and now another : we are making for a definite haven. It may not be a good one, or a safe one to enter, or one where we can lie at rest ; but we are all going straight into some such covert, — for so we call the place of our destination, — and day by day we draw nearer to it. We are sometimes driven by impulse, or sometimes guided by principle : but our life-bark is never long anchored ; its sails are not often close furled ; it is on its way, pursuing a certain course, and making steadily for a certain port. Now, everything depends on our direction, on the way we are going. What is that ?

Direction is the one significant, central thing in life. It measures and decides the worth of our being, and all those great issues which religion makes ; such as present fidelity, pure motive and right action, spiritual growth and a reasonable hope of eternal life. All these are comprehended in the direction a man takes, and the way that he is going.

Here, then, is a grand point in our moral and spiritual life. In what *direction* are we going ? Jesus made *that* the one essential thing with his disciple Peter, and the only one. Be sure, and fail not, he says, “to follow me.” Those words are Christ’s inquiry of us, what course we have taken, what we are looking forward to as the end of being. Are we following him ? and is *that* the direction of our life ? Whoever makes early a right choice, and holds out late, keeping the same direction from beginning to end, — do we not know the haven where such a life will finally cast anchor ? Do we not know

that he who follows Christ as Peter followed him will be taken to one of those many mansions of the Father's house, where the Saviour has gone to prepare a place? Do we not know that the *heart* which has all through life been turned to God will rest in God at last? You must watch the *direction* of life, and keep its deep and strong under-current always running towards God. Pray, and look upward; lift your thought from shadows to realities; love those things that cannot perish. These moral efforts will govern the course of your being, and give it a perpetual and irresistible impetus, bearing before it every superficial impediment, whether it be sin or folly or trial: years will only give it a greater power, and make only more certain that blissful eternity, that boundless ocean of divine life, towards which it has run so steadily and so long. Moral direction, the *way* you are traveling? this decides all about your life,—whether you are drawing nearer to God, or are drifting farther away from him.

See to it that the *direction* of your life is towards heaven; that you are following after Christ. Tried, overborne, as you may sometimes be, as you *must* be, in this world, never cease to follow him, to walk in his footsteps. So much for the direction of life. What shall we say of the end or close? This is the second point. Death is one of the words that the Saviour ignores, one of the spectres that he puts to flight, one of the evils from which he drew the sting, one of the foes which he conquered, gaining over it an eternal victory. Since Christ, through all these eighteen centuries, forward through all centuries to come, there remains the resurrection era, and Easter is every day onward since the stone was rolled from that new tomb of Joseph where the Christ was laid, and from which he rose. This is all Easter time, one great perpetual day of rising, day of life, day of immortality.

The single event or hour of dying—what is it? What does it decide? When Jesus went to raise Lazarus, his friend, he told the weeping sisters that he had come “to wake him out of sleep.” That was the word that he always used when speaking of the hour that closes the earthly life. New-Testament language is all in keeping with this manner of the

Saviour's speech : all of it sounds a note of victory, is full of hope, and brings the promise of a greater life. Is there anything in it all that ought to be called by the sad name of "death" ? Better accept the Christian thought, and look upon it as the soul's release, — a moment of sleeping, and then the grand awaking, the bright dawning of heavenly day.

According to Christ, the *end* of life involves no spiritual experience or truth. Death in our religion is divested of all moral and spiritual character, and reduced down to the simple *natural* plane of being. It is a test of nothing moral, and a pledge of nothing ; only the opening of a door into another sphere. Christianity lays all the stress on the *direction*, the general course, of life ; not on its passing earthly and mortal changes. In the manly, devout, true life, is contained the great and sure promise of immortality. *That* being right, all the rest is safe. Let us be only anxious for ourselves, for our friends, and for all ; that we follow Christ : God will take care of all the rest. Only here let us not presume too far, never beyond the warrant of our own fidelity. There is no meeting of the Saviour, no moral possibility of being joined to him in the heavens, unless we walk in his steps on earth, and go in the same direction that he went before us. It is after we have spent our own powers in some divine use, and faint and sink down, that God comes and bears us up. He is the Providence in our weakness, not in our carelessness. He takes all the responsibility of our welfare only when that trust becomes greater than our strength ; and, after we have borne it up to the full measure of our ability, then God meets us, and leads us in a way that we know not. So the life that follows Christ here will be joined to Christ hereafter.

Therefore in our world let us spend all our anxieties on the spiritual direction of life, and fear no more the hour or the change of its earthly close. Ye who follow Christ in the regeneration shall stand at his right hand when he shall sit on the throne of his glory above.

DEXTER CLAPP.

## EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

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### AN ENGLISH WORTHY.

THE following biographical notice has recently appeared in England, from the pen of the Rev. Russell Lant Carpenter. It illustrates, incidentally, the social impediments which are now likely to be abolished ; but which have hitherto opposed students, who have been conscientiously unable to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and thereby to qualify themselves for the privileges and honors of the chief universities.

“On the 3d of March, Thomas Foster Barham suddenly and peacefully entered into rest, aged seventy-four years. He had studied at Cambridge, with the intention of taking orders ; but doubts as to some of the doctrines of the Church induced him to prepare for the medical profession. He took the degree of M. B. ; but — it is believed from increased scruples as to subscribing the articles — did not proceed to that of M. D. He became, however, a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians.

“Soon after leaving the University, he settled at Exeter, and published a ‘Help to Scriptural Worship’ in 1821. In 1834, he aided the Rev. H. Acton to compile a liturgy containing eight forms of prayer, the fourth edition of which was printed in 1846, in which year he published a valuable collection of prayers for domestic worship. His religious opinions were those that have been called Evangelical Unitarianism. In his first work, ‘Unitarian Doctrine,’ he maintained the supremacy of one God the Father, and held to Christ as the mediator between God and man. He was, however, an earnest foe to sectarianism, and strove for Christian union without dogmatism. This induced him to take a warm interest in the ‘Free Christian Union,’ lately established, whilst he contended for its distinctively *Christian* character. His desire for unity did not abate his zeal for truth ; and, in 1867, he published a new edition of his ‘One God, the Father.’

“An acquaintance says, ‘I have heard him converse with fine scholars, in ancient and modern Greek, for hours together.’ He

published a Greek Grammar, in which he greatly simplified the declension of the nouns, and the tenses of the verbs, and got rid of all superfluous technicalities. He also published a little work entitled, 'Greek Roots on English Rhymes,' in which he strives to render the Greek primitives familiar, even to children, by amusing couplets, easily remembered. He wished to naturalize Greek among us, and make it as easy as Latin and French. His 'English Translation of Hephæstion on Greek Metres' was highly creditable to his classical scholarship.

"No one who had the privilege of Dr. Barham's acquaintance could fail to be impressed with his high culture, great intellectual power, and polished urbanity; but he would also be struck with his disregard of conventionalisms which his reason disapproved.

"The courage which he displayed in seceding from the Church was manifested in matters of less importance. His speculations were not confined to doctrines: he protested against the abuses of our civilization. In 1858, he published his largest and most important work, 'Philadelphia, or the Claims of Humanity: a Plea for Social and Religious Reform.' (Small 8vo, pp. 456.) In the chapter 'on the existing distinctions of social ranks,' he refers to the condition of domestic servants, and quotes the dying charge of Sergeant Talfourd, on the evil of the alienation from those who are inmates of our dwellings. In the next chapter, 'on a brotherly distribution of the work of life,' he refers, in sarcastic terms, to the indolence and uselessness of too many of our English ladies.

"As he was not one to entertain a strong conviction without attempting to put it in practice, he resolved to try an experiment. 'I bought a few acres near a country town, and built on them a cottage of modest dimensions, and suited to my purpose. The servants were all dismissed: we took possession of our new abode, and had it all to ourselves, as we also had, saving some little assistance for a few hours in the morning from the hind's wife, all the household work. The kitchen, with its cheery perennial fireside and pleasant homely operations, became our common resort and general eating-room. We had a parlor, too, for a sitting and guest room; but it was that kitchen hearth, that sacred recess, that inviolable adyton of Hestia (Vesta), that was the delight of the house. Not to be tedious, I will only add that from this time I understood domestic happiness as I had never done before.' We honor the family that could make the great sacrifices involved in this change so cheerfully, that his happiness was promoted by it.



"He left his residence in the neighborhood of Exeter, for which city he was a magistrate, and where he held a high social position, for the seclusion of Newton Abbott, a village between Teignmouth and Torquay. Here he resided for the rest of his life. He became a Guardian of the Poor, and spent much of his income as a judicious almoner for the public good. He opened a room for public worship, at which he conducted the service for many years.

"At the meeting of the Western Unitarian Society last August, at George's Chapel, Exeter, when Dr. Bellows preached, Dr. Barham was present, and took part in the proceedings. He was cordially welcomed, both by his old friends and by those who had often heard of his great abilities and unusual excellence.

"Of late he had been heard to express the fear so natural to those who love to work for others, that he might outlive his usefulness. He was, however, spared this trial. He had officiated as usual on the previous Sunday; and when those whom he loved were sitting near him, without any premonitory symptoms, he was suddenly and tranquilly removed. 'May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!' May our Church abound more and more in men of learning and ability who devote their powers to the service of God; men of integrity, truthfulness, and courage, who are not afraid of the world, nor ashamed of Christ; men of benevolence and piety, whose zeal is tempered by love, and whose love to God and man inspire their zeal!"

There has just been published "The Prospect of Eternity," a sermon by the late Dr. Barham, which he was preparing for the following Sunday-morning service at the Free Christian Church, Newton Abbott, an hour before his death, on Wednesday, March 3, 1869.

"Last words have a deep, tender, and solemn interest. What might else have seemed common-place changes its character when linked to that event which to each comes once, and once only; whilst the counsel of the wise and good is most heeded when they are on the confines of that world to which they point the way. Dr. Barham's great abilities and Christian excellence have long earned respectful consideration. For half a century he had borne witness to the truth. He relinquished the prospect of the ministry in the Established Church, for which he was originally designed, from fidelity to conscience; and few men have, during a long life, more earnestly and consistently carried out their convictions of right. At a period of life when men commonly find labor but sorrow, he entered on new

duties, and conducted divine service in the Philadelphia Hall, which he had built at Newton Abbott. There he preached the Sunday before his death, — there he had purposed preaching on the next Lord's day. Although there was nothing in Dr. Barham's manner which denoted to his family that he was expecting the great change, his last thoughts were directed to the world he was about to enter. He anticipated the subject which the approaching anniversary of Easter would naturally have then suggested. Without any superstitious feeling, we cannot forego the impression that he wrote as one on whom the day was dawning, — who in spirit, as well as in the sudden flight of time, was approaching heaven. Yet (or, rather, therefore) there is no perturbation of feeling or disorder of spirit while 'on the theme immortal dwelling.'

"Taking for his text 1 Thessalonians, v. 9, 10, he first alludes to 'the trains of thought which in all ages have led men of reflecting and pious minds to cherish the hope of a life to come;' and then follows this striking passage: —

"'Let us then, for a few moments, imagine ourselves past that dark gulf of unconsciousness, and emerging from that silent flood of oblivion which forms the invisible bound, severing the present stage of our existence from that which lies beyond. Our moldering clay has been left behind, and is slowly returning — earth to earth. How long we have parted, we know not; for our unconscious sleep took no note of time. But these scenes, these impressions, to which we now awake, are all new. Former things seem entirely passed away; we are new beings in a new world. Yet we have some sense of our former selves — some reviving memory of our past existence, which seems to float strangely around us, like a dream of the night mingling with the light of day. It seems good to be, yet awful to be thus; so changed, and yet the same. Where are we, and what are we? There is an overshadowing brightness around us; and sounds, as of music and voices, but not like those of earth, seem near. We are conscious of an awful presence; we tremble and adore. But, ah! let us now call home our too aspiring thoughts. Let us not presumptuously attempt to lift that veil, lest our eyes should be blasted by excess of light. In that ethereal sphere the wings of our mortal fancy droop, and we sink again to earth. Here then let us dwell a while in trustful humility, watching while the night still lingers, till the day shall dawn, and the day-star shall arise on our souls.'

"He speculates on the probable nature of our being in the

future state, and lays stress on St. Paul's expression, 'bodies spiritual : ' —

" ' They neither are, nor could be, objects of our present senses. But if they should have senses of their own, of which senses they are objects — even as our present bodies are objects of our present senses ? What, if to these senses of their own these spiritual bodies should present a definite person — a distinct shape, and features and organs proper to that sphere ? What if those persons should wear a lustre and a beauty beside which all earthly charms would fade ! What if those forms, though quite unlike our own, should display such exquisite proportions as no sculptor ever conceived, and be capable of such motions as no wing of bird, or even the beams of light, could rival ! My brethren, do these things seem strange or impossible ? Reflect, then, a moment on that which we know. The earthworm feels and tastes, but it does not see nor hear. Two senses, then, which we and the other higher animals enjoy, are to that lowly reptile utterly unknown. To the whole world of sensations and perceptions, derived from these two senses, the worm is a total stranger. Is it, then, difficult to suppose that celestial beings may be to us as we are to the worm ? ' "

" There is a touching yet awful beauty in the conclusion of his discourse, confirmed as it was by what immediately happened. He had finished his appointed work, — he had prepared, as he thought, for the coming day of rest : in reality he had been preparing for the eternal day, — the rest that remaineth for the people of God. He was sitting at his mid-day meal, with those whom he loved around him ; when, suddenly and peacefully, the departing soul passed away — ' viewlessly and silently.' ' May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his.' For us, his last words are these : —

" ' Remember the workman must not lay aside his tools till his day's work be done ; the soldier must not unbuckle his armor till the fight be over ; the mariner must not desert his helm till the haven be gained. So we must not cease to be watchful at our post, and faithful in every duty, till the summons of the Master shall give us our discharge. A few more days of watching, and praying, and perhaps of suffering, and the hour of rest will come, — only endure to the end. ' Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.' ' He that shall come, *will* come, and will not tarry.' That cannot, then, be long. Perhaps it is nigh ; even at the doors ! While we are discoursing on these things, and musing on them here,

in our dark and lowly abode, the saints above are tasting their reality in the fields of light. The praises and harmonies, the love, the joy, the active services and enterprises of that blissful sphere, are all going forward! There they live indeed — a life not of earth, and of which the dwellers on the earth have no conception. Our eyes have not seen it, nor our ears heard it. Haply from their radiant height they behold us, struggling, as we are, with sins and sorrows, and faint with fears, lest we should never attain that goal. Haply, so seeing us, they drop over us a tear of heavenly pity, remembering what once they also were. Do they not, then, wait for us, and prepare to meet us? Will they not welcome us to their happy seats, and receive us into their everlasting habitations? My friends, let us take courage and be comforted. Let us believe that it shall be, even so as God hath said: 'I heard a voice say, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' Amen."

#### "THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

In England, a few years ago, a statue in honor of the late John Fielden, was erected by public subscription, as we believe in the town of Oldham, of which place, he was a representative in Parliament, during many years. On April the seventh of this year, a church was dedicated at Todmorden in Yorkshire, which was erected at the cost of three individuals, and at an expense estimated by the "Manchester Guardian," of a sum between £25,000 and £30,000, or from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The following account is from the "Unitarian Herald" of Manchester.

"On Wednesday afternoon last, this beautiful church, the completion of which has been looked forward to with great interest throughout Lancashire and the West Riding, was publicly dedicated to the worship of God. This church has been built by Messrs. Samuel Fielden, John Fielden, and Joshua Fielden, M. P., the three sons of the late John Fielden, Esq., formerly M. P., for Oldham, revered throughout the factory districts as the leading promoter of the Ten Hours' Bill. To the interest and co-operation of the late John Fielden was due the founding of a Unitarian congregation in Todmorden, about 1824, and the present church is intended as a memorial of him. And a noble memorial it is. Standing on a prominent point of the hillside, overlooking the villages which meet at Todmorden, its beautiful spire forms a conspicuous object in the

landscape. There is no ecclesiastical building within many miles, at all approaching it either in beauty or completeness."

In a speech on the occasion of the dedication, Mr. Joshua Fielden, M. P., said, —

"Well, we took into consideration what we should build. I have myself always been a great admirer of the beautiful old churches that abound in our land. I think that to walk into Westminster Abbey, or into St. Paul's Cathedral, throws a flood of reverence over one on entering them; and I came to the conclusion that that which does so in London must have a similar effect here on country folks. My brothers entertained the same feeling; and we decided that the building should not follow the fashion of our forefathers, adopted by them from the purest motives — (hear, hear) — but, as I think, mistaken ones. We came to the conclusion that there was nothing inconsistent with a pure faith, the purest faith that can be held — the most God-like faith that man can hold — in having a building which would strike the senses by its beauty. And so we settled on our plan: and, though the building has grown in its details, I think none of us regret it; for we have always believed that when we enter into a work, we should do it well — (hear, hear); and if there is any work we enter upon which should be done well, so as to leave its mark upon the sands of time, it is a building erected for the worship of Almighty God."

It is written, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice;" and with the persons chiefly concerned with the preceding narrative it is good to sympathize. And what they have done is a deed, which, for filial sentiment and social reasons, may well be told of, and be read, and be marked "as a memorial." For the grateful recollection of a good man departed is like a thankoffering of incense before God, who indeed is the "Father of Lights," alike on earth and in heaven.

W. M.

"WEALTH is *not* among the number of good things; extravagance *is* among the number of evils, sober-mindedness, of good things. Now sober-mindedness invites us to frugality, and the acquisition of real advantages; but wealth to extravagance, and it drags us away from sober-mindedness. It is a hard matter, therefore, being rich, to be sober-minded, or being sober-minded, to be rich."

"IF you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad."

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

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"THE INDEPENDENT" devotes a leader to "The Battle of Ideas in Boston," and sets forth the strength of religious Radicalism in our city. Unitarianism, so the writer tells us, has not proved equal to meet this aggressive element.

"This is the exhibit of Radicalism to-day in Boston, as compared with the solitary labors of Theodore Parker twenty years ago. It is also to be remembered, that, in the domain of intellect and scholarship, the conservative influences of Boston have hardly held their own. It will scarcely be claimed by any one that the Unitarian clergy have kept up their traditions of culture. They no longer lead the literature of the country, nor even of New England, as they once claimed to do. They have become more evangelical, more hard-working, more practically efficient, but far less cultured. They have become assimilated to the Methodists or to the Universalists, whom they were formerly wont to satirize. The most prominent among their younger men, Mr. Hepworth, is called the 'Spurgeon of his denomination;' but Spurgeonism does not commonly stand for culture. Even their more scholarly men, as Clarke and Hale, are not now students so much as workers; all which, of course, is to their praise. Their leading periodical is confessedly breaking down; killed in the house of its friends at the last convention. The Unitarian body, as such, is ceasing to have any very prominent influence on the thought or literature of the country; while its practical activity was perhaps never greater.

"And what is true of Unitarianism is true in general of the more conservative influences of Boston society. Intellect can only be met by intellect, scholarship by scholarship. Twenty years ago, there was a circle of conservative society in Boston, of which Mr. Ticknor's house was the centre, where the tone of culture and conversation equalled or sur-

passed anything which Radicalism could offer. It is not so now. Whether it be from the inroads of mere wealth, or from whatever cause, it is sadly owned by intelligent conservatives in Boston, that there is no coterie so cultivated and so brilliant as that of which Mr. and Mrs. Sargent's parlors are the centre. They give to young people — what intelligent young people always seek — an atmosphere where thought and learning outweigh money. There is no necessity that such an atmosphere should be coupled with religious Radicalism. It only happens to be so in Boston just now."

— EVEN THE RADICALS WOULD WELCOME DR. STORRS.

"Perhaps even the Radicals themselves do not regard this altogether as an advantage. They are acute enough to see the need of action and re-action; and many of them would have hailed the transfer of Dr. Storrs to Boston, to give a higher tone of thought and scholarship to the conservative intellect of that city. It would be one of the best things that could happen if some man (or, still better, some woman) of conservative opinions could create another intellectual circle as a counterpoise to what is sometimes stigmatized as the 'Sargent Coterie.' Thought needs always two *foci* for its healthy development. So long as it is only Radicals who are willing to give morning hours to genius and wit and learning, so long the cultivated youth of a city will gravitate to that side."

Upon all which we are moved to ask the following questions:—

1. Would it be worth while for clergymen, whose business it is to preach the gospel, to visit the sick and afflicted and poor, to bring in the kingdom, to devote any more of their morning hours to "genius and wit and learning"? Has any denomination of Christians, whose ministry spent much time and strength in the interests of what is called culture, been greatly prospered? Have not such ministers generally brought things to the pass where they are found in Boston?

2. Does "The Independent" imagine, that, so far as the commerce of intellect is concerned, Dr. Storrs can add any-

thing to the treatment of Christianity, as a supernatural revelation, which has not in one way or another been presented to such men as Emerson, Frothingham, Weiss, Johnson, Higginson, Abbot? So far as the philosophy and the learning of the subject are of value as aids to faith, these men and the like are not to be astonished by anything Dr. Storrs, accomplished scholar as he is, would have to impart. Have we not had Dr. Huntington, classmate and peer of Storrs? Has he made any impression upon Radicalism?

3. When the gospel burst upon the world, and compassed all lands, was it not found to be foolishness by men of culture? By men of culture, *as a class*, has it ever been heartily accepted? Nay, is there not in every one of us a believing side and a doubting side? Is there any religion of science, properly so called?

4. Is not the thing needed in Boston, as an offset to all that is destructive in Radicalism, not more "genius, wit, and learning," but more Christianity, so much in heart and life of the divine thing itself that the questions, "How did it get into the world?" "How does it stand related to older religions?" and the like, will cease to interest us so deeply? Christianity was and is a certain conscious filial relation of man to God, operating a life of love. Christ, the Power of God, brought this Life into the world in such transcendent measures, that the world could hardly be said to have had it at all before, though indeed the Word is a Light in all ages and amongst all nations. There are "Evidences of Christianity;" but, when it is left to them, there are always open questions. Christianity is its own evidence; and, when it is written upon the heart, the record cannot be effaced or much obscured. Christianity was established in the world without the help of a single philosopher of the highest repute. It came as a faith: it can be maintained only as a faith. We want something in our churches a great deal more than genius, wit, and learning."

5. Is it not too early to pronounce upon the signs of the religious times? Our pure Theists were all trained Christians. They inherited the Life. They are living it to-day. They believe, some of them very heartily, hopefully, and



sweetly, in the heavenly Father, in prayer, providence, immortality. They are children of Christian households, baptized into the gospel. They do not see that the faiths by which they live are bound up in the great Author and Finisher. They do not see that there is all the difference in the world between the morning twilight, in which they suppose themselves to be, and the evening twilight, in which they really are. Day follows the one, night the other. They will see it. Some of them are beginning to see it. They find that the question is not between Christianity and a religious Theism, but between Christianity and Positivism, whose consolations and helps are set forth on another page of this Spirit of the Press. They must find it out for themselves, save as those who have faith in Christ can help them by living their faith, which, according to this writer, they are doing, in their free way, as never before.

One word more. Says "The Independent," —

"Old Dr. Beecher, the Napoleon of polemics, used to predict that Boston could not remain in a condition of reputable, moderate Unitarianism; but would end in being Evangelical or Rationalistic."

Now can any one suppose for a moment that Boston will ever be evangelical in the sense which the elder Beecher attached to that word? Is there one of Dr. Beecher's children who is evangelical in that sense? There *is* a Christianity between the Confessions and Articles, that are professed by so-called Orthodox Churches, and our Boston Radicalism, which is held even now by many, both Orthodox and Radical, who know it not, and which shall in due time gather to itself alike the wise and the simple, though that many wise and mighty will even now be called it may be too much to hope.

— "THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN." — One of the most respected and one of the most Unitarian of the Unitarian clergy, a man whose name is almost a synonym for Unitarianism, a man who has won the respect and loyalty and love of a whole generation of Unitarians and a whole city of Christians of

every name, calls our attention to the subjoined paragraph from "The Liberal Christian," characterizing it as "scurrilous." It is a strong adjective, stronger we think than the case demanded, and yet his selection of the word encourages us to believe that criticism of the opinions and methods of some "who seem to be pillars" of the Unitarian denomination is still permissible to *Liberal* Christians, and is not to be treated as the unpardonable sin.

"'The Monthly Religious Magazine' gets a puff from the proper quarter. 'The Advance' says, 'The Unitarians generally belong to the Mutual Admiration Society. Their professors are prodigies of learning, their thinkers are men of marvellous breadth, their lecturers are eloquent beyond all others, their city ministers have attainments which dwarf their rivals, and even their humblest country parsons monopolize the intelligence, culture, and liberality of the rural districts. Each member of the somewhat limited, if not select body, puffs all the others, and in due time is puffed himself in return. There is one exception, "The Monthly Religious Magazine," which has the modesty which usually accompanies ability, and which distresses its brethren by persistently telling them the most unwelcome truths.' So long as this magazine uses 'the modesty which usually accompanies ability' to thwart the purposes, hinder the movements, and divide the councils of Liberal Christians, it will have a steady breeze of commendation blown upon it from the same quarter."

— IN "The Radical," Mr. Frothingham gives the following account of what the Positivist feeds upon. The food does not seem to us especially rich. We should earnestly desire, were we ever reduced to it, to have saved some few crumbs at least from the Lord's table. Perhaps these are what the good people whom he describes are, after all, living upon.

"See what manna the Positivist finds in what we deem his wilderness. He is supposed to be living intellectually in a world of sand, swept by idle and blustering blasts of disbelief. To him there is no sacred grove, no solemn temple, no altar. The world has for him no conscious, besetting, nor

inspiring God: no Providence has an eye on his life. Beyond the grave all is blank for him: he dissolves with his organization. To him the problems of theology have neither use nor meaning: all that men call religion he daily smiles at as the dream, lovely or distempered, of a child tossing in its sleep. His universe is the play of organic forces, that weave their web about him, and weave him into their web. A cosmos more naked it would be hard to fancy; so little apparently for the imagination, so little for the sentiment, so little for the heart, so little for the craving, worshiping soul! Yet see: his hungry heart sits down to a feast that makes the ordinary board of Christendom look cheap. In the absence of a personal God, the total of humanity assumes that prerogative. In default of a Providence, the living race becomes a warm providence to him, besetting him behind and before, and laying its friendly hand upon him; a presence never to be escaped, a spirit never to be eluded. The hope of individual immortality deceasing, he looks and labors for an immortality of influence on his kind, coming to life over and over again in others. The reconciliation of human interests more than satisfies the old longing for atonement that tormented the generations of Christendom. Endeavor after worthy fellowship with noblest men and women abundantly feeds the passion of prayer. The world of human relationship supplies all that emotion, affection, charity, conscience, need; and, as he contemplates enthusiastically the beautiful order that science reveals to him, he becomes as devoutly rapt, as lovingly absorbed, as did ever a Saint Bernard or a Saint Francis. He gets more out of the ground than most get out of the skies: for he gets all that he wants; and, of all the men I know, none want more or more clamorously than he. He does not thank me for my pity or my consolation. He is consoled: he is at peace."

— UNION OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS.  
We presume, that, to most of the readers of this magazine, the New-School Presbyterians seem old enough, so old that the difference between them and anything older will hardly

be thought worth taking into the account : but, to the parties that were divided, the distinction was of the first importance ; at least of sufficient importance to justify a separation into two churches. Now the breach is healed : the great body of Presbyterians is one again. It is a very cheering sign of the times, a token that a healthy Christian consciousness and a deep desire to do some real Christian work are getting the better of an exaggerated literalism and dogmatism. The things in which *Christians* agree are so pronounced and so significant that they can well afford to interpret and phrase their experience in very diverse ways. We extract portions from an interesting address by Rev. Dr. Adams before the Old-School Assembly on Wednesday, May 26. It is given in "The American Presbyterian."

"I suppose you will consider it as no affront if you are regarded as the special conservators of *orthodoxy*. Adopting the same confession of faith with yourselves in all honesty, we will not shrink from being considered as the special advocates and representatives of *liberty*. Circumstances have created these distinctions. You will not think it strange, while you hold steadfastly to your orthodoxy, that we should magnify and assert our liberty. We have found it necessary to emphasize the fact, that, within the bounds of our common system of doctrine, there is room for liberty. As there always have been, so there always will be, differences of opinion in unessential particulars among those who are agreed heartily in the great essentials of the same historic system. My excellent friend and brother, Rev. Dr. Musgrave, when addressing our Assembly, two days ago, as your delegate, said emphatically, in his admirable eloquence, that he rejoiced in the name of Calvinist ; a name in which we rejoice also : but we have never supposed, that, in order to vindicate one's title to that honored appellation, every one of us should go through the world like the iron man Talus in the drama, with his flail crushing, on the right hand and on the left, all who differ from us in permitted shades of opinion. You and we together insist upon the free play of forces within the range of our common self-prescribed limitations. You are called *Old*

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School; we are called *New School*. When I say that all the novelty, all the innovation, in theology which we represent, consists in getting rid of *superstitions*, using the word according to its exact etymology, to denote those things imposed upon theology which are not of its substance, — human traditions and philosophies, which have attached themselves to what is divine, like barnacles to a ship, so getting back more and more to the old, simple, primal, granite, eternal facts of revelation, — perhaps it will appear not altogether impossible to reconcile the ideas of *New* and *Old* in true harmony and unity. Upon this point it is not necessary to multiply words on our part, especially as we recall the generous act of your last Assembly, in amply vindicating our orthodoxy by that deliverance, which, of your own accord, was entered upon your minutes, and for which we render you, in the name of all truth and fairness, our sincere thanks.

“Should this re-union be consummated, there are two things, Mr. Moderator, which, as it seems to me, will be of immense importance, and of which I would presume to speak a word, without appearing to drop into the strain of professional homiletics. The first relates to the mode in which, from this time onward, we are to treat one another. Nothing is so long-lived and inveterate as prejudice, — professional prejudice, party prejudice, sectional prejudice. While holding to freedom of speech, the utmost freedom of the press, can any candid man deny that the Church and the country are both suffering at this hour from the misrepresentations of a partisan press? We have had enough of parvanimity: let us pledge ourselves now to a noble magnanimity. Let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I write or speak one word which shall tend to rekindle old prejudices, revive old issues, or excite distrust and suspicion, in this critical hour of healing. If any man is disposed to do this, to give heed to idle rumor, to propagate rumors and suspicions fitted to make divisions, just when the tissues are beginning to knit themselves together into a new confidence, we have inspired authority for the direction to *mark that man*. What a noble opportunity especially is theirs,

who, advanced in years, and having a vivid memory of former times, — veterans scarred in past conflicts, men whose honest convictions are always to be honored, may so take the lead, at this new era, in the conquest of personal prejudices and partialities as that they shall secure the love, gratitude, and honor of a new generation, and go to their rest at the close of life with the benedictions of a united Church! What the country needs now most of all, and the Church also, is the restoration of intelligent confidence between all its parts, North and South, East and West. Let the educated men of the country, especially our ministers and elders, cultivate more of intercourse and acquaintanceship, and they will bind this whole land into compactness, as the roots of the willows by the water-courses give firmness to the sod. If our union is to be based on confidence and honor, then honor must be whole-hearted. We cannot mix clay and iron and gold together.

“The second thing is the wisdom and the necessity of engaging immediately in larger enterprises of Christian evangelism. This is the true method of diverting thought from obsolete questions, and preventing new divisions because of minor and subordinate matters. “Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass, or loweth the ox over his fodder?” The true way to arrest all senseless brayings and lowings is to fill heart and hands with grand and urgent work. We are much impressed on our side with the paramount necessity of evangelizing our cities and new territories, believing that Presbyterianism has peculiar advantages for this vast achievement. In our late national struggle, manifold were the diversities of opinion in regard to men and measures, but these were all compelled to follow the one grand purpose to preserve the national life and integrity. We read in the Apocalypse, of certain forms of life destined to annoy the Church, that ‘their power is in their tails.’ No matter how many tails a serpent may have, so long as he has but one head he will be able to glide through any thicket, every caudal extremity forced to obey one capital tractive power. It is the attempt to put these diversities in the foreground, — going, as it were, tails

foremost,— which insures either stoppage or dismemberment. Let us make sure of true unity by undertaking great things for the kingdom of our Lord.”

— A GENUINE PHILANTHROPIST. A large committee has recently been formed in England to secure and present to the cities of London, Manchester, and Salford, three portraits of Thomas Wright, whose history and character are thus described in a London paper : —

“ Thomas Wright is a man, who, springing from the humblest ranks of the people, has devoted nearly the whole of a long life, now extended far beyond fourscore years, to the great and important cause of criminal reform ; and, although working under the most arduous and unpromising conditions, there is probably no man in the kingdom at this moment whose efforts in this wide field have been crowned with such signal success. His energies were first excited in this direction by the fact, that, when a young man, he was employed as a “striker” in a Manchester foundry, where it was discovered that one of his fellow-workmen was a discharged convict, and such representations were made to the principal respecting him, that, notwithstanding the fact that he had proved himself a skillful and faithful servant, he was summarily dismissed. The despairing look of the wretched man as he left the workshop, amid the scarce-suppressed sneers and jibes of the employes, so haunted Wright that he sought him out, learned from him the story of his crimes, and, feeling convinced of the sincerity of his repentance, procured him work by becoming bound for his honesty, and finally provided him with means to emigrate to Australia, where he became a respected and prosperous trader.

“ Feeling convinced that this case was but one of thousands, Thomas Wright determined to try what so humble a man as himself might do by systematic action to lessen this vast load of human misery, and to restore at least some few criminals into the paths of honesty and virtue. With the consent of the governor, he attended divine service in the jail at Manchester every Sunday, and thus becoming known to the pris-

oners, and being allowed to communicate with them, he rapidly gained the confidence of many among them. For many years he continued his efforts, and in hundreds of cases with undoubted success. Some of them he restored to and reconciled with their families and friends ; for others he procured work, on his own assurance as to the genuineness of their repentance ; for others, again, he raised the means to enable them to emigrate ; and in many of these last, when crime had been the evident result of evil associations, he would himself accompany his *protege* to Liverpool, and never leave him until he was safely embarked. At length the influence of good for the humble "striker" became so strikingly manifest, that the governor alluded to him in terms of the greatest eulogy ; then the local press took up the theme, it spread to London, and suddenly the retiring and unobtrusive workman found himself famous. By this time he was between fifty and sixty years of age, and it was felt on all hands that he should be relieved from the further necessity of manual labor. A subscription list was started, which the Queen headed with £100, and a sufficient sum was raised to purchase a liberal annuity.

"This was thirty years ago : but ever since Thomas Wright has continued his philanthropic efforts in every jail in the kingdom, and with astonishingly successful results, — no small part of his influence with the convicts no doubt arising from the fact, that, unlike the chaplain, he is not looked upon as a paid official ; and, indeed, so strongly does he feel this himself that, when he some years ago was offered a situation by the government of the day as a visiting inspector of jails, with a salary of £800 a year, he refused it on the very ground, that, if he once became a government servant, instead of "the prisoner's friend," all his power of serving them would be at an end.

"In addition to the great exertions he has made on behalf of the criminal classes, Thomas Wright has devoted himself zealously to the cause of ragged schools, and to this day teaches regularly in the large one which owes its existence almost entirely to his own efforts. He also preaches con-



stantly in the chapels of the Wesleyan body, to which he belongs, and with a simple, pathetic eloquence, more calculated to impress the class to which his hearers belong than the grandest bursts of a more pretentious orator."

— We select from "The Advance" the following suggestions upon "Organized Religious Work for Women:" —

"All work begins in isolated individual effort; each person doing that which comes to his hand, or which is necessitated by his wants. But social progress invariably leads to united effort. This is first occasional, and then systematic. Civilization depends upon organization, which is the condition of large results and permanent effort. We cannot make the religious efforts of women an exception to this rule. Some things can be accomplished by individual women laboring solitarily according to their own impulses and wisdom; but not many things or great things. Female power must be aggregated and disciplined, educated and directed. This is where the Church of Rome has long had the advantage over purer churches. The same error—for such we count it, though it has much Puritan example in its favor in matters of worship, work, and amusement—which has so often induced Christians, in an over-caution, to abandon utterly what has been corrupted in use, and thus to forego valuable instrumentalities for which no equivalent substitutes could be found, has operated to blind them against the necessity of organic arrangements for the religious and charitable work of women. We have so revolted against nunneries, with their perpetual and enforced vows of virginity, their degrading discipline, and their at least occasional corruption, that we have been suspicious of every sisterhood for beneficent action. But we are becoming wiser, and learning from observation and experience. If the enemy is armed with needle-guns,—and does not that very name suggest woman's organized, repeating power?—it will not answer for us to rely simply on old-fashioned muskets; and, if the enemy maintains a well-disciplined army of regulars, we shall not make head against him with an undisciplined mob of volunteers.

"What is needed is, such degree and form of organization as shall most fully develop and most effectively apply the hitherto unused power of the female membership of the churches. The mass will of course find the natural and the noblest sphere of womanly work in the conjugal and maternal relations. But there are, and there always will be, thousands of Christian women who will never become wives and mothers. There are widows, also, without children, or whose children are grown up, who long to be useful in a more enlarged sphere than seems now to open. There are often ladies of property, single or widowed, whose affections and disappointments have been so many and bitter, as to make ordinary life distasteful, and an employment of perpetual charity a welcome relief. All these would gladly devote their lives to distinctively religious work could they be assured of as permanent employment and support as are provided for Roman-Catholic women similarly disposed. What can we do in this direction? Various things, as it appears to us.

"We can push with energy the several Boards recently formed for organizing women in the foreign missionary work. These indicate a great step in advance. The fundamental idea is not, as formerly, to associate ladies merely to raise money for the general missionary treasury, but to organize them in a specific work *for* women *by* women. The conception is morally magnificent. It says to the women of our churches, 'Here are the four hundred millions of your own sex in the degradation and ruin of false religions and of oppressive social customs based upon those religions. Take them on your prayers, on your counsels, on your charities. Organize for their salvation. Attempt it as women. Attempt it through women. Raise the funds necessary to support an army of female missionaries in heathen and Mohammedan lands. Have an auxiliary society or board for the purpose in every church. Make it as much an object of prayer and effort to supply the missionary women as the missionary money. As the work enlarges, let the scope and power of these boards at home be increased, and let the female missionaries abroad have the same responsibilities of consultation

and decision about their work as the male missionaries have about theirs.' Such is the outline: fill it up in practice, and the millennium is at our doors!

"We can also do infinitely more churchwise by proper organization. Why should our ecclesiasticism look manward so steadily and exclusively? Is not the membership two-thirds female? What then do churches mean, with six deacons and no deaconesses? And even then the deacons are often only ornamental appendages. What is needed is, that each church should have a board of deaconesses to systematize, guide, and superintend the religious and charitable labor of the female members, — to look after the poor and sick and afflicted of the sex in and out of the church, to secure female Sunday school teachers and tract distributors, to have a thorough visitation of families in the community, to train watchers and nurses, and to bring forward candidates for missionary labor. One of the number might be supported, as acting superintendent, by church funds, especially in the larger churches, while the others serve gratuitously as a co-operative and directing board. Such an arrangement would double the efficiency of any church in five years.

"And then, by united action of churches and of evangelical denominations, we must start charitable and religious sisterhoods, with commodious 'homes,' in which Christian females may be trained for pious work of all kinds, and may go forth as educators, nurses, tract visitors, city missionaries, and foreign missionaries. We do wrong to delay such an enterprise in this city, with the instructive example before us of what the Romish Sisterhoods of Charity and Mercy accomplish, and with the success of the 'Prussian Deaconesses' institutions to show the compatibility of the idea with evangelical principles. It could easily be accomplished by a union of the denominations in Chicago, or by any one of them singly; and we believe that the pressure of necessity, the leadings of Providence, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, will induce some clear-visioned and devoted women to make the experiment. We expect yet to see a large and substantial building over whose portal shall be inscribed, 'HOME OF THE CHRISTIAN SISTERS.'"

## RANDOM READINGS.

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A GOOD HYMN

Is a more valuable contribution to Christian literature than vast tomes of theology ; for it will sing to the ages after the tomes are moldering on the shelves. We find one in "Zion's Herald" of May 13, which seems to us worthy to live. It is credited to Mary G. Brainard, and is beautifully Johannean.

## PENITENTIAL HYMN.

As Mary knelt, and dropped her tears,  
So, gracious Lord, would we ;  
And pour the ointment of our hearts,  
Our choicest love, on Thee.

Oh the sweet joys of penitence !  
We trust Thee, and adore :  
We wonder at Thy gracious word, —  
"Arise, and sin no more."

Thou dost forget our sinful past,  
Thou takest off the stain :  
Bathed in the ocean of Thy love,  
Our souls are pure again.

We come with sad, confessing lips,  
For Thy forgiving touch ;  
And Thou dost thrill us with the words,  
That we have loved Thee much.

We raise our tearful eyes to Thee,  
And meet Thy smile divine :  
Where shall we look, O pitying Christ,  
For tenderness like thine ?

We hide our souls in Thee, O Lord,  
In Thee we seek our rest :  
Oh ! raise us from Thy sacred feet,  
To lean upon Thy breast.

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## THE BATTLE OF IDEAS.

UNDER this head, "The Independent," as a chronicler of the times, as will be seen under "Spirit of the Press," gives a view of the Radicalism which is revolutionizing, as it thinks, the Unitarian body. It is as correct a view as a candid outsider could be expected to take ; and yet in some things is very wide of the truth, as it represents things only as they appear on the surface. It will be new to most people here that culture and scholarship have been on the wane among Unitarians ; that James Freeman Clarke is not a student, and a very thorough one, as well as a worker ; and that "The Christian Examiner" was "killed" at the New-York Convention. The Convention did not kill "The Examiner" any more than they caused the last eclipse of Jupiter's satellites. It was not killed by anybody but itself.

## MISCONSTRUCTION OF MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

THAT English Tories should not like Mr. Sumner's speech on the Alabama claims, is a matter of course. That such men as Peter Bayne and Goldwin Smith, and indeed Englishmen generally, should so totally misapprehend it, is very strange. They suppose that Mr. Sumner would demand of England compensation for all the losses which her policy caused, even to the expenses of two years of our civil war, since it was prolonged to that extent through the unfriendly conduct of the English Government. Mr. Sumner would make no such demand. He means to show, and does show, and hold up to the gaze of the world, the length and breadth of the evil which England wrought against us, in order that she might have the magnanimity to make some acknowledgment of her wrong, — not as a wrong to individuals in the loss of property, but a wrong to the nation. That done, he would have our own nation magnanimous, and make the amount of pecuniary compensation quite a secondary matter. Then the settlement would be hearty and final, leaving no ugly precedent to be turned against England if trouble should come upon her, and leaving no grudge to rankle in the hearts of these two great peoples, who can do infinite good to each other. This is plainly the spirit of Mr. Sumner's speech, to which not only the American Senate, but the American people, have responded generally a hearty amen. But Englishmen well informed on other subjects make fools of themselves when they treat of American politics.

## THE RAVEN.

THE following story of the raven we find in the "Olive-Leaf," a little sheet published at Waltham by the New Church. It is unlike Poe's Raven, "that perched upon the bust of Pallas;" and like the Raven of old, that fed the prophet.

In a certain village there lived a good man by the name of Dorby, who, without fault, had fallen into poverty and want. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat in their sorrow, the church-bell pealed for evening prayer, and Dorby kneeled down in the midst, and they sang:—

Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his His hands ;

And when they came to the last verse, —

When thou would'st all our need supply,  
Who, who, shall stay thy hand ?

there came a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, who had been tamed and set at liberty. Dorby opened the window : the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones. It was the means of saving the family, and now over the house-door there is an iron tablet whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse :—

Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve thy might.  
Thy every act pure blessing is ;  
Thy path, unsullied light.

## THE TWO SAINTS.

IN the same paper, among other choice bits, we find the following, which, brief as it is, has matter for a hundred sermons.

Rabia, sick upon his bed,  
By two saints was visited.

Melek said, " Whose prayer is pure,  
Will God's chastisement endure."

Hassam uttered from the deeper sense  
Of his own experince,

" He who loves his Master's choice  
Will in chastisement rejoice."

Rabia saw a selfish will  
Lingering in their precepts still,

And replied, "O men of grace,  
He who sees his Master's face

Will not in his prayer recall  
That he is chastised at all."

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The following lines were read at the burial service of one who died after the prolonged sickness and suffering of thirteen years, borne with un murmuring patience and trust.

"Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace." — JOB.

PEACE, troubled heart ! let not thy plaint  
Be heard. Thyself with Him acquaint ;  
So His all-sheltering wing shall be  
Thy swift security.

Spirit, be calm ! for He is kind,  
Though thou for very pain art blind :  
His Sabbath only is thy rest ;  
Then lean upon His breast.

Be strong, my soul, in all His ways :  
Thy constant Benefactor praise ;  
And be thy thought and worship given  
To Him whose will is heaven.

Be thou, my life, brave to the end,  
For God is thine unchanging friend,  
Thee daily with Himself He feeds :  
Peace follows where He leads.

S. D. ROBBINS.

"HAD you been born in Persia, you would not have been eager to live in Greece, but to stay where you were, and be happy ; and, being born in poverty, why are you eager to be rich, and not rather to abide in poverty, and so be happy ?"

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*A New Translation of the Four Gospels.* REV. NATHANIEL S. FOLSOM has given to the public a new translation of the four Gospels, from the Greek text of Tischendorf, Tregelles, Meyer, Alford, and others, and with critical and expository notes. It has marks of the ripest scholarship, and is the result of long and careful study, and aims to put the English reader in more complete possession of the more delicate shades of the meaning of the Greek original than the received version does. The interpretations are usually coincident with those of Unitarian expositors, and are as free from sectarian bias, probably, as could possibly be. Mr. Folsom says in his preface, "Unless I am utterly self-deceived, it has been my chief aim, both in the translation and in the notes, to promote the common Christianity;" to help form, not a narrower and more shallow, but deeper and broader, Christian conciseness, in which believers shall become more vitally one; and, as the best means of doing this, to bring Him who is the great teacher and exemplar of Christianity, its central divine form and visible head, more distinctly into view, that we may "see him as he is."

The version will be a valuable addition to the library of any student of the New Testament. We find some of our favorite texts considerably disturbed, but the disturbance is a fresh incitement to examine them again, and grasp their meaning anew.

*The Question Settled:* a careful comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. By REV. MOSES HULL. Boston: William White & Co.

There are two kinds of Spiritualism, one reverent and Christian, confirming the revelation of the Bible; the other, irreverent and self-assuming, and assaulting the authority of Christianity. This book is of the latter class, and settles no question, that we can see, but the flippant assumptions of the writer.

*The Gates Wide Open,* by GEORGE WOOD, was written and published ten years since, under the title, "Future Life, or Scenes in another World," and is now republished with a title suggested by Miss Phelps's popular and beautiful volume. But in style, conception, and matter, it is vastly inferior; too purely imaginative, too



ambitious in its rhetoric and baseless in its fancies, to meet the demands of the heart on these heavenly themes. It is reverent in tone ; but on these subjects the soul craves realities, and not word-painting, however gorgeous and brilliant.

*A Scripture Manual* alphabetically arranged, designed to facilitate the finding of proof-texts, by CHARLES SIMMONS. M. W. Dodd, New York, publishes the second stereotype revision and the thirty-sixth edition of this work, proof that some readers of the Bible find it useful in their investigations. It has an introduction by Dr. Gardiner Spring, who says that "to ministers, Sabbath-school teachers, Sabbath schools, and families, the work is of great value." It is also highly recommended by Drs. Ide, Park, Barnes, Woods, Storrs, Pond, Nott, and many others. The work collects and arranges the proof-texts of Scripture on all important topics, so as to illustrate them, and afford easy reference, following the alphabetical order. It has 750 pp. large octavo.

*Good Health* is a new periodical published monthly in Boston, full of excellent things, of which we should have given a specimen had we not been crowded for want of room.

*Patty Gray's Journey from Boston to Baltimore.* By MRS. C. H. DALL. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

In this story for children, Mrs. Dall depicts scenes which she herself has seen in the South, and tells something about the schools for colored children in Baltimore. These schools are supported principally by contributions from the North, as the city government refuses an education to any but white children. Having forbidden the negro to learn, they have with great sagacity discovered that he is too ignorant to vote. Patty's adventures and trials are very pleasantly told ; and the book is printed in clear type, which gives it an attractive appearance.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT of New York have issued an Album for *Mental Photographs*, edited by ROBERT SAXTON. It is a handsome volume, containing a place for a photograph on each page, and a series of questions, answers to which are to be written by the persons whose mental photographs are desired, thus giving some idea of their tastes and opinions, as well as their physical appearance.

*The Villa on the Rhine.* By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. With a portrait of the author, and a biographical sketch by BAYARD TAYLOR. New York : Leypoldt & Holt.

Since the publication of *On the Heights*, Auerbach's name has become widely known in America, and we presume his established reputation as a writer of fiction will insure this work a large sale. It is of a very different character from the sensational novels, so many of which have been lately written. In fact, we think it tends rather too much in the opposite direction, for the story seems to move along rather slowly through the two volumes. Still, the admirers of the author's former works will like to read this later one, and will find in it many of the good qualities of the others.

A different translation of the above, by CHARLES C. SHACKFORD, has been published in pamphlet form by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Doubtless everybody has by this time finished one reading of the first volume of *The Ring and the Book*, by ROBERT BROWNING, and is ready for the second, which is published by Fields, Osgood & Co. We believe it is generally acknowledged that no finer English poetry than Browning's has been written for many a year. One needs to study and become familiar with it to understand it fully and see all its beautiful shades of thought, for the meaning is often closely hidden beneath the words; but those who once become acquainted with his poetry do not forget it. It is full of earnest love for Italy, sympathy with the poor and oppressed, and contempt for old prejudices and social fictions. We assure all, that the new poems will richly repay the time and study which may be given to them.

*Evening by Evening, or Readings at Eventide for the Family or the Closet.* By C. H. SPURGEON. New York: Sheldon & Co.

A text of Scripture for every evening in the year, and a few words of comment and exhortation, make up this book. It does not seem to be written for any one sect or theology; but appeals directly and fervently to all, of whatever form of belief.

*Foreign Missions, Their Relations and Claims*, by RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D. LL. D., published by Charles Scribner & Co., embodies the substance of lectures delivered in theological seminaries by Dr. Anderson when Secretary of the American Board. The first chapter, "An Opening World," describes the marvelous changes brought about in the order of providence by which nearly all the countries of the world are accessible to the religion of Christ. The other chapters describe what has actually been accomplished. The book opens an auspicious view of the prospect of the world, and of Christianity as the religion to become universal and bring all the

paces into unity and fellowship at last. No more powerful argument could be made for the religion of the Bible than might be shaped by the bare statistics of Dr. Anderson's book, particularly from Chapter XII. on "The Success of Missions." s.

*Nahant, and What is to be Seen There*, is a neat little book in paper covers, with a map and illustrations, describing the scenery, the drives, the rocks, the shores, the sea prospects far and near, and all the curious things of this favorite summer residence. Those who go there will want it as a guide. Adams & Co.

*Why Men do not Believe; or, The Principal Causes of Infidelity.* By N. J. LAFORET. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau Street. 1869.

A book which will speak helpfully to some mental and moral conditions; and yet as we read this and similar works which have been called forth by the skepticism of our times, we are forcibly reminded of what many of the physicians are saying about the *Vis medicatrix naturæ* and the self-limitations of disease, and the little that can be hoped from direct medical treatment. This disease of unbelief must have its run. Those who believe must affirm their faiths: all else comes to very little, so far as mere thinking is concerned. After all is said that can be said on the positive side, the questions persist in remaining open.

*Our New Way Round the World*, published by Fields Osgood & Co., is full of entertainment and instruction, and well fitted to prepare the way for the coming of the men and women of China to be our plowmen and vinedressers, our cooks and chambermaids. The book is well lighted up with pictures. GEORGE ELIOT tells us with the help of the same publishers, in smoothly flowing lines, *How Lisa Loved the King*, and the story is not a long one.

Whether we accept his word or not, we shall most of us admit that Dr. Bushnell has said the most significant things that have yet been said about "Woman Suffrage." Not feeling ourselves the slightest interest in the matter, we have been saying, "If the women wish to vote, let them stop talking about it and do it;" but the Doctor gives us pause by showing how hard it will be to get rid of the thing if once it is fastened upon us. Why will people make such a fuss about voting? Read Bushnell by all means, were it only for the style. It is published by SCRIBNER.

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## JESUS IN THE DESERT.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE Spirit remanded Jesus to his solitude. A great conflict was inevitable. Such incoming of the Divine truth, glory, and power, through the inmost consciousness, towards their ultimations in the outward life, could not be without meeting and waking into armed resistance all the hereditary tendencies of the Jewish mind. All these had been subsumed in the maternal humanity received through Mary. They had grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of the sensuous nature, which for thirty years had drunk in the glories of this lower world. The hereditary proclivities of a long line of ancestry running away up through Jewish kings and priests yearning for worldly empire and ecclesiastical rule, looking towards a Messianic kingdom, which, beginning at Jerusalem, should overspread the earth, and absorb all other kingdoms into itself, — all these were waked up, as if by a voice sweeping down into the soul as the cumulative urgencies of a thousand years. The possession of transcendent and superhuman power had now come to Jesus, no longer in the dim twilight of consciousness, but in its noonday brightness. It was power, compared with which that of David and Solomon, the pride and boast of the Jewish

annals, was contemptible. We do not know of any chapter in history so true to nature, and bearing such indubitable marks of reality, as that of the temptation of Jesus. It never could have come within the experience of feeble and shallow natures, but only those which are deeply and broadly representative, and which take up and compress vast provinces and ages of history into their own. In such as these, the influx of heaven becomes strong as it meets and conquers the efflux of hell.

Let us pause a moment at the words "Devil" and "Satan." They never mean, in any canonical scripture, a fallen angel. Nor again do they mean "the abstract principle of moral evil." Neither Jesus nor his biographers know anything of these philosophical nonentities. To them, the demon world, no less than the angel, was real, active, and personal, inbreathing through the souls of men, and projecting infernal sorceries through their minds and imaginations. It was composed of the spirits of bad men who had lived in the flesh, and were therefore human like ourselves, but unregenerate. Like the angel world, it lay proximate to this ; but on the side of our lusts and evils, which it breathed upon and fanned into flame. The words "Devil" and "Satan" described originally the supposed prince of this kingdom of evil ; but they ceased to become mere proper names, and stood simply for the impersonation of all the seductive influence from the realm of darkness ; just as the word "Gabriel" came to denote, not an individual, but the influx of the angel world itself. But the New-Testament writers give no sanction to the childish superstition of devils assuming material bodies, and, in that shape, set free on the earth for temptation and mischief.

The Spirit remanded Jesus to his solitudes. Heights of exaltation and depths of depression and trial are unavoidable in minds whose range is large enough to include the profoundest workings of God. Having just now become conscious of most divine endowments, the whole spirit of Judaism, from Abraham down to Mary, rose up in his soul to clutch these celestial weapons, and wield them only for Jewish ends. Yes, farther : the awakened self-hood of human nature, including

its hereditary proclivities from Adam down, sought to bring these endowments into the service of self alone, and so place the Son of man in contact with the Son of God, and, if possible, subject the latter to its will.

We follow Matthew's order. The first temptation came in this form: "Turn these stones into loaves, and live by them alone;" or, dropping the language of parable, "Be satisfied with the lowest and most external life of sense, and with that alone," for stones are the lowest grade of external things. What visions of ease and self-gratification are here comprehensively described; all of which could press at once to their realization, if the divine power, newly awakened, could be subsidized to such an end. Such a course were compatible with all the pride of life, including the pride of knowledge, the pride of philanthropy; all tending, however, to exalt self, and surround it with worldly decorations. Such was the tempting path now obvious; and it led to no cross, no conflict, and no sacrifice.

The next temptation was deeper and more subtle. It placed Jesus in the Holy City, and on the pinnacle of its temple; in other words, at the very summit of the Jewish ecclesiasticism. The highest exaltation to which the Jewish religious system could elevate him now rose upon his view. All the honors of its high-priesthood, enlarged beyond its ancient pomp and splendor, were within his grasp. Already he had confounded the doctors in the temple by his precocious wisdom; and now a wisdom more pervasive and comprehending than that of the whole Sanhedrim, or all the scholars of Hillel, was his. It lay in his power to raise Judaism to a fame which would outshine its brightest days in the past, if, instead of breaking its power in pieces, he would throw his Spirit into them, and make them more glorious than ever. Its priesthood would renew its fading lustre, and all its honors would cluster around his person. No conception of ours at this day is adequate to the fact which is here tersely set forth; a temptation that winds into the most hidden recesses of human nature. Ecclesiastical ambition is the most devilish of all; for it prevents a more interior and

more sacred principle than any other, appears always in sanctimonious guises, and secretes a more specious and deadly poison. But Jewish ecclesiasticism excelled all others in this respect ; and now the pride and conceit of a long and splendid priestly line, swelling and gathering force with every new generation, was sending its last efflux into the mind of Jesus. Had it prevailed, it would have placed him in Moses' seat ; the most authoritative, the most accomplished, the most honored, of all the Pharisees.

The remaining temptation, though not so subtle, appealed to an instinct more universally dangerous. It placed Jesus at the summit of Jewish national renown. It showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and he at their head as the long-looked-for temporal Messiah. The magnificent national dream could now be made actual. It had become an essential of Jewish faith ingrained in the heart of every loyal man and woman, that the boundaries of Judæa were to widen and widen over the earth, and over the isles of the sea, and over all peoples, till Jerusalem should be the capital of the world, till the "gentiles should come to its light, and kings to the brightness of its rising." The grand old spiritual promises had sunk from their meaning into the grossest literalism, and pampered the national pride with the expectation of unbounded empire. It was kept alive continually as they answered "Amen" in the synagogues to the ancient prophecies, — "The sons of thine oppressors shall come bending before thee : they that despised thee shall fall down at thy feet." \* How this vision flamed up to its highest grandeur as it took body and shape in a mind like that of Jesus, till "all the kingdoms of the world, in a moment of time," were seen crowding to his standard in endless ranks ; how the stream of national pride, pouring through the hearts of all the Jewish kings into his, was urgent to grasp the divine weapons now fairly in his hands, subjugate the Roman oppressor, and inaugurate the universal reign which all the prophets had foretold, — all this we may faintly imagine from our knowledge of hereditary proclivities which set in strongest and

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\* Isa. lx. 14.

swiftest tides through the largest and most receptive natures.

Forty days, say the records, these temptations continued ; or, as Luke says, till the Devil, "having come to an end of every temptation," left him. Forty days, in Scripture usage, is an indefinite number, and means simply, as Luke intimates, a time, whether longer or shorter, during which the thing appointed to it is accomplished complete. "The forty days' temptations," as we understand, are the terse and graphic summing-up of the whole conflict up to the time of the public ministry of Jesus ; the conflict in which the descending heavens met and subdued the principles of earth and hell, and thus found their unobstructed ultimatum in his mind and in his life. The abounding peace which followed where we are told, that, as Satan left him, angels came and ministered unto him, is also strictly accordant with all our human experience. Those blessed ministries come like tranquillity after storms, consequent on all our moral and spiritual victories. They come to us in the mellow sunshine of the heart flung from the face of God, and the invisible presence of those who reflect his beams ; they came to him, not only in the peace within, but in the "heavens opened," amid whose visible serenities he won his abiding-place.

It is plain that the narration of these conflicts comes originally from the lips of Jesus in that comprehensive language of parable which he was wont to employ. They have the air of most intense reality ; they were witnessed by no mortal eye ; and they are the last things which his disciples afterwards would have invented or imagined, with the intent of glorifying their Master. Mark puts the whole in, but very concisely ; evidently not knowing what to make of it. John omits it ; for the plain reason that he wrote with a full knowledge that the other three evangelists were in possession of all the churches, and that this history already had been thrice told. John, of all the others, would have entered most profoundly into its vast spiritual import. Luke seems to have done this more than either Matthew or Mark ; and Luke



was probably in communication with John. Portions of Luke's gospel are essentially the narrative of the beloved disciple.\*

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## COTTAGE SERVICES IN THE "OLD COUNTRY."

BY REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

THE holding of cottage services is one way of doing good ; and it is a very humble and *homely* way, both figuratively and literally speaking. They are conducted in various parts of England, in connection, in some places, with churches, and in others with institutions of learning, and always with much appreciation and benefit to the people. To thousands of persons in the lowly walks of life, going to the church service is rather a formidable undertaking ; and, when they attend, they behold the gospel afar off : but, when a simple service is had in their own or a neighbor's house, communion of spirit is so felt and enjoyed, that the gospel finds its way to where it ever ought to come, and never stops short of the heart. Again, whole hosts of the people, in every country, only enter a place of worship in cases of christenings, marriages,

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\* The evidence of this is not merely that his spirit and cast of thought constantly remind us of John ; but Luke's narrative has often the scenic minuteness and distinctness of an eye-witness when relating events of which John was the sole spectator from among the disciples, and which Matthew and Mark speak of in a more general way, or omit altogether. See Luke xxii. 63-71 ; xxiii. 6-11, and 26-44. See also where only John, James, and Peter were spectators, but where Luke's narrative is much more graphic and detailed than that of Matthew and Mark, and where Luke lets us far more minutely than the other two into the spirit of the scene. Luke ix. 28-36, and xxii. 41-46. See, in connection with this, Luke's introduction, i. 1-4, in which he more than implies that he received his facts from eye-witnesses. Even without his declaration, no historian like Luke would undertake such a work, knowing that the eye-witnesses were alive, without consultation with them.

or deaths ; or, in other cases, not for years. It is saddening to think how many are living as heathens, without hope and God in the world ; in the shadows of churches, and in the midst of Christian lands. And is it not vitally important to bring the holy and saving power of religion to bear upon these ? and oftentimes this can be done in no more effectual manner than by rendering its services in their own abodes. This is the aim of cottage services ; and yet they are no new thing, for we read of one held in New-Testament times, at Troas, where Paul preached so long to the brethren in the *upper room*, that poor unfortunate Eutychus went to sleep, and fell through the window.

So-called orthodox and so-called heterodox Christians now have them in operation, ministered to by either pastors or men of pious gifts. They act as feeders to the churches by reaching those who stood apart from them on account of poverty, indifference, ignorance, dissatisfaction, or skepticism. Many noble-minded laymen and ministers have brought untold and unknown blessings to the working classes especially by their good time spent and given in this line of real Christian labor. It was with great pleasure and profit that I listened, several years ago, to the rich experience in cottage preaching, in Bridgewater, of my friend, the Rev. R. Z. Carpenter, of Bridport, and brother of Miss Mary Carpenter. I may tell here what most persons know in England, that this family of Carpenters is a remarkable one for engaging in practical works of Christian beneficence.

Cottage visitation and services now form a very wise and highly important part of the training and education in some seats of preparation for the ministry in England. Experience has proved in many cases, only too often and too long, that the minds and heads of students of divinity have been crammed with old-world knowledge and opinions, until the students have either ceased to have any opinions of their own, or very strange and impracticable ones : and thus, greatly lacking definite ideas of men, things, and Christian teachings, have come forth to teach others, and break to them the bread of life ; and have done it in such an ineffi-

cient, unnatural, and awkward manner, that, in some instances, congregations have gazed upon them as dreamers, or spectators of mental vanity, in others with pity and contempt, and, in others, regarded them as torturers of themselves and their kind. It is now being strongly felt, that, while the mind is being filled with useful knowledge, the heart should be kept fresh and warm, and the soul be fed and satisfied with heavenly nutriment. Accordingly the effort has been made, and so far with the best results, to combine practical with theoretical teaching in the training of students of divinity. And no better way could be devised than that of bringing them into weekly contact with human life in its humbler walks, so as to make them acquainted by experience with the evils under which it is suffering. Here they are taught to sympathize with humanity, and to aid and bless it in its temptations, sorrows, and trials. Here, if anywhere, they become filled and baptized with what has been aptly termed "the enthusiasm of humanity ;" for this gracious work calls forth the strength and manhood of students, and brings into full play the emotions, affections, and faculties of the deeper and diviner nature. Heaven only knows how often their labors here are sanctified by earnest, beseeching prayers, on behalf of those they visit and assist with advice and help : yes ; and also by blessed tears of sympathy with them and for them in their woes and distresses. The visitation of the home is followed and well supplemented by the religious service in the home by those, who, having advised and helped the people in worldly matters, now give them the bread and water of life, and speak to them of eternal realities.

But, you ask, what is the cottage service ? and how is it conducted ? It is a service like those in the church, only less than an hour in length. The people give the use of their cottages, and make every preparation, but in some cases receive compensation for light and fire, and you give your services. When the night comes, you find the cottage looking as cheerful and comfortable as it well can be ; a bright fire burning, everything polished to its best, the choice table with the Sunday table-cloth on it, a candle burning on either side

of the family Bible, and the best chair in front for your use. Their neighbors are sitting round about, on their own and others' chairs; and a fair proportion of young people sit on the floor, or just where they can get. Sometimes the middle door is open, and both rooms are used. It is then very sweet to the ear, and touching and inspiring to the soul, to hear the sound of praise and prayer proceeding from those lowly dwellings in some court or street down deep in the heart of the great city. It vividly recalls to one's mind, and eloquently re-tells the old story of how Christianity, in the early days of the Christian Church, made its way in the small and great centres of life in the Roman Empire.

In respect to colleges, two students go together to each service, — one to lead the singing, the other to preach. I have occasion to remember the first time I took part in a service of this kind. The hymn before the sermon was nearly finished, when the preacher, my fellow-student, turned and whispered to me, "I feel too ill to preach, and you must do it." I had been thinking on a sermon founded on something in the Epistle to the Hebrews, but felt I could not drop on the chapter and verse at so short a notice, so I rose, and gave out, "You will find the following words in the Epistle to the Hebrews," and then did my best in the way of a sermon. Whether the people noticed the omission of chapter and verse I never knew. As to my companion, he was too unwell to pay any attention.

These services are very warm and hearty, and I may say impressive and profitable to both preacher and hearer. There is a simplicity and a homeliness about the whole thing that has a telling and Christian effect. Now and again, the babies, asleep on their mother's knees by the firesides, will wake up astonished, and try to help the preacher, or the little ones in bed in the rooms above will ask for water, or some other attention. But the preacher and his audience will take these and other things as they come; and they serve as capital reminders to him, to call his attention to the wants of daily life and his solemn work, if, forgetting himself, he should happen to be roaming among the stars, or some other equally

distant place, out of sight and mind of his hearers. Not a few students and ministers will inform you that they have felt more of the power of true, genuine religion in conducting these humble services than oftentimes in leading the devotions of wealthy congregations, in magnificent churches, aided by every appliance of art, and the finest music and singing.

These services, had in the homes of the working-people, might also be held in the houses of the rich : indeed I have attended such. And it would be a glorious thing for Liberal families and Liberal Christianity, if those scattered Liberal Christians "out West," "down South," "up North," and "due East," out of the reach of a Liberal church, would meet at each others' houses at least once on the Sunday, and have Liberal worship, in which the young could lead the singing, and the adults in turn could read the Scriptures, and also prayers and sermons of our best divines. Such would be a blessing to old and young, keep alive and foster Liberal sentiments, and be the nucleus of true churches, and a good foundation upon which to build up strong societies when the fitting time came. Yes : even where there is only one family this could be done, and the light of the Saviour's pure truth kept brightly burning.

It is a grand advance in Christian sentiment, that religious people stand no longer on ceremony, or the propriety of precedent, but boldly affirm that the good done is of far more consequence than the manner of doing it. Hence, if the people will not come to church, they come to the people in the home, and give the religious teaching of the church in the cottage services, or gather them into halls or theatres to the "theatre preaching."

The house of the Lord, the Christian church, is large and wide enough to hold the human family ; and, as many are outside who need its redeeming influences equally, if not more, than those who are enjoying its benefits, the words of Christ to his faithful disciple are now, as ever, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

## MORE FROM A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

MONDAY, rained. Kept my room ; but I was not alone. Two of the deacons of the church called, and much of the day was devoted to controversial divinity. They were ordinary men in their appearance, and they were not learned ; but still they were familiar with the Scriptures and with the articles of their faith. They were strict Calvinists ; but civil, frank, and kind ; and I respected them. They had brought me the creed and covenant of their church, which they desired me to read. I found that the creed was but the Assembly's Catechism in miniature, or rather abridged. I read article by article ; and asked them whether they believed it, and in what sense they believed, or what they understood by it. This greatly perplexed them : but they still assented to all ; and, when they could not explain, they got over the difficulty by confessing it a mystery. I then gave my views of each article, and pointed out the difference between their views and mine. I asked them if their parish were united in these articles. They replied in the negative. I then asked them if all the members of the church were satisfied with them. They answered, no : but the majority would not permit them to be revised or altered. I then told them plainly, that I could not subscribe to their creed nor covenant ; nor should I teach some of the peculiar doctrines embodied in them. I added that I could preach the gospel, and Christ crucified, and probably in such a way as to satisfy a great proportion of the people, if they and a few others would be content, and hold up my hands. I then pointed out the many important things in which we agreed, and contrasted them with the speculative opinions, in which they went beyond me, or differed from me. I observed to them that were I a Trinitarian and a Calvinist ; and if I dwelt often and plainly on those doctrines which they deemed true, and I false, — even the warmest advocates of them would not bear it ; that, as far as I had knowledge of their manner, the Orthodox themselves

generally kept most of these doctrines out of sight ; that, if they were taught publicly, they were seldom taught plainly and pointedly ; but that they were so handled as to leave the impression that the preacher was sensible they were repulsive, unpopular, of doubtful utility, and of doubtful Scriptural authority ; that they were taught to the children and youth in their catechisms and juvenile books, and required as articles of faith of those who joined the church. I begged them to re-examine their creed, and compare it with the word of God ; and that then, if they were convinced that these peculiar notions were true and important to be known and insisted on, to avow and maintain them ; and, if they did this in a Christian way, all Christians would applaud them. I added that I wished not to grieve nor offend them ; that I should respect and love them as Christians, though I differed in some points from them. I thanked them for their ingenuousness, asked them to remember me in their prayers, told them I trusted they would be candid and patient towards me ; but that I wished not that they should wrong their own consciences, nor make shipwreck of their faith, to please me. They replied that they had nothing against me ; that they wished me well ; but still, believing as they did, I must not take it unkind, nor think it strange, if they opposed my settlement there. We parted friends ; but not till I had put into their hands Dr. Watts's " Orthodoxy and Charity United."

There is nothing gained by harsh language, nor by disguise and concealment. I embrace every proper occasion to let the people know what I am, and what I am not ; that I am as little dependent on them as they are on me ; that I am not eager to secure the parish ; that, if I stay, I shall preach Christ boldly, and exert my influence to make them Christians.

*Saturday, ———.*

The week is spent. I cannot jot down a particular account of every step I have taken, and every interview I have had with my people, this week ; nor can I of the following weeks, should I live to the end of my term. I have seen many families this week : the affairs of the parish, its dissensions, its

prospects, Calvinism, Universalism, and Unitarianism, and temperance, have been the more common burdens of our discourses. On all fit occasions, I try to put in a word for practical and experimental religion. But this is often one of the most difficult things to do. A great many are very loath to say anything about religion, as a personal concern. Too many even of those who imagine themselves Christians seem not easy and at home when heart religion and hand religion is dwelt on. Some of the Orthodox shun the subject when with me: for they are unwilling to admit that I know anything about heart religion; and, if I mention practical religion, they are afraid I am preaching salvation by law and by works, though they themselves admit that saving faith will produce good works. But we differ so widely in some points, they are alarmed to find anything in which we agree. They act as though they would fain know that we agreed in nothing.

I have this week called on the widow of my predecessor. I should have done so earlier, but was prevented by her absence. She is advanced in years, and is taken care of by her son and daughter. I did not anticipate a very cordial reception. I well knew, if they were strictly Calvinists, they could not rejoice to see a Unitarian filling the place so long and so lately occupied by one they revered and loved. I tried to make their case my own, and I felt for them. It was with an anxious heart that I raised the knocker of their door. They had not heard me preach nor met me; so I was obliged to introduce myself. The daughter came to the door. I gave her my name, profession, etc.; and she conducted me into a little parlor, and made me acquainted with her aged mother. They gave me a heartier welcome than I had expected. After a few minutes of reserve and almost silence, they became free and familiar. I supposed them Orthodox; but they were not bigoted and intolerant: they said nothing about their Orthodoxy, nor my heresy; but showed me a respect and tenderness which excited my gratitude. They had many trials for their faith and patience. If they had been proud and ambitious, they were not so now. They were sensible, unassuming, and devout. The daughter made no dis-



play ; and she was not what the world would call either learned or handsome. She was over forty ; and domestic cares and duties, with a share of severe afflictions, had given her a faded and withered aspect. And yet she was educated as few daughters are. She had a cultivated mind, without the aid of romances and novels ; a gentility and refinement, though she had never mixed in gay and fashionable circles. By their invitation, I staid and supped with them ; and, before we separated, they requested me to pray with them.

They invited me to call often, and gave me access to their library. I love to look over the books of a deceased minister. They often help me to form some idea of his opinions, his tastes, his literary habits, and his character. This library was small, and the theological part mostly Orthodox, though not wholly so. "Worcester's Bible News," a volume of Freeman, another of Price, Dr. John Clark's sermons, Thatcher's, and Buckminster's, stood on the same shelf with Emmons, Edwards, and Dwight. It was pleasing to find such intimations that he was not a stranger to my faith, and that he had the courage to spare so much room for its advocates.

When I returned from this visit, many, for some reason or other, were inquisitive to know what reception I met with. I hate tale-bearers, busy-bodies, brawlers, and gossips, as heartily as Saul did. The good I got from house to house, I communicated, if prudence would permit me : the bad, I kept to myself. I mention this for the benefit of all those clergymen who may need such a wise and useful hint.

### *3d Sabbath.*

A bright and balmy morning. I had prepared notes, but intended to shape my sermons so as to meet the wants of my hearers. My subjects were the trinity, the atonement, and regeneration ; as I was to have a third service.

There was a full house and fixed attention. Had I been a Roscius, or Whitefield, I could not have expected a more silent and attentive audience. There was a deep interest excited. There were peculiar reasons why they all should listen with eagerness. The subjects treated of were impor-

tant, and they were exhibited in a form new to most of the congregation. They had long been subject to a prescribed formulary of faith : they were now to think and act for themselves, and determine what ideas of religion they should reject, or what they should adopt. They were to make up their minds whether they would remain Orthodox, or become Unitarians. Everything with them seemed to be in a revolutionary and transition state. Every one had a motive for being present, and keeping awake, and hearing with his own ears.

I saw that I was making a deep impression ; as I hoped, a good, a lasting. I was bold and, frank, but penchant ; and know not that I offended any, though I probably disappointed them all. I endeavored to convince them that I was not seeking to injure them ; that it was my object to declare what I believed to be the truth ; that I had no hostilities towards them, and no immoderate hankering after their parish.

I found an advantage in announcing my subjects of discourse beforehand ; and, at the close of this day, I informed them that on the next Sabbath I should give them my views of Orthodoxy, Unitarianism, and Universalism ; and I also appointed a temperance lecture on Friday evening.

From all I could afterwards learn, they were not half so much shocked by the sentiments advanced in the above discourses as they imagined they should be. Indeed, I verily believe that a great many Orthodox Christians would be entirely satisfied with my views of the trinity, of the atonement, and of regeneration, if there was no one to awaken their suspicions, and alarm their fears. A great many Orthodox Christians, although they have creeds and catechisms, still take their religious impressions and doctrines from the Bible. They read the Bible daily. They examine their creed but seldom. The more dark and difficult part of their creed is but rarely dwelt upon by their teachers. They are Orthodox by creed and name ; but in sentiment they are Unitarians. In speaking of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, many, both of the laity and clergy, more generally speak like Unitarians. The peculiar notions of Calvin are by the great

mass of them, I suspect, more generally passed over in silence. Those who insist on their assenting to these mysterious and offensive doctrines counsel them at the same time to let them alone; not to discuss and investigate them; and they are particularly warned against meddling with the doctrine of reprobation. And probably very few do actually give themselves any concern about it. In regard to regeneration, among intelligent and experimental Christians of all denominations, I suppose there is no real difference of opinion about it. I know not that my views of regeneration essentially vary from those of thousands of my brethren of other sects. There is more union among true Christians than we think there is.

*Friday evening, ———.*

I had appointed a lecture on temperance for this evening; and, before Friday came, I found that I had got myself and many more into hot water by so doing. Mr. Pond, who kept the hotel; one or two of our merchants; the market-men, butchers, and many others who were on the liberal side, who were going to be my warm supporters,—were perfectly astounded when they learned that I was about to give a temperance lecture. Col. G. came to see me early in the week, and apprise me of the state of things. "If you give that lecture," said Col. G., "our cause is ruined: there are several of our heaviest payers among the Universalists and Unitarians, who will never submit to your teachings on that subject." I told him, if his cause depended on the patronage of rum-sellers and rum-drinkers, it must go to ruin. I told him that I was a whole man, and would preach a whole gospel; that Paul, when he addressed Felix, reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; and that I would not leave out a third of my errand to win the favor of all the Felixes in the world. "Think," said I, "how the Orthodox will crow and glory over you, if they find that your society is mainly supported by the rum, gin, and brandy bottle! How can you flourish? how can you live so? You must settle a temperance man, or none at all, the present day. The best way you can get rid of the difficulty is to come and hear me

patiently, and say not a single word more about it. It is too late to go back ; forward we must go. Col. G. staid till he grew cool, and saw that there were no two ways about it ; but still insisted that the lecture would prove the death-blow to their society.

The hour for the lecture arrived, and a goodly number were out to hear me. It was noised all over town that Col. G. and some others were opposed to my lecturing on temperance ; and this was enough to give both the Orthodox and Liberals, as they were called, a strong desire to attend. I spoke to them freely, mildly, earnestly. And no one had courage to find fault with me ; though Mr. Pond was heard to wish that Mrs. Nash was in favor, — a favorite wish with him.

The temperance reform was begun in Burnsburg, but there had been much opposition. Some gentlemen of property and standing encouraged the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, and a large company were glad to follow the example. But no Episcopal nor Congregationalist deacon was in their train, and the better part of the community were preparing to join the cold-water army.

*Saturday night, ———.*

I have taken tea out every day this week. How much I now know, of which three weeks ago I was profoundly ignorant ! The geography of this town is perfectly familiar to me. The woods, hills, valleys, rivers, brooks ; the names of the school districts, and their situation ; the names of the adjacent towns ; the history of the town ; the annals of the parish ; the names of most of the families, and a large part of the individuals ; the memoirs of many of the departed ; the circumstances of many of the living, — are now well known to me, an entire stranger three weeks ago.

I have walked in their burying-ground till I have got such a history of the dead as could be obtained from their graves, and the inscriptions on their monuments. Then I have carefully examined the town and church records, and their social library ; and have listened many times to the aged as they discoursed about what happened in the town in their early days, and in the days of their grandfathers. Their sufferings

from the Indians, their connection with the French war, the part they took in the Revolutionary War ; their seasons of hard frosts, severe droughts, of great sickness and mortality, of revivals, — all the memorabilia of the place are treasured up in my memory. Becoming thus acquainted with the affairs and people of the town, I already feel an attachment to both place and people. Some, no doubt, would wonder that I could ; but there is, in truth, much even here to interest my feelings, and reconcile me to the thought of spending my days here, should Providence so direct.

*4th Sabbath.*

A hazy, foggy morning ; but, long before the first bell, a breeze sprung up in the west, and the day was lovely beyond description. The orchards in full bloom. Oh, what a beautiful, glorious world we live in ! As I looked out from my window upon the face of nature, I seemed to be in an earthly paradise. Everything told me of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. But memory soon corrected the fond illusion ; not as to what God had made it, but as to what the world had become by the sins of men.

I had prepared my three discourses, and expected a large audience, and my expectation was realized. I gave in my first discourse the characteristics of Orthodoxy, pointed out its various forms in different periods of the church, the errors of the system, the wrongs it had occasioned and countenanced, the evils to which it tended, and then I showed in what truths and precepts I agreed with the Orthodox. Notwithstanding my objections to some of their doctrines and practices, I found much to say in commendation of the Orthodox. I spoke of their piety and morals ; their solicitude for the spiritual welfare of others ; their self-sacrificing spirit, — what they had done, what they are doing, for Christ ; their forwardness and exertions for the Sunday school, the Bible and missionary cause, and indeed in all the benevolent enterprises of the day. I endeavored to vindicate their character from all unjust opprobrium, and to show that my heart was with them in everything except some unscriptural doc-

trines, some wrong measures and practices, and their uncharitableness ; though I did not presume to impute such a spirit to all of them. It was rather the spirit of the sect than of those generally who belong to the sect.

I pursued a similar course in speaking of Unitarianism, — showed them what it was, and what it was not ; stated the objections usually brought against our faith and character, and told them plainly of our excellences and defects. I confessed to them, that no doubt many joined us, not for their love of truth and of Christ, but for some worldly motive. “ And,” said I, “ might not a like confession be made in regard to many belonging to every denomination ? You have formed wrong notions of our faith and its requirements ; not by reading our books and hearing us preach, but by attending to what our opponents say, without knowing how we can and do answer them ; and you have formed your opinion of our character, not from an intimate acquaintance with pious Unitarians, but from false reports of our adversaries, or from the example of some few whom you knew, and who were Unitarians in nothing but the name.” I then charged my hearers in the following manner : “ Be not deceived, and deceive not yourselves. If any of you are tempted to become Unitarians in order to get rid of religion, and avoid a cross, you are deluded. I can encourage nothing that is vicious and unholy. You mistake, if you imagine we require a less moral and pious character than the most Orthodox do. We can give no countenance nor encouragement to anything that is sinful. Some of you may be ready to ask what inducement you can have to become Unitarians. None at all, my hearers, unless sit be to have more enlarged and just notions of divine truth. After you have renounced Calvinism, there is still a moral and divine law for you to obey. You must have the spirit of Christ ; you must imitate his example ; you must believe, honor, love, follow him, — or you are not Christians. Vice and sin are just as unreasonable, dishonorable, wrong, and pernicious in Unitarians, as they are in those of other names. After you have become Unitarians, there is a hell for you to shun, and a heaven for you to win. You want all the Chris-


tian graces, you want all the Christian virtues. If the truth do not sanctify you, it is of no benefit to you. If you would wear a crown, you must first wear a cross."

My evening lecture was thronged. As I had not minced the matter with others, it was surmised that I would be equally bold and plain with the Universalists. And so I was. The house was silent, and I spoke with power and ease. I gave a brief history of Universalism, and the various methods which had been adopted to sustain that faith. I then stated my objections to it, and told them that to me the doctrine seemed irrational, unscriptural, and immoral in its tendency.

I have this day deeply affected the minds of many of my people. I believe I have constrained them to respect and reverence me more, though I know not that I have multiplied friends and admirers. But I am happy in the thought that I have discharged my duty. I must retire to rest; yet I am too much excited to sleep. But my vigils will not be painful. What a Babel-world this is!

Saturday night again. The week has been filled up with visiting, making and receiving calls, and preparing for the approaching Sabbath. I make a point of being in my room by 9 in the evening: I can thus write with ease till nearly 12. I collect the materials for my sermons in my intercourse with the parish. It is difficult to anticipate or divine the wants of a society. The good physician examines his patient before he prescribes for his case. If a clergyman knows not the wants of his people, he will not be likely to supply them. And, in order to know what they want, he must be conversant, acquainted, and somewhat familiar with them. But the reader may not thank me for such remarks, and I will be sparing of them.

My last-Sabbath discourses have deeply agitated and impressed the minds of this people. I expected such a result. We have been talking about religion all the week. The Universalists and Unitarians are no better satisfied with my preaching here than are the Orthodox. I am not Orthodox enough for a large number, and I am quite too Orthodox for all the rest. I have in some way or other probably disap-



pointed them all. I find most sympathy with the pious Orthodox. I think I could win many of them, were it not for their creed and foreign influence. Most of them would be satisfied with my preaching, did they not know that I reject some mysterious doctrines, which, though they do not care to hear them preached, they will not have expunged from their creed.

Not one of those who avow themselves Unitarians, and were most earnest to hear Unitarian preaching, is a professor of religion, or member of any Christian Church. The seriousness and piety are mostly among those who would prefer an Orthodox clergyman; and a large share of those who are opposed to Calvinism are indifferent, if not opposed to vital piety. Their prejudices against Calvinism are strong; and they have so long been accustomed to hear religion, piety, and Calvinism all identified, that they are prejudiced against religion and piety. They make no distinction between the peculiar virtues and graces of the gospel, and the five points of the Geneva Reformer. They started when I first proposed to have a third service. It looked like Calvinism. When I urge upon them the duty of secret and family prayer, when I endeavor to awaken their curiosity about their future prospects, they give signs of wonder and surprise. They did not expect that I should discourse about such things. Indeed it is difficult to tell what they were expecting, if it were not some impassioned philippics against John Calvin and superstition. They thought they should like a Unitarian. They would not like a Universalist if he insisted on a holy life. I converse with them freely and affectionately. They seem to be astonished, that, rejecting the trinity and Calvinism as I do, I still tell them they must repent of their sins, be born again, take their cross, follow Christ, renounce the vanities of the world, and become devout, humble, and praying Christians.

And where have they got these prejudices and wrong impressions? Surrounded with Orthodox institutions and influences, they have learned to think lightly of religion. I am laboring hard to remove these prejudices, and to correct these false impressions. I am trying to convince them that piety



and virtue they must possess in order to be happy, let them embrace what form of faith they will. I trust I shall leave them with better thoughts and feelings than I found them. I think something already has been done for their moral and spiritual good. Should I remain with them, I should hope, by the grace and mercy of God, many of "these dry bones" might live.

Perhaps I have hinted too strongly above, that their prejudices and false impressions were to be traced to Orthodoxy as their sole cause. I would not have exactly such an inference drawn from it. I chiefly wished to have the fact observed, that Calvinism does not generally prevent the rise and growth of error (supposing that to be the truth), nor does it prevent sin. Their former pastor, as far as I can judge from data afforded me, was a pious and prudent man. But old age weakened his strength of body and of mind, and for many of the last years of his life he was but ill prepared to go in and out before this people. Everything seemed to decline along with him, except vice and sin. In his days of weakness, the love of many waxed cold ; and, as he was leaving the stage, a generation was coming on to it whose religious advantages had been small, and who had become stupid, worldly, and sinful. The good pastor saw this, dim as was his sight, and he descended to his grave sorrowing.

Mr. Ditton, for that was his name, ought to have had a colleague a dozen years before he died. He knew it, and acquainted his people with his own and particularly their needs. But they were unwilling to pay the additional expense. They understood not how much their penuriousness would cost them in the end.

I have been more than once to Mr. Ditton's grave. Though I never saw him, nor even heard of him till now, yet I feel a sort of connection, acquaintance, and intimacy with him. I think of him when I stand in the desk, and when I read from the same Bible and hymn-book which he had used many years. I have called upon his widow several times. She treats me as though I were her son. She and her family come to hear me preach constantly, and I have remembered

them in my prayers. It was thought by some that they would not attend church if a Unitarian occupied the pulpit. But the daughter explained it all to me. Her father advised them, before his death, to engage in no religious strifes and divisions which he foresaw might occur after he was gone. He told them they had better cleave to the church and altar where they had always worshiped till they had strong reasons for deserting it. "Should a Unitarian be placed over this parish," said he, "perhaps it may be as well for you to remain where Providence has placed you. You can still hold fast your own faith, and perhaps do more to check the progress of error, and help the cause of piety, than you would by seeking another place of worship. If the preacher is a gentleman, he will treat you with tenderness and respect ; and, if he is a disciple of the Lord Jesus, he will love, and I trust, in some humble degree, instruct and edify you. There have been, and there are now, good men and good Christians among the Unitarians. They reject some doctrines which I have ever believed and taught ; but I cannot entertain the thought that such men as Buckminster, Abbot, Thacher, Worcester, Tuckerman, Ware, and Channing are infidels, or strangers to that piety which prepares us for heaven. I indulge the hope of meeting such men in a better world. I have freely pointed out their errors, but I have never anathematized them. And as I am drawing nearer to the grave, and approaching the eternal state, I feel more and more disposed to regard good men of every name as my brethren. It was so with Whitefield before his death : it has been so with many excellent Christians when they viewed their departure as at hand.

"In giving you this counsel, I would not encourage you to change your faith till you are convinced that it is unscriptural. You know there are some points in our creed which I have for many years seldom dwelt upon, and then not with confidence and satisfaction. They are mysteries which I cannot explain, and therefore submitted to them, as I saw no way to remove them without trouble and offense."

The daughter was much affected as she made this communication to me, and I could not refrain from tears. I went home resolving that I would be more cautious in future how I spoke of those who differed from me in faith.

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### A VALEDICTORY IN 1749.

WE have just attended the Commencement exercises at Harvard College, and seldom have we enjoyed them better. The day was fine ; the attendance full, without excessive crowding ; the church, which has been lately repaired and renovated, presented an aspect of solemnity softened by cheerfulness ; and the small number of the speakers — only eight, instead of twenty or thirty, as in former days — gave an opportunity of hearing the most distinguished of the class without confusion or weariness. To us, as to many others, the pleasure of the scene was heightened by the connection of the present with memories of long ago, as we saw the sons, full of hope and promise, treading in the footsteps of their fathers. The composition and delivery of the parts were alike good ; and the whole occasion left little to be desired, and nothing to be regretted, by any friend of old Harvard.

Yet there were some things missing, which in former times may have been thought essential to the dignity of the occasion. There was no vast platform, covering the whole end of the church ; there was no Latin, except in the formulas used by the acting president ; there was no oration by any candidate for the second degree ; no valedictory ; nothing said to His Excellency the Governor, or about him. Changes like these may be viewed without regret, provided the essentials remain ; yet it may amuse some if we do what we can to repair the deficiency, by borrowing from the middle of the last century a master's part, — a valedictory in Latin, and

abounding in compliments to the powers that were, and especially to His Excellency of those days.

It is lying before us, its yellow-faded paper marked with the clear and vigorous writing of the youth, who died an old man in the first years of the present century. It was delivered in 1749, three years after the date at which its author took his first degree, and twenty-six years before this country threw off the yoke of colonial dependence. George the Second was on the throne, William Shirley Governor of Massachusetts, and Edward Holyoke President of Harvard College. The country was then, as now, at peace, but peace only recently restored: for the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, only the year before, had closed that war which had been signalized by the invasion of England by Prince Charles Edward and his overthrow at the battle of Culloden; and, in America, by the taking of Louisburg from the French. The war, though ended, had left its burdens, at least in "the dearth of the necessaries of life;" and to this was added "an extraordinary distressing drought." In view of this, which was considered as "such a judgment of God as calls for fasting and mourning, and not for joy and festivity," the Corporation had twice in that year voted to have the Commencement held in private. This would have involved a much greater change then, than now; for in those days, says President Quincy, —

"During the whole Commencement Week, the Common in Cambridge was covered with booths, erected in lines like streets, intended to accommodate the people of Boston and the neighborhood with the amusements and refreshments of a fair, in which gambling, rioting, and dissipation of all kinds prevailed."

The Overseers negatived the proposals of the Corporation; and that body could do no more than to recommend to parents and guardians "to retrench Commencement expenses, so as may best correspond with the frowns of Divine Providence."\* The suggestion seems to have been not unheeded; for it appears, from the valedictory, that the Commencement

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\* Quincy's History of Harvard College, vol. ii. pp. 92, 93.

that year was but scantily attended by the alumni, and that the clergy in particular were generally absent. Thus speaks the young orator : "*Sed quam diversa a prioribus comitiorum forma ! Oculi, quocunque inciderint, aliquid requirunt. Non usitata stipati sumus frequentia. Non filiorum suorum ex quavis parte Provinciæ conventum videt Academia, quibus quotannis solebat gaudere, felix prole virum.*" ["But how different from former occasions is the aspect of our Commencement ! Our eyes, wherever they fall, seek something in vain. We are not surrounded with the accustomed numbers. The college does not witness the gathering of her sons from all parts of the province, like those in which she was accustomed to rejoice, happy in her manly progeny."] Again, near the conclusion, he observed, "Here would be the place for saluting the reverend pastors of churches in general ; but our fathers, — where are they ?" ["*Sed Patres nostri, ubinam sunt ?*"]

But, if the ministers were absent, the governor was present ; and the compliments paid to him, if abundant, were not without fair ground in his deserts. Shirley had projected the expedition against Louisburg ; and, well seconded by the ardor of the province he ruled, and aided by some English vessels of war, had carried it to a successful result. We find, in good Hannah Adams's History of New England, that Massachusetts sent three thousand two hundred men, Connecticut five hundred, and New Hampshire and Rhode Island three hundred each ; while New York sent artillery, and Pennsylvania furnished provisions. We have heard the story, that the object of the expedition was kept secret with commendable fidelity, the General Court sitting with closed doors, until one of the members, with more piety than prudence, made it known by asking a blessing upon it in family prayer. There was no telegraph, however, to convey the news ; and the first intelligence which the garrison of Louisburg had of the design, was when, early on the last day of April, the transports containing the troops were discovered from their walls. The Americans worked with a will, being occupied for fourteen nights successively in drawing cannon and other means of

attack for two miles through a morass, for which labor they were yoked together like oxen. A French ship of war, bringing a re-enforcement of five hundred and sixty men, was captured, chiefly by the address of Captain Rous, a Massachusetts naval officer; and, on the erection of a battery in a favorable position, the French commander surrendered. "Upon entering the fortress," says the historian, "and viewing its strength, and the plenty and variety of its means of defense, the most courageous were appalled, and the impracticability of carrying it by assault was fully demonstrated."

Such was the achievement, to which the valedictory before us alludes in the following words: "*Hanc pacem gratulor Patriæ, cujus ad honorem, ex hac, maximus cumulus accedit. Vix pluris erat tota Flandria, quam una arx de Louisburg. Urbes, quas olim cepisse Marlburio æternos peperit triumphos, quas tota nuper confœderatorum manus servare non potuit, his (divino Numine, tuis, Excellentissime Domine, consilium favente) sola virtus Nov-Anglorum restituendas effecit.*" ["On this peace I congratulate my country, to whose honor a great addition has hence resulted. Scarcely was all Flanders accounted of more worth than the one fortress of Louisburg. Those cities, whose capture formerly gained enduring triumphs for Marlborough, and which lately the whole force of the Allies was not able to retain, those (by the Divine blessing on the counsels of your Excellency) the unassisted valor of New England has caused to be restored."]

This was venturing a high flight. The present American eagle was not yet hatched; but its parent, the colonial bird, knew how to spread its wings. The young orator forgot the presence of the royal squadron at the siege of Louisburg, as well as some of the less favorable conditions of the treaty. Yet there can be no doubt that the reduction of this important fortress, called for its strength "The Dunkirk of America," mainly, if not entirely, by provincial militia, excited in Europe no little surprise, and in England an exultation with which some uneasiness was mingled. For the first time, the colonies had given proof of their strength, not against a savage, but a civilized foe; not in defending their own borders,

but, as part of the British empire, in carrying on the war against France. The child of Britain was approaching vigorous maturity. Louisburg gave presage of Lexington and Bunker Hill ; and the country store-keeper and militia colonel, William Pepperell, Esq., of Kittery, was soon to be followed by Israel Putnam and Joseph Warren.

It is said that pains were taken in England to ascribe all the glory to the navy, and depreciate the merit of the colonial army. Pepperell however, as well as the naval commander, received the honor of a baronetcy. He is referred to in our valedictory in the words, "*Auratum illum equitem, dulce decus Nov-Anglicanum ;*" ["that knight, the cherished ornament of New England."]

We find, in this old document, the same contrast presented, which we not unfrequently hear dilated on in our own day, between the existing condition of things and the savage state of the country when first settled by the Pilgrims. "In these scenes," says our orator, "which were inhabited little more than a century since by wild beasts, or men as wild, we now gather in safety, rejoicing in the full light of literature." Nor is the due ascription wanting of praise to that Divine Being through whose protection this success had been attained.

Thus wrote young New England in 1749. The dynasty to which its loyal salutations were expressed has long since ceased to bear sway in these regions ; and the contrast between that "day of small things," and the present greatness of the United States, may bear comparison with the progress which had then been made since the days of the pilgrims : but the old valor of New England, which then won Louisburg for George the Second, has given proof of its existence in many a recent field ; the learning that flourished at Cambridge, under the long and able administration of President Holyoke, has been cherished under eleven successors since his day. May the same religious spirit, with which our ancestors then looked reverently to their fathers' God, abide with those who through coming ages shall inherit, with continual increase, the blessings that Providence has bestowed upon the efforts and the prayers of generations past !

S. G. B.

## KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE.

A LECTURE BEFORE THE TRUSTEES, TEACHERS, AND  
PUPILS OF DERBY ACADEMY, HINGHAM, MASS., JULY  
14, 1869.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

EVERY ray which goes forth from the blessed sun to bathe our earth is a ray of light, and so day follows night, and the dawn comes forth from darkness forever ; and " the splendor of that glorious eye changes each clod of earth to glittering gold." Every ray which goes forth from the same blessed sun is a ray of heat ; and so the cold splendors of winter pass into the hopeful brightness of spring, and on to refulgent summer and fruitful harvest. There must be light and heat, or there can be no life, — not only light, but heat ; not only heat, but light. Now light images truth, and heat images love ; and the Creator teaches us in this divine parable that truth and love must be joined together, or there can be no living, growing souls. Day unto day uttereth this speech to the listening ear ; but we have a more sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts. It is written in the eighth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, at the first verse, that "*Knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up.*"

What you get in the one case is airy, empty, unsubstantial, ready to vanish at a touch, occupying, but not filling, a large space, fit only to float forever between heaven and earth, and so help out an idler's holiday. What you get in the other case is solid, usable, and abiding ; a building with foundations and roof ; a tenement, that is something that will hold you, and shelter your work of love, and be a real place to live in. The apostle does not mean to put a slight upon knowledge. He does not mean to say that knowledge always puffs up, and that it is better not to know anything, because science is not worth what it will cost in character. On the contrary, Paul prized knowledge, whilst he recognized its limitations. He distinguishes between false science and



true. He is eager with explanations and arguments to satisfy the fair demands of the reason and the understanding. He bids us prove all things. Indeed, true religion supplies in faith the beginnings of knowledge, the very *principia*, the very principles, without which, having nothing to start from, we can have nowhere to go to ; and, from these beginnings, it would have us advance continually, reverently searching into the beautiful divine order, reading the thoughts of God as they are written upon the rocks, as they are symbolized in crystals and flowers, as day uttereth them unto day in miracles of power and goodness, as night showeth them unto night in majestic planets and flaming constellations. It is a privilege to know. It is a duty to know. We are without excuse if we allow the minds of men to starve ; if we keep for our private use the key of knowledge. If only we have God in our hearts, if only his Word dwells in us richly, we shall find him everywhere, and every fresh fact of science shall reveal him in some new form to our souls. We owe a great debt of gratitude to the founders of colleges and schools, to the patient teachers of youth, to all who help us to know, to come into possession and use of our faculties.

And yet knowledge puffeth up. Knowledge may be pursued in such a way that we shall be the worse for it when we ought to be the better, — the worse for it in the precise way which the apostle indicates.

I. Knowledge puffeth up, when, by reason of what we know, or think we know, we are no longer childlike towards God, docile to his voice, led by his Spirit ; when we presume to make our small discoveries, and even our guesses, the measures of great persuasions, and, where sight fails us, decline to walk by faith. Because a man is an authority in one thing, it does not follow that he is authority in everything, or in anything else. One may be what is called a good observer, and yet not be able to see God ; no, not even with the help of telescope or of microscope. It is not the modesty of true science when the naturalist attempts to pronounce upon the affirmations of faith, and the experiences of the Christian. And, if there are those who can show, or think that they can

show, that thought and feeling and conscience are bound up with our material frame, they will do well to add that "material" is only a word which enables us to make a show of knowledge where indeed we are utterly ignorant. For what do you mean by matter? And what do you know of matter, except as points of force? And how would you know anything of force, save in your own spirit's consciousness of freedom? It ought to be said that the antagonistic bearing of knowledge towards faith is in part to be ascribed to the jealousy of science, into which some good people have been betrayed; and the attempts which have been made, in the interests of a timid piety, to discredit real discoveries. Let us understand, once for all, that we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth. There is no fear in love. Science has her own domain. She has a right to reign in it to the utmost border; but when that border is reached, and we have come to the infinite spaces beyond, let us veil our faces, and listen reverently for the voices, that, from the depths above and beneath and around us, call unto the depths in our souls. Let us be children again, seeing that of such is the kingdom of God.

II. Again, knowledge puffeth up, when, because we have gained a little mental dexterity, and have learned a few facts, and have had our wits sharpened a little, we conclude that it is beneath us to work with our hands; that we cannot dig; that we will not exercise a mechanical calling; that, ceasing to be men and women, we must be henceforth fine gentlemen and fine ladies, and must make good our claim to be such by being just as useless and helpless as possible. If I understand the intentions of those who in the former days, and at great personal sacrifices, founded our schools, they sought to aid and cheer and ennoble men and women in their handiwork; not to lift the whole community, no matter what might be their natural gifts, above handiwork; to fit them, not to unfit them, for what, until farms will till themselves, and machines will run quite alone, and housekeeping can be carried on without hands, must make up so large a part of human life. I am afraid, that, proud as we justly are of our

schools on many accounts, they are deficient here, in that they do not, indirectly and directly, prepare the pupils to labor with their hands. I am sorry to say that, as it seems to me, positive mischief is often done in our schools for girls, by unfitting the pupils to be the wives of the men whom they must marry if they are to marry at all. Knowledge puffeth up wherever a precarious and doubtfully honest living by one's wits, in an almost non-producing calling, is preferred by man or woman to honest, hand-staining, face-bronzing industry. Not that I would degrade any into mere beasts of burden, or human machines: what I want is to save them from the wretched helplessness of those who have no skill beyond that of besieging in hungry crowds the doors of every man who has the humblest place in his gift. Educated labor, not educated persons who are too fine to labor, is what our community needs now more than anything else. This reality in our life will do more than any financial panacea to bring back reality in our currency. Oh for an hour of that apostle who wrote, "If a man or woman will not work, neither shall he eat"! no; not though he be very hungry. So long as a hundred persons want houses to live in, food to eat, clothes to wear, and only ten persons in a hundred are willing to build and plant and make, the balance can only be adjusted by a large advance in the price of skilled labor; and pride and poverty must go hand in hand.

III. Again, knowledge puffeth up when those who have gained a little of it on the strength of their slender attainments hold themselves aloft and aloof, and fail of kindliness and courtesy, and begin to talk about common people, and have one style of manners for those whom they regard as their equals, and another style of manners for those whom they regard as their inferiors, and fail to understand that to be a child of God is infinitely greater than to be a scholar, and that what we have in common with mankind transcends any private and personal wealth, whether outward or inward. Knowledge puffeth up when it breaks up society into cliques and factions and castes; when it obscures the significance of our great human persuasions, the common sense and the

common feeling of mankind, which the philosopher can interpret, but never supplant, or go outside of, or go beyond, to any good purpose. The love of money is commonly the root of this evil. There is no phrase, "knowledge-proud," to answer to "purse-proud;" and yet men are proud of a little learning, which is really but a feeble taper's light to show forth their ignorance.

Knowledge puffeth up. Knowledge alone gives us only a hollow and resounding civilization. It speaks in a thin, cold tone. It spreads a sheet of shining, treacherous ice over the abysses. It questions and criticizes, and is ever learning and never wise. It is ready to magnify trifles, and exaggerate the value of merely curious learning, and makes only the pedant, who, as Montaigne tells us, is but an ass laden with books: take away his books, and he is simply an ass.

And so writes the apostle, Knowledge puffeth up; Love buildeth up.

I. Love buildeth up. Why not, since God, the great Master-builder, is love! His Word is truth; his Word gives existence; that is, outward being and visible form to his love. It is his instrument in creating the worlds; but love is his Name, love is creative, love is the life of all that really lives, the heart in us. Begin with knowledge, and you will never get to love. The Son can do nothing of himself. Not in the order of time, but in the order of being, the Father is before the Son. "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said, I go unto my Father, for my Father is greater than I." St. John, the author of the Fourth Gospel, is indeed made by the translators of our New Testament to say that the Word is God, but he only does teach that the Word is divine.\*

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\* According to the best Greek scholars, the omission of the article before the word translated "God" justifies the rendering which we insist upon above. The point is not trivial. It puts the opening sentence of the Gospel in accord with the subordinationism that runs through the rest of St. John's testimony, and characterizes the Nicene Creed, and the Christology which preceded it. God *of* God, saith the creed. The Son is of the Father, not the Father of the Son. The Word gives form

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Love buildeth up. You may have a parish and a parish work-house without it ; but you can have no church, no company of faithful men and women, who, being drawn together in a great affection, are a real power in the world, and fill a place in it, and make it habitable and heavenly. Love buildeth up. Knowledge cannot resolve the problems of modern society. Knowledge cannot settle the controversies that are stirring our world to its depths. Do you ask, Is it not of the first importance that men and women should be instructed in their duties and in their rights ? Is it not needful that they should find out, by study and observation and discussion, what is just between man and man ? I answer, we shall never know what is just until we love justice : we shall never do to others all that we would have them do to ourselves until we love others as we love ourselves. Debate is fruitless, legislation is disappointing, civilization only disguises with fair names a fierce and destructive competition, and society is but a heap of ruins compared with what it shall be when love has builded out of the old desolations its city of God. The Redeemer of the world left no code of rules to be laboriously and punctiliously followed. He planted in the heart of humanity the germs of divine love ; and it shall gather from earth and air its own, and so all things shall be renewed into the divine likeness. The great need of our modern civilization is a love so deep and so practical, that it will suffice to counteract our threatening antagonisms, to anticipate these eager demands for this and the other real or asserted right, giving rise to political agitations, that unhappily threaten to extend to the sex which thus far has been exempt from them, and combining class against class, employers against laborers, and laborers against employers, until brotherhood seems incredible and impossible. We want a perfect love to build us up above the plane of selfishness, bitterness, exaction, and strife ; to fashion us into a true church whose boundaries shall reach from sea to sea, from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

Pupils of the Derby Academy, I am permitted, as I learn, to address to you a few direct and personal words. In former

days it was customary to speak of good learning as the humanities. It was a good name for a good thing. We are taught to some purpose when we are lifted up into that pure and sweet humanity of which the divine love that stooped to share our earthly lot is the perpetual exemplar and inspiration. Before all honor is that humility, before all pride and glory of knowledge is the spirit of service, the spirit of those who look not every one on his own things, but every one also on the things of another. You may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, you may be proficient in human wisdom ; and yet the child of God in you, Immortal Love, may be the veriest babe. Learn to live for others : live for them that you may love them, love them that you may live for them. Love, as a grain of mustard-seed, is worth all the knowledge in the world without love.

It was my privilege to know one,\* who, in the opening years of her womanhood, was the much-esteemed principal of this Academy, and, during the last part of her life, my faithful parishoner ; one whose knowledge was possessed and pervaded by this spirit of love. When she came to die, and I came to say a few commemorative words of one who had deserved so well of her generation, pupils of this school, who recalled her gracious youth, said of my discourse that it fell short of her deservings. They would not have said so, you may be sure, had she been only a much-knowing person : they would not have said so had they not been bound to her in a great love, that love which makes us one forever. May your school ever be the home of all noble affections ! and may the end of all its commandments and exercises be love out of pure hearts, and an unfeigned Christian faith !

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“ As it is better to be in good health, being hard pressed on a little truckle-bed, than to roll, and to be ill, in some broad couch ; so, too, it is better in a small competence to enjoy the calm of moderate desires, than in the midst of superfluities to be discontented.”

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\* Mrs. Abby L. Wales.

ON  
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

MIRACLES AND HUMAN NATURE.

AGAINST the probability of miracles, or of "signs and wonders," ever having been vouchsafed, it has been objected that they are such things as could not always and everywhere, and to all men be equally credible and important. And so it is supposed, that the miracles of the Scriptures are inconsistent with the Providence of a just God, unless the impression made by them should have been uniform as to meaning and authority, from the time of the eye-witnesses to the last public professions by Christian converts in Madagascar and China. But otherwise are all men impressible alike, and exactly by the same thing? Is the same sensation received from the sun, by both Lapps and Bengalese? Is there any drug, which is uniform as to strength and effect on persons of every age, tribe and region? From even a table of logarithms, would a uniform impression be received by everybody, withinside of even the four walls of a market-place? And from any chapter of the Bible, even though read by the best reader, are there two hearers in any church or any street, who would receive a uniform impression? Also, is justice the less certainly just, because of the Dyaks of Borneo? Or is purity, the less pure, because the negroes of Bonny, are not impressible as to that virtue, equally with the best nuns of Rome, or with Christian matrons radiant with "the beauty of holiness"? The miracles of the Scriptures are for all men, but only just as everything spiritual and intellectual, is for everybody. And indeed the full meaning of miracles can be developed, only as they are differently apprehended by different minds, by Origen and Augustine, by Bossuet, Fenelon and Pascal, by Jeremy Taylor, Robert Barclay, Swedenborg and Neander.

It is even possible, that the resurrection of Jesus, may be



more significant to-day, than it was on that "first day of the week," and that it may be better believed at this time, after eighteen hundred years, than it was even by those who "departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word." And indeed there seems, at this present time to be forming such a philosophy of the Intellectual Universe, as that in the light of it, the fragmentary account of the resurrection of Jesus, will glow with that newness of meaning, which will be its own sufficient evidence as to truth. And already on some minds, there dawns a light, in which it seems as though re-affirmed from above, when it is read, "And, behold, there was a great earthquake : for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the woman, Fear not ye : for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here ; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay : and go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead ; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee : there shall ye see him : lo, I have told you."

In its relation to human nature, what is a miracle ? Simply it is an incident which happens to a mortal through his immortal connections. At the mountain, by the Sea of Galilee, when Jesus with handling five barley loaves, fed five thousand men, "those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world." But the next day, in consequence of their behavior, "Jesus answered them and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." But indeed of the apostles themselves, the night after the miracle, it is written, that having seen Jesus walking on the sea, in a storm, and having taken him for a spirit, and having had that storm subside with his mounting their ship, "they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered. For they considered

not the miracle of the loaves ; for their heart was hardened." The loaves and fishes of the miracle had been wonderful food, but yet what could be swallowed and forgotten ; but if the miracle had been understood, and been taken for "a sign and wonder," then Jesus would at once have been known as "the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die." According to the Scriptures, then, a miracle might be food for the body, or it might be a cure for it ; but when "spiritually discerned," it was also "a sign" as to realms and connections outside of the range of "the natural man."

It is the Scriptural philosophy as to human nature, that man is both body and soul ; and that though born into this world, he belongs to a world which is to come ; and that he is capable, even on this earth, of being born again. This is man as he is known to "the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls ;" and also as he is created by the Father Almighty, who numbers, every moment, everywhere, the hairs of every head, whilst yet, also, he is the circumference of the universe as to power, and is also Providence to "the young ravens when they cry."

Miracles have occurred to men, not unnaturally, but conformably to their nature. A spirit living and moving in a marvelous clothing of flesh—that is what man is. A man in a diving-suit, weighed down to the floor of the ocean, and exploring it, but endowed with faculties by which he would be more completely at home in the upper air, hints to us the condition of the human being, as he plows the earth, and journeys about it, endowed the while with faculties, by which he may be perhaps free of the heavens, and rich in instincts which never leave him quiet as to his hereafter. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven : if so be that being clothed, we shall not be found naked."

Instead of aspiring to what is above, and living by aspiration, we may try to accommodate ourselves to our immediate

circumstances, and propose to "live by bread alone," and with only such thoughts and feelings, as are akin to daily bread of our own procuring. But in so doing, we can live only, as creatures of the earth, earthy. For by our better nature, there is always in us a hunger "for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you." And as to this spiritual meat being within our reach, and as to the "well of water springing up into everlasting life," perhaps miracles, rightly understood, always are suggestions or proofs. This, even the woman of Samaria, would seem to have felt, as humble and ignorant, she talked with Jesus by the well. And indeed always, the more a man has "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come," the more confident must he be of that world, as being his natural and predestined home. "For the Spirit itself"—and therefore also, every one of its gifts, whether prophecy, or the gifts of healing, or faith, or the working of miracles—"the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

In the book of Deuteronomy, there is to be read, what was affirmed anew by Jesus, when he "was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil;" and when "he answered and said, It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And by this text, it would seem to be implied that man lives at his best, contingently on a dispensing will, which is higher than nature, and not merely by such laws of nature as fulfill upon him the prediction, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken."

That there is spiritually any higher source of thought for us than nature, and any other inspiration for us, than from surrounding nature and fellow-creatures, is denied by implication, when the possibility of miracles is denied. And the possibility of miracles is denied, because of what is fancied must be, the inviolable uniformity of the laws of nature. And this is said and done, as though all the forces and properties and contingencies and affinities of nature, and the

whole broad field of it also, were as familiarly known as what a player relies upon for his game at a billiard-table.

For the universe, there are laws, some palpable, and others which are more or less occult, and there are some laws, which as blood in the veins, are like laws within laws ; and of these laws, there are some, which have affinities for one another, and some which are mutually repellant. And from all the agency and intercommunication of these laws, it results that the material universe is sustained and quickened by laws innumerable, for which as a whole, spirit is the name, and no other word. Spirit, indeed, in the full sense of the word, is all laws in one : and God is spirit.

But God manifests himself through what is beneath him, and yet mostly perhaps through ranges and spheres, far above what men know of. But in our planetary system, and in this earth, his creative power operates through five, ten, fifty, and perhaps hundreds of separable, distinguishable manifestations, which may be called laws. And yet because of their four or five senses, aided one of them by glasses telescopic and microscopic, there are men, who think that from their personal knowledge of the ways of the universe, they can positively deny the possibility of a miracle, or of any opening, by which an angel, or a spirit or a demon might be able to make "a sign."

A man denying the possibility of a miracle, is a creature of yesterday with a little knowledge, and at the best, only a very little, who yet dogmatizes about the possibilities of the infinite, the invisible, and the eternal.

Telescope and microscope being allowed for as to their powers, and anatomy, chemistry and geology also ; and botany and ichthyology and paleontology being fully credited for their reports, yet the words of Zophar are no less pertinent to-day than they were of old, though they may sound somewhat more scornfully now than as they were first spoken to Job. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?"

High as heaven, deep as hell — how possibly could it be found out? And miracles are hints, suggestions, vouchsafed to mortals, as to the inscrutable.

But how then is a man to know a miracle when it occurs? He may know it by his astonishment. For a miracle calls itself simply a wonder. If a miracle called itself, or if the Bible described it, as being a suspension of the laws of nature, it would, of course, be necessary to know altogether about all the laws of nature, before there could be any certainty as to whether one of them were suspended or not. Generally, in the Scriptures, a miracle is a wonder. But “a sign and wonder” would seem to mean something more express than the vaguely wonderful, and to be indeed a significant wonder, “a sign from heaven” (or possibly elsewhere), made and given for a particular purpose.

And it is at this point that the subject of miracles becomes serious. For, as to the miracles of the Scriptures, there are persons who say, as they would say also about the marvels of all ages, “It is very likely that they did happen; for all laws have exceptions which are wonderful. Also, strange things certainly do happen, but always, of course, according to the laws of nature. Though we can only seldom know what the strange things were exactly, and still less can we exactly know what the laws of nature were, which may have been concerned.” These persons do not object to miracles, as curious, exceptional facts, and especially when ancient. They demur only to the essence of a miracle, its soul, its main reason, to its connection with another order than this of things visible, and especially to its being “a sign” made or given. They would be willing to allow that perhaps “Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.” And miracles in connection with Jesus Christ, they would think, might be credited. But miracles with an earnest meaning, and connected with God, are what they cannot agree to, as being likely. They can get back to the day of Pentecost. They are even ready to believe that miracles may have happened; and they can get within hearing of the appeal of St. Peter, “Ye men of Israel,

hear these words ; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye also know." But this argument they cannot assent to. They can believe in a miracle as a marvel, but not as "a sign," and especially as vouchsafed by God : because for that belief, as St. Paul would say, they have been spoiled "through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world." They can assent as they read, "and fear came upon every soul, and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles." They can believe that miracles and wonderful works may have happened ; but that they were started as signs from the spiritual world, is what they do not like to have to think. Yet of Paul and Barnabas at Iconium it is written that "Long time, abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands." So, also, they can acquiesce, as they read about Philip in the city of Samaria. "And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did." But the following verse, they can assent to, only on the supposition of its being ancient and obsolete phraseology. "For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them." Because that ever the other world was so near to this, as to let out upon it "an unclean spirit," which could enter into a man or haunt among tombs, is what they can think no more than they can heartily believe that God "maketh his angels spirits."

Commonly at this present time, religionists think more of the machinery of the universe than of the universe itself, and more of even the lowest of his laws than they do of even God Most High. Whether of demon, ghost, spirit, angel, Son of man in glory, Father in heaven, or any other spiritual being whatever, that the will can possibly make itself felt by mortal beings, is a supposition, which is repugnant to the philosophy of the day, or rather to the prejudices which were created by science when it was young and insolent, and very ignorant of even its own domain, some seventy or eighty

years ago. That the universe, and that even our little surrounding world may have many properties of which there is nothing known, is a speculation with which science easily coincides, notwithstanding what some of its professors may think. The ear, the eye, and tip of the finger are the chief channels of communication with the universe for men, by their state of nature. But there may be other beings, to whom this earth may be another thing than what mortals see ; and to whom it may report itself in ways, of which man may never get a glimpse. And, conceivably, these creatures may be as invisible as electricity is when it is latent ; and yet for movement may be as swift as thunderbolts, and as regards God, be even familiar with what mortals would call "the hiding of his power." Verily, who we are, and what we are, being considered, there is a way of arguing from even our human ignorance, which is truer, more just, and more profitable, than even the logic of science, as it is narrowed by some men.

As to miracles by the will of God, being incredible as acts of divine condescension — that would hardly seem to be a just sentiment, while a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in heaven ; while the lily is arrayed in glory greater than that of Solomon ; and while year after year an inheritance of instinct is perpetuated from worm to worm in the ground. While the glow-worm shines, and while the young ravens are fed for crying, while the turtle, the crane and the swallow are shown the times of their coming, it may well seem credible as to man, that "the inspiration of the Almighty" should be his understanding, and even that as he draws nigh to God, he should have God draw nearer to him, and lend him perhaps his finger for miracles, and have him pour out of his Spirit for Pentecostal purposes. No doubt, as true philosophy widens, some words also will widen and deepen in meaning. But while "father" means father, and essentially is the same thing in Christian households, and among aboriginal savages, the word "God" will never part with its essential meaning, and will continue to be, for condescension and love, and assistance what Paul felt, when

he wrote of what he had been as an apostle "through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God."

But it is questioned, why one man is not a subject for miracles, or an agent, as well as another. But it might as well be asked why every man is not a poet, and why poets are not all equal. One man is doomed by his constitution to die at his thirtieth year; while another man by birth is heir to three-score years and thirty. But why is this? As to ancient Greece, why were not the periods of history uniform; why did not every age flower with names as great and rich as those of Plato and Æschylus? And after the death of Euripides or the last speech of Demosthenes, why did the inspiration of genius fail; and why was Pausanias a mere antiquarian instead of being inspired like Pindar? Why a thing wonderful is not repeated — this instead of being the first objection to be made to a miracle, would seem as though it ought to be even the last, in accordance with human experience generally.

As to the probability of miracles having ever occurred or been vouchsafed, it has been objected that a miracle, with advancing intelligence, cannot continue to be of the same importance, as at the time of its manifestation. But really what inconsideration that is! Shakespeare is a greater man to-day, than he was in his own age; and so is Milton. And with the growth of intellect, and the widening of human experience, a miracle instead of meaning less, may actually grow to be more significant with the lapse of time. But as one miracle may gain in expression with the widening of science, so another may lose. For the word "miracle" according to the Scriptures, is a general word, covering wonders of more classes than one. The casting-out of unclean spirits was one of the miraculous works of Jesus Christ, though not one of his "greater works." But to-day, an "unclean spirit," if it could be proved to be existing within human cognizance, would, for the Royal Society of London, and for the American Academy of Sciences, be as great "a sign and wonder" as even "though one rose from the dead."

"But," says the modern philosopher, "Oh, but unclean



spirits are absolutely incredible, being so utterly foreign to our experience. And if really any ever did exist, why are there none known of now?" But perhaps they are known of, though not very widely reported. Also, if there be any virtue in Christianity, ought it to be expected that unclean spirits should be as common a nuisance to-day, as when Jesus Christ and the early disciples first began to cast them out? Also, if our human world changes, may we not also suppose that there may be changes on the spiritual borders of it, and along that line, which "unclean spirits" anciently were supposed to haunt? These questions may appear to be strange: but that they should seem so, is itself, perhaps, a still stranger thing. But indeed as to strangeness, what is there which can be greater than the fact that three, four and five Christian sects should be in controversy with one another as to what really Christianity itself may be?

For Dr. Büchner and some others, according to their own words, clairvoyance or somnambulism, or a perception of a road or a book, independently of the humors of the eye, would be a miracle. And this would be because of what they think they know by anatomy. For a materialist a clairvoyant is as great a miracle as he can ever be shown. But for a Spiritualist a clairvoyant is no great wonder, even though he manifests the certainty that "there is a spirit in man" by showing that with bandaged eyes, there may be perfect sight, and what even can see through a wall.

Such cures as were wrought through the Prince Hohenlohe, in Germany, about forty years ago, were believed by Catholics, to be miraculous. But at present, cures of the same nature with those of the German Prince are common, at the hands of persons who are not Catholics. Be it allowed that they are done through mesmerism: but that would mean only that they are wrought through a faculty which was particularly strong seventy years since, in a man by the name of Mesmer. But that faculty would better have been named after Greatrex of the seventeenth century, only that even before him, the faculty had been manifested by multitudes of persons, not of one country only, nor of one century merely,

nor even of simply several regions and ages. At this moment, the writer hereof has on his table an engraving, in which St. Philip Neri, by his handling, cures Pope Clement the eighth, of the gout. According to the Catholic Church, and the text which accompanies the picture, the success of Philip Neri was a miracle: and so it was, in a higher or lower degree. And that miracles are of various grades as to significance, is according to the canons of the Catholic Church, and the estimate of the Middle Ages, and the doctrine of the Scriptures. Miracles of healing are more frequent to-day, than they were in the age of St. Philip Neri. But the less wonderful, miracles of any kind become by frequency, the more significant also they become in another way. Mesmerism is the recognition of the nervous system of a man, as being through his fingers, more or less, an outlet of power, just as his tongue is. And to-day, mesmerism, with the philosophy thereof means, that after thousands of years, men have attained to the knowledge of there being one or more psychical laws, through which some persons, under some circumstances can help others medically. But these psychical laws would seem to be the channels rather than the causes of power. And certainly if healing power should seem, as though it were contingent, more or less, on the will of the spectator, it would certainly also very often appear to be dependent for its exercise, on something extraneous, and which may be a spiritual atmosphere or current, or perhaps even an attendant spirit.

Among the Jews, miracles of healing were accounted as being greater or less in themselves, and also by comparison, as when it was written of Jesus, that "he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them."

That miracles should ever lose in force by becoming common, is an inconsiderate, unspiritual fear. For that was never the feeling of those who knew best about miracles. At Taberah, the spirit which was in Moses, had been imparted by the Lord, to seventy elders of the people, stationed about the tabernacle. But simultaneously also two men in the camp

prophesied. "And there ran a young man, and told Moses and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp. And Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of Moses, one of his young men, answered and said, My Lord Moses, forbid them. And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them!" For indeed a miracle in itself is nothing in comparison with the spiritual universe, as to the constitution of which, it is "a sign." As arguing the reality of a spiritual world and of spiritual agencies as affecting men, miracles never possibly can lose their meaning, by becoming common, any more than logarithms by use would dwindle into common arithmetic.

It illustrates the manner in which the ways of thought have become materialized, that some such a sentiment as this can be published, and can even get the acquiescence of persons, whose business it is to know better. "As to the being of a God and his character, the sons of science must ultimately be the judges. And their verdict will have to depend on controversies and inquiries, which are already initiated." What a notion! "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Almost, it is the spirit of the age, and what might reply for itself in the words with which Jesus Christ was answered by a demoniac, when "he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many." Wait for geologists to tell whether there is a God or not! Does not the human soul know about that, as well as ever it can be known? It might as well be said, before loving their babies, that women should wait for science to justify them, as to the reasonableness of the maternal instinct. A man who does not feel God, can never find him. And it is only as a child of God, that ever a man can possibly know of the Father in heaven, however great his science may be. God is not at the end of a telescope, nor to be discovered by search among the primitive rocks. God is an instinct for us, or else he is nowhere. Wait for what science may say, while the human soul itself is higher evidence as to God, than all surrounding nature! Words of

prophecy, and of the highest, and as true as nature itself, and as simple, are these : "Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget those."

A scientific examination, completely successful, will report God as he is to the stars, and as he was at the composition of the rocks of the primitive and the last formations, and as he still is for what power he endows the whirlwind with. What God is to the worm may be learned from the worm perhaps ; and what also he is to the cricket in the grass, may be learned by the study of its habits.

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee ; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee : or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee ; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." But rocks and barnacles, birds, beasts, and fowls, the sea, and the sands upon the sea-shore, lilies of the field, and cedars like those of Lebanon, — these things all, individually and conjointly, can report no more as to God, than what they can, than what they have experienced. And what are they all, altogether, with all their properties and qualities combined, in comparison with a human soul?

What God is to the human soul, must be something more than he is to all external nature, and be therefore probably, something even more hopeful.

That which God is to the human body, may be inferred from those laws of nature, by which man is akin to nature. But what God is to the soul, there is nothing in nature to suggest, and therefore also nothing to limit.

Of God in the realm of spirit, a mere scientist can know nothing from the study of rocks, beetles, and astronomy ; though the prophet indeed can speak of him from inspiration, and the true poet, in his highest, happiest mood, from intuition.

God is more to a butterfly than he is to Mount Ararat ; and he is more to an eagle than to a butterfly, and he is more to "the natural man," than he is to any eagle. And to man

through his spirit, God is more than he is through his body. And so there may be methods of God with man, and expectations from him and transcendent hopes, which may be worthy of all trust, notwithstanding that nothing like them, has ever been experienced by dogs or oxen, or been even hinted by geology.

But it may be asked, perhaps, whether it is not written that even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the knowledge of God. And certainly and happily it is to be read so, and in a connection, also, from which it might be inferred that even its feathers may be all numbered. And, no doubt, the sparrow was one of the fowls of the air which Jesus pointed to, as neither sowing nor reaping, but as being fed by the heavenly Father. Also in one of the Psalms it is to be read of how the sparrows had built about the temple. "Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." But, in the Scriptures, are men and sparrows referred to in the same tone? In the Bible is not man recognized as having faculties, susceptibilities, and for God Almighty an interest, such as the sparrow, the stork in the heaven, the crane, and the swallow have not? "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising : thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassedst my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways : for there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me ; it is high ; I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?"

David was more to God than the sparrow of which he sang in his psalm. And the sparrow, chirping and feeding, and the same from age to age, for what divine care it may exemplify, is surely no argument as to human experience of God, as regards either uniformity or miracles. Nor rightly can it be, by its monotony of life, any presumption against the

possibility of there having been "signs and wonders" in connection with "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God," or with the early Christians, as they watched the fall of the Roman Empire, or with George Fox, as he waited for the Spirit, or with John Wesley, in his newness of life, after he had been "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God."

After a sensible, good man has learned everything which is to be learned from ornithology and paleontology, then let him correspond with the mind of Christ, and he will learn that he is of more value than many sparrows, and that he therefore is probably treated in more ways than sparrows are, and for more wants than they have, by the maker of both men and sparrows, and of all things visible and invisible.

The laws by which the sphere of nature was rounded, and was filled with things animate and inanimate, are no evidence as to the susceptibilities and connections of man as a living soul, within reach of the Spirit, and liable to temptation.

As to the operation of the Spirit on human souls, there is nothing to be argued from the chemistry of the body, any more than the laws of gravitation can hint as to the manner in which the lightning flashes, or the electric current darts and strikes.

As to whether Moses and Elijah could ever have been visited by angels, there can rightly be no hint expected from rocks and fossils, unless it can first be shown that those rocks and fossils, at some time in their history, were what angels could have talked with, by the Divine permission.

The providence of God, as sparrows can experience it, through the laws of nature, cannot be the measure of that providence, as it adapts itself to living souls, and wraps man about with a care, which death is not to end, but only to manifest. And whatever the connections of man may be through his body with nature and seed-time and harvest, it is yet not inconsistent with them all, that at one time "man did eat angels' food."

There are Christian divines — blind leaders of the blind, surely — who hope to have the miracles of the Bible made

more credible, by the result of a scientific controversy, as to whether creation occurred by development or by stages. But really, whether God made the world with his right hand or with his left, though a very curious inquiry, cannot possibly be any new light, as to the way in which he may have treated primeval man when "he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye."

By his free will, or what feels like it, a man can turn and twist himself intellectually, to strange effect, and can get himself bewildered by curious fantasies, and can even become like the absurdity of clay upon the wheel, criticising the mind of the potter. At this present time, there are hundreds of persons, who think, that for acuteness, they are intelligences of mysterious growth, because they can ask themselves the question, "Has God self-consciousness; or is the God-head a blind force?" But actually, ability for asking that question, was attained long ago, and twenty-five hundred years since was derided by a prophet in a text, which combines the subtlest philosophy with the rarest wit: "Wo unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? or thy work, he hath no hands?" And what is there so like that fancy of ancient prophecy, as the modern objection? "A miracle! God allow a miracle! Does not God live and act by laws?" And to this question the answer is "Yes, by laws, and even by what is a combination of all laws in one, and which actually is spirit. And this indeed may well be, because himself God is spirit."

By his senses, which are only four or five, man is limited as to his outlook on the universe scientifically, as though he perceived it, for its grandeur and circumference, merely through a loop-hole. And yet, every now and then, somebody, who has learned all that he knows within seventy years, turns round on the public as an observer, to dogmatize in a manner which an archangel would never attempt, even among mortals. "An angel! This world is everywhere impervious to his entrance, and always must have been. A miracle! It is

contrary to experience. A spirit appear! That is impossible, because of the laws of matter, and because of surrounding matter, earthy and atmospheric. Science is the true light; and apostles and prophets were not scientific persons." As to effect, this is a speech, which is often made in public, and yet for confidence in self-assertion, it is what would not become even a seraph, and "how much less man, that is a worm, and the son of man, which is a worm."

Goethe was a singular combination of worldly shrewdness, scientific perception, and poetic faculty. And considering the manner of man he was, he was still more remarkable, for what spiritual insight he had. Probably there is not a theological speculation of the present day, and of scientific origin, with which his thoughts were not familiar. And he said, once, what may be considered as clenching all the vague, wandering argument of the present time, as to the being of a God. And never did he say anything more characteristic of himself. It is a verdict on the evidences of religion, when estimated at their lowest.

Argued out from history, and from the make of the world, and from human nature, there are certain lines of thought which converge at what cannot be anything else than a throne, whether thunderbolts be launched from it or not, and even though at present there be round about it, the silence of that state, wherein one day is "as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

And very likely it was in rebuke of some scoffers, that Goethe said what has been referred to, and which was this, "If there be not a God now, there will be one day."

Is daring speculation, then, at its best, preclusive of the subject of miracles? It is anything but that. And really from the direction and the depth, whence we, human beings begin our ascending path, which is from glory to glory, it cannot be otherwise than that our ascension should be distinguished and solemnized by "signs and wonders."



## VACATION READING.

## TRAVERS MADGE.

A DELIGHTFUL little book has just come into our hands during these days of comparative leisure ; and we must call attention to it, were it only in the hope that some of our publishers may be induced to reprint it from the English edition. It is a brief memoir of Travers Madge, the son of the well-known and much-esteemed Rev. Thomas Madge, a Unitarian clergyman in London. We do not know of what publisher to ask the favor. Madge was born and bred a Unitarian, and never formally separated or thought of separating himself from the Unitarians ; and yet, as days went on, and experiences were multiplied, he did not find himself altogether in sympathy with them, — indeed, towards the close of his life, he was received in the communion of the English Church : nevertheless, strongly drawn as he was towards the older views, he could not go a single step with those who treat Unitarians as aliens from the Church of Christ. He was a thoroughly Liberal Christian in the very highest and very best sense of the phrase. All his life he was a clergyman in spirit and in act ; and yet so impossible was it for him to accept the wages of ministerial service, and so hard for him to be bound by the articles and conventions of the sects, that he could scarcely be said to have been a *settled* minister. But how many *settled* ministers render a tithe of the service to the cause of Christ that was rendered by this devoted young man ? — an invalid all his days, so far as the body was concerned, but a giant in spirit. He loved to labor amongst the middle classes and the poor, to seek out the neglected and the wanderer, and compel them to come in, to witness for a thoroughly spiritual and practical Christianity. Humble and self-accusing almost to morbidness, and as we cannot help thinking he would not have been had the spirit been taber-

naced in a stronger frame, the Divine Strength was all the more manifested in his earthly weakness, and the Light of life came out clear at last through all clouds and mists. He seems to us a complete illustration of what the Christian is to be in that church of the future, of which we hear so much, and which indeed is the church of to-day, coming down out of *our* heaven, if only we choose to have it : we say complete ; and yet we should ask for a little more healthfulness, though the lack of this is plainly to be set down to the infirmity of the flesh. We wish some Unitarian would publish the book for American readers. There are strictures upon Unitarians indeed : but the true Unitarian loves to hear earnest persons speak of what seems to them incomplete in Unitarian doctrine and method ; and the book is by a Unitarian, and so truly catholic in its tone that no sectarist can possibly pervert any of its strictures to sectarian purposes.

We cannot resist the temptation to make a few extracts, illustrating (1) his style of Sunday work, (2) his persistent fidelity, even under great bodily weakness, (3) his difficulty with Unitarianism, (4) the great breadth of his religious thought.

E.

1. "In his letters about this time we catch many pleasant glimpses of the ways in which he set to work to try and improve the tone, alike of scholars and teachers. They were ways entirely of his own ; some of them, such as no one who had not his perfect simplicity of heart, and his wonderful power of influencing others, would have attempted. The Sunday work usually comprised an early morning 'Mutual-Improvement Class' from half-past seven to nine : then came school, with a service following for the children ; the chapels by which the schools were supported being too far off to be available. In the afternoon there was school again for longer hours than in the morning ; and, as to the evening, it was one of Travers's first hopes that he might be able to collect together the elder scholars and their parents for an evening service, as soon as the long summer days should come to an end, with their overwhelming attraction to toil-worn factory lads and lasses to wander off for country walks. Meanwhile he did not let these Sunday evenings lie idle. Each Sunday afternoon, as soon as school was over, he gathered together ten or a dozen of the elder scholars and teachers about him at

his lodgings. Sometimes, when the conversation took a specially interesting turn, they spent the evening there, lightening the conversation with a hymn or two, and always closing with such a prayer as we all used to think, in our revering love, none but Travers could have uttered. At other times, especially on fine evenings, he would wander off with them after tea into the fields near, stretching away from the outskirts of the dusty city into the country,—those ‘Greenheys Fields,’ so familiar to every dweller on the Hulme side of Manchester, and indeed to every reader of that wonderful photograph of homely Manchester life, ‘Mary Barton.’ These walks, allowing the party to break up into small groups, enabled him to have some close, quiet talk with each in turn, when they would tell him their troubles or difficulties, ask his counsel, unburden all their hearts to him.

2. “This could hardly last long. By April 29,—‘A new ailment has come upon me lately. I suppose a sign of weakness. My legs ache whenever I walk, and even when I sit; so that I am often glad to lie on the sofa.’ Yet see what his very next Sunday’s work was !

May 4, 1863.

“‘I was very busy yesterday. Mr. Hewitt engaged to visit poor dying Mr. Jones. Thomas Parry not well, nor able to get to school till rather late. So I had to take charge of the school, and then to address the scholars at our morning service. I did not go in the afternoon till three o’clock, but had to see a poor old dying woman on my way. She died a few minutes after I left. It is strange that I have never yet been present at the moment of death. After school a teachers’ meeting. Good Mr. Rowbotham took the whole of the evening service,—“Come unto me,” etc. We had the communion afterwards. Very quiet and restful and happy. I said a little on the words, “According to your faith be it unto you;” which have been a good deal on my mind this last week. Mr. Rowbotham came here, and spent half an hour with me afterwards.’”

3. “‘I think some such view of punishment as I have mentioned is generally entertained amongst Unitarians; and that they are somewhat apt to regard sin as the worst of diseases, and the saddest of misfortunes, but nothing more. The extreme to which I have described myself as going, I do not, however, charge upon these

doctrines, but on the use that *may* be made of them when under the influence of temptation. They are not strong enough to help one against temptation. The fact is, that sin is something essentially different from disease or calamity. For *these* we should feel sorrow and pity; for *that*, nothing but unmitigated loathing and hatred. So God may chasten those whom he loveth, even as a father chasteneth his children. This is the mild language used in reference to the afflictions of Christians; and for such chastenings, whether here or hereafter, we must be thankful. But those who are hard and impenitent in their hearts 'treasure up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath,' "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish." The whole language of Scripture against sin, and those who wilfully abide in sin, is fearfully strong and unyielding. The sinner, who continues in his sin, can hear nothing in the gospel, but that the curse of God rests upon him to the uttermost; that he will be forever banished from the presence of God; that he will be cut up, root and branch, and utterly destroyed. There is not a ray of hope held out for the sinner who remains to the last hardened and impenitent. If sin met only with the sorrow or pity of God, and with such corrective discipline as he might see fit to inflict in order to bring us round, I could not pray to be *forgiven*. I have known those who have come to this conclusion, and it seems to me a fair inference from such a view. If I pray to be forgiven, I must have some thought of the *wrath* of God, and of his punishment as *retribution*. Of course, I mean nothing revengeful or passionate by "wrath," but something much more fearful than the common Unitarian "displeasure." Moreover, is it not a great presumption on our part to say that we shall all become holy and good in the course of time? Who can reconcile this with human freedom, — "shall," "must" be good? This cannot be declared of any free agent. I do not wish to lose myself in metaphysics; but I do say that those who plunge into the future, and prophesy universal restoration, are speaking of things of which they know nothing, and that human reason is as much against them as for them."

4. "I dare not say anything about the counsels of God, more than is revealed. When men say that the death of Christ satisfies his justice, or that the wrath of God against sin fell upon Christ, I think they are using rather venturesome language. Yet I cannot but feel that by divine appointment, and by his own self-sacrificing love, and his oneness with poor, suffering, sinful man, Jesus plunged him-

self into the abyss of human woe, even into that deepest human misery, which we might have imagined it impossible for the sinless one to have experienced. In accepting this sacrifice, God reveals his forgiving mercy to the whole human family. In that forgiving mercy, all who seek his face find peace and joy. Forgiveness, in the sense of the removal of the sentence of future punishment, does not seem to me to enter into the minds of the apostles, or to be that of which Christ speaks. We rejoice in forgiving love, inasmuch as we know, that, notwithstanding our sins and wanderings from God, his ear is open to our cry, and his arms are always stretched forth to welcome us home. And this forgiveness, a *universal* blessing, not an exclusive privilege, is not merely the subject of Christ's teaching, but is bound up with himself and with his work. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. I do not know whether I express myself at all clearly in my letters, but I hope you may catch some faint idea of what I mean."

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A HEALER, a Redeemer came,  
 A Son of Man, with love and power ;  
 And an all-animating flame  
 He kindled in our inmost soul.  
 Then first we saw the heavens unfold ;  
 They seemed an ancient father-land :  
 And now we could believe and hope  
 And feel we were akin to God.

When Christ displays himself to me,  
 And when of him I feel secure,  
 How swiftly does a life of light  
 Consume the darkness deep and drear !  
 With him I first became a man,  
 By him my fate a lustre takes ;  
 The North an India must become,  
 And round the loved one gladly bloom.

— *Novalis.*

## SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. "The American Presbyterian," for July 8, contains a carefully written paper upon "Inspiration,—Definition and Limits." It is interesting as a fair and trustworthy account of the present Orthodox sentiment upon the subject. We place a few paragraphs before our readers, venturing at the same time to ask these questions :—

I. Do "the Scriptures" claim to be an "infallibly true record"? Have we any right to be disappointed or troubled if we find that the Jewish history is given in one way in "Kings," in another way in "Chronicles"? Is it an offense if the gospel story does not read in Luke just as it reads in Matthew? Suppose we find that there are discrepancies in matters of detail : is the substantial value of the record thereby impaired ; or are we only called upon to give up an unfounded opinion, and to be content with a more defensible creed? How stand the facts, fairly considered, without any special pleading?

II. Of what use is this infallible accuracy if it is to fail where the originals, which have not been preserved, fail? Can we help saying, What a loss of miraculous agency? Do we not need inspired translations of specially guarded manuscripts?

III. Does it not seem of far more importance that Stephen, the great evangelist and martyr, should have been inspired to make a correct speech, than that Luke should have been inspired to make a correct report of a speech which at least contains very serious difficulties?

IV. Does Mr. Barnes's solution look like anything more than a bit of ingenuity to ward off an objection?

Not so, we think, are the Scriptures to be defended. They are given by inspiration of God as other writings are not, but the Spirit entering into humanity to redeem and illumine

accepts intellectual fallibility as one of the conditions of humanity, and guards only that fullness and completeness of truth which is inseparable from the fullness of love, and is needful to uphold us in an unhesitating faith. It was *not* necessary, in order that the world should be brought to God in Christianity, that the story of Jesus should be told in precisely the same way by the twelve apostles, or that the Old-Testament records should be presented free from the least scientific or historic inaccuracy: it *was* necessary that the words of Jesus should be remembered and faithfully reported, and that the Spirit of Jesus should dominate the souls of the evangelists. We can see, as we read the Gospels, how wonderfully the words, as they come from these different witnesses, do accord, and, as we read Acts and Epistles, how the Spirit prevailed? We must not forget, moreover, that there was a Christian church before there was a Christian record; and in magnifying, as we ought, the first fruits of the Spirit, we must not forget the Blessed One who never leaves his disciples, but is still leading them into all truth.

But for our extracts.

“INSPIRATION,—DEFINITION AND LIMITS. By inspiration, we mean a mysterious, miraculous influence exerted upon the minds of a specific and limited class of men, and producing three kinds of effects: (1) a knowledge of truth which they could not obtain by the regular operations of the faculties, and (2) a power of selection among truths or facts already known, or accessible by ordinary means, according to the purposes of the inspiring agent. (3) With both of these gifts, a third is associated, before our idea of inspiration is complete; namely, that of making an infallibly correct record of the truths thus gained or selected.

“Now we hold explicitly that all Scripture is given by inspiration; that the inspiring agent is everywhere, in every page and proposition, in every sentence and word. That which is given as matter of record, is an infallibly true record. Sometimes it is a record of things good and true, sometimes of things evil and false; but, as a record it is, in each case, equally true. Sometimes it is a prophecy, a disclosure, a command,

a warning ; in each and all these it is supreme, divine. Whatever, according to all fair, common-sense rules of interpretation, the inspired writers felt themselves charged to convey, that the Holy Spirit speaks to us. Error in the passage of the truth from the Spirit, through their minds and pens to us, cannot be admitted in any shape, form or degree, without vitiating the very idea of inspiration as the sole, infallible source of truth and authority, and thus destroying the value of the Scriptures. Nothing is gained to the world by revelation, if men may go through the Bible, each one choosing what accords with his own judgment, and rejecting all the rest. A revelation could be made available by such a process, only on the supposition that man was already in full sympathy with God ; and, in that case, there would be virtually no need of a revelation at all.

“ However, it is a business of prime importance, whichever theory of inspiration we choose, to learn in what degree we have secured a perfect copy of the original. We may not hold the inspiring agent accountable for errors that have crept into manuscripts. There was no pledge on the part of Deity in giving us his word, to preserve an absolutely perfect copy of the original record through all time. This would have required a constant succession of miracles, an inspiration of copyists, as well as original writers, a suspension of the laws of decay, as to the material of the manuscripts and the like. While Divine Providence, in a wonderful manner, has guarded the substantial purity of these precious documents, their condition shows that he has wrought no such miracles as those. The original work of the authors, those copies of the Epistles which Paul authenticated with a concluding sentence in his own handwriting, have not been handed down to us. The versions and copies of these writings which we possess, dating from the second century and onward, although sufficiently ancient, accurate, and well-attested, are not, by any means, free from errors, as their various readings show. And, while *not one in a hundred* of these various readings is of any practical importance, not one doctrine of religion being changed, nor one precept taken away, nor one important fact



altered by the whole of them taken together, yet it is well to take ground distinctly, that, only as we approximate exactly to the original text, can we hold the inspiring agent responsible for the work. If, for instance, sound criticism rejects the passage in 1 John v. 7, as we believe it does, we may remove it from the text without touching the question of inspiration at all. It was not in the manuscript as it came from the Apostle's hand, and we do not want it in our copies. It is no part of the Holy Spirit's work. The judging, critical faculties of man are designed, in providence, to be used in tracing the exact verbal form, and in maintaining the verbal purity, of the communications, as well as in unfolding their meaning.

"We have frequently, in studying the historical difficulties of Stephen's speech (Acts vii.), asked ourselves whether inspiration should be held accountable for them. The question may be put thus: Was Stephen inspired to make the speech? or was it only Luke who was inspired to put the speech on record, exactly as it was delivered? Whatever be the answer, the true theory of inspiration will be fully satisfied on the latter supposition; and why should we require more? In "Paley's Evidences" there is quite an argument upon the historical difficulties in the speech of Gamaliel, Acts v. 34-37. The author is anxious to remove these difficulties, and speaks of the discrepancy between Gamaliel and Josephus as if it was actually between Josephus and Luke. The fact is, all we can rightfully demand of Luke, as an inspired penman, is the faithful reporting of what Gamaliel said. He is no more responsible for the correctness of the statements than the reporter of the courts is for the truthfulness of the witnesses' testimony which he takes down.

"Mr. Barnes, in his 'Introduction to the Psalms,' remarks in reference to some of the most difficult of those very difficult portions of Scripture,—the imprecatory Psalms. He says (Introd. Vol. I., p. 29,) "Some of the expressions referred to are a mere record of the feelings of others; of the gratification which they would feel in seeing vengeance inflicted on the guilty, even when revenge should be taken in the most barbarous and savage manner. In such a case, all

that the inspired writer, or the spirit of inspiration, is responsible for, is *fairness of the record*; or that he has given an exact statement of the feelings which would be cherished and expressed by those who would inflict the vengeance, or who should experience gratification in seeing it." Referring to Psalm cxxxvii, 8, 9, he says, "In this there is nothing which *necessarily* implies that the author of the Psalms would approve of it, or that he would have done it himself. If the case is supposed even to indicate the common feelings of the Hebrew people, . . . still it may be a mere record of that feeling as a matter of fact, and the spirit of inspiration is responsible only for a fair account of the feelings which would actually exist."

— THE WORK TO BE DONE BY CHRISTIANS IN OUR DAY. From the following account of it, taken from the same "Presbyterian," who can dissent in any wise?

"WHY RE-UNITE? Among the many causes which are bringing the two branches of the church together, none is more potent than a deepening sense of the great work laid upon the evangelical churches of America at this time. Right or wrong, the interest in theological questions which once profoundly agitated the church, and consequently the interest in liberty of theological opinion, are passing away. Christ's people are asking now, not so much what they shall think and believe of him, as what they shall do for him. The great, universal, massive truths of redemption, on which we are all agreed, are now in such need of earnest advocacy and extension, that Christian people, especially in America, feel called upon to forget their differences, and to rally for great practical achievements in their behalf.

"The old familiar work of home missions and of city evangelization and church erection is pressing upon us as heavily as ever before. Some of the problems it presents are as far from solution as ever. We are but scratching on the outer shell of the home heathenism of our cities. Worldly enterprise, with its trans-continental railroads, its inter-oceanic canals, and its Atlantic cables, is enthroning Mammon higher

than ever upon the hearts of men. Teutonic, Scandinavian, Celtic, and Anglo-Saxon immigration is rolling upon us at the rate of six to ten thousand a week. One-seventh part of our population are Romanists, and the commercial metropolis is virtually a part of the Pope's dominions ; and the Empire State is laid under contribution, and taxes are wrung from unwilling Protestants to the amount of millions, for the support of papal schools and papal charities, and for the building of costly Romish cathedrals. The flood of intemperance must, a second time, be arrested. The day of sacred fest must be guarded from universal license. The four millions of freedmen, victims of the enforced ignorance of divine and human knowledge, and of the brutalizing influences of slavery, must be raised and fitted for citizenship in the heavenly and the earthly country. Infidelity must be met in its new and attractive form of scientific materialism. The battle rages around the person, the miracles, the cross, and the sepulchre of Jesus. Why do we linger over the nicer distinctions within the Calvinistic system? The battle-ground of to-day is not here ; the wave of strife has swept towards the citadel, and yet some are in ecstasies of blind terror about the smaller outposts ! Do not play the martyr for your poor little theories, while the foundations are in danger of being destroyed.

“And while we are busy with questions which have become more or less familiar, in which there are few new elements save of size and relative position, we need only turn to our Pacific coast to witness the rise of an entirely new and portentous phenomenon, baffling the foresight of the most sagacious philanthropists. The stream of Chinese and Japanese immigration seems to have fairly set in ; and, if we have been bewildered with difficulties arising from the rapid influx of a nominally Christian population, what is to be done when the greatest of heathen nations, crowded with one-third of the whole human race, is threatening to pour out its people upon our Western shores ?

“These are some of the amazing considerations which ought to draw, and which are drawing, American Christians together,

and which have had their weight in breaking down the separating walls of distrust between the two branches of our church."

— BROTHERLY KINDNESS. "The Nation," which is more entitled than many a newspaper technically known as "Christian" to be called a religious journal, calls attention to some of the ethical exaggerations of the day in a review of Mr. Lecky's last work.

"We can already see under our eyes, to-day, the growth of the classification of virtues by which the world will probably live during the next century or two at all events. The virtue of brotherly kindness—or, to express it in a more familiar way, of good nature—is evidently to take the foremost place. It has already all but taken the foremost place in the Northern States of the Union at least. The just, austere, proud, and truthful man, who monopolized the admiration of the last two or three centuries, still, to be sure, receives a fair share of praise, but it is faint praise, and he becomes more and more an object of popular dislike. The kindly man, on the other hand,—the man who is ready to help everybody, who speaks well of everybody, who shuts his eyes to people's faults, who avoids making distinctions, moral or other, between men,—rises every day more and more into favor. If with this quality he combines energy, and, through success in trade or commerce, has the power of displaying his kindness, he becomes the real paladin of our day—will be the good man of the twentieth century.

"One marked peculiarity of the rising moral type is, that it eschews what we may call long views of a man's career. It insists on our taking him year by year, and judging him, say, by the last two or three years of his existence. When society was more settled than it is now, and classes rigidly defined, changes of residence and occupation rare,—when men, in short, were born into what was called "their station," and seldom rose out of it,—a man was usually judged by his whole history. The faults of his youth told against him in his manhood; the faults of his manhood blighted his old age; his

*antecedents*, in other words, were all-important. But now that all positions are becoming attainable by all men, the maintenance of this rule is no longer possible, and it has become very unpopular, and is falling into complete disuse. The popular morality is, that is to say, adopting itself to the exigencies of modern society. The *locus pœnitentiæ*, instead of being confined to a few of the earlier years of a man's career, may be said to cover the whole of it up to the age of fifty; and the length of time which a man has to submit to public inspection in order to secure public confidence and respect may be said to be shorter the further one goes west. A good many years or equivalent deeds are still necessary in the Eastern States; but by the time one gets out to Colorado or Montana, one finds that it is considered cruel and unfair to bring up against a well-behaved man his thefts or forgeries even of the previous year.

"The social advantages of this arrangement are obvious. There can be no greater incentive to reform than the possibility of occupying as good a place in the public estimation as if one had never fallen; and probably millions will be brought into the ways of virtue under the new democratic *regime* who, under the old rule, would have become irreclaimably vicious. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether specimens of the highest type of character will hereafter be as numerous as they once were. An age in which a man who has stolen and repented is held in just as much esteem as a man who at any time would sooner have died than steal, though, perhaps, nearer the Christian ideal, can hardly be expected to produce as many cases of the loftiest moral excellence as those more exacting ages in which society insisted on lifelong purity as the price of its respect. That nobody, as the Latin poet has said, ever became a rascal all at once, is a very good deduction from principles of human nature, but not a whit better than the corresponding maxim that no one becomes good all at once. Even those cases of sudden conversion, which do undoubtedly occur under religious influence, consist rather in the formation of a strong determination to resist temptation than in the hearty abhorrence of evil. If

we can imagine—to employ a rough illustration—the effect on chastity of a state of things in which a woman who had lost her virtue, but afterwards began to live well, should stand as high in the popular estimation as a woman who had always lived purely, we may get an idea from it of the probable effect on truthfulness, honesty, and justice of a state of things in which penitent thieves and liars and defrauders will count for as much as those who never stole, lied, or cheated. In short, the number of hopeless cases of vice will be greatly diminished, but the number of brilliant examples of virtue may also be diminished; and even those who shrink least from the future, and have the most confidence in the fortunes of the race, must confess that these were after all God's noblest works, and those of its glories of which humanity can worst bear to be shorn."

—THE ATTITUDE OF MEN TOWARD THE CHURCH. We were not aware until we read an article in the "Living Church," under the above head, that in the congregations of Episcopalians the women outnumber the men so largely. In the Greek Church, travelers tell us, it is precisely the other way. It is an inequality which surely can be remedied; and the preachers may well inquire into the cause and the cure of what they cannot but regard as an unhappy state of things. Of course, what we want is the reality and simplicity of the gospel; and even if it is true that manhood is not so religiously inclined as womanhood, it will still be found that a religion which bids us add manhood to our faith is adapted to men as well as to women.

As to the facts, the article says, "In our large city congregations, at the Sunday morning service, a fair proportion of the husbands and fathers and brothers may be found in attendance; but, in the afternoon, a sermon on purely feminine duties might safely be preached, without risk of leaving many of the attendant worshipers unprovided for. At a weekly service, the occasional presence of a man in the little company forcibly reminds us of the absence of all the rest,—the exception proving the rule. In a confirmation class of

twenty, perhaps not one man will be found ; and if there is a church in the land where the female communicants are not a large majority of the whole number of those who make a Christian profession, that Church is an ecclesiastical anomaly, — something quite abnormal and out of course. The Christian army is an army with its rank and file chiefly of one sex, and its officers chiefly of the other. A few men organize and administer its institutions, as bishops, as clergymen, as superintendents of Sunday schools, as teachers of Bible classes, as vestry men, as directors of benevolent societies : of those who are declared followers of Christ, the great multitude are women. Whatever it may have done in other ages, the Christianity of our time reaches mainly the mothers and daughters, not the fathers and the sons."

After pointing out some prevailing defects in the preachers, which are scarcely characteristic of our " Liberal " sermonizers, — their claim of " clerical divine right," and their demand to be heard as learned doctors, even though their learning be of the slenderest, — the writer criticizes what is preached as follows : —

"The popular Christianity has been too much of an emotional type. A religion of sighs and groans, of fancies and raptures, of mystical delights and imaginative fervors, reaches and impresses the woman's excitable and emotional temperament, but fails to reach the soberer, less flexible nature of the man. If it appeals chiefly to the affections and the feelings, it will hardly attract his sympathy, or enlist his practical effort. He may distinctly, yet honestly, admire it, but he will consider it possible for his wife and daughter only, — not for himself. He may own that it would be desirable that he should come under its influence, be depressed and exalted, stirred and inspired by its breath ; but his instinct tells him that, however this ought to be, in fact it is not ; and that, if this emotional chill and fever be essential to Christianity, then Christianity is beyond his reach. It is not in him to be ecstatic ; tears and tremors are not in the line of his life. The character and life of Christ attract him ; the story of the cross touches the very core of his heart ; but he cannot

worship the Lord Jesus if worship must be a transport ; he cannot bow before the cross if he must prove his sincerity by thrills and flushes, throbs and palpitations. So long as our churches present chiefly this vehement and impassioned type of religion, so long as the ministry dwell so much upon moods and frames of the spirit, men will honestly stand aloof from a profession of Christ, believing themselves incapable of accepting the gospel upon the terms which are offered them."

If the Episcopal Church were always administered as this writer claims it should be, it would be a very good place for laymen, although the Articles would still bar out the candidate for orders.

"Our popular Christianity errs again, we may say, in making too severe demands upon men for their assent to dogmatic statements of truth. The woman's impulsive nature, when once stirred by feeling, once brought in moral contact with the main truths of the faith, finds it no way hard to accept in the lump a dogmatic presentation of Christian opinion, without any scrupulous sifting of its parts. Sure that she grasps it as a whole, and is in substantial accord with it, she is not captious as to its details, nor nice in the weighing of its phrases. Her right instinct anticipates the slower processes of the reason, and spares her the need of a prolonged logical examination of her creed.

"This is a thing wholly remote from the action of the man's mind. He can only accept a whole by a piecemeal acceptance of the parts which compose it. He cannot accept a main truth, however much his moral being may sympathize with it, so long as he detects logical flaws in its presentation. He finds it not easy to pronounce with dogmatic positiveness on a certain element of a theological system, and, while morally in harmony with it, must still hold it in abeyance. The intuitive sense that fastens on a thought as true, because noble and worthy of being true, is not a masculine property. The intellect in man dominates over the heart, and meets all appeals with the simple words, 'not proven.' The churches err and fail in dealing with men, because they will require dogmatic agreement instead of spiritual agreement ; will insist



upon requiring logical, instead of moral, adhesion ; will translate faith by 'belief in Articles,' instead of by a 'realizing sense of God.' Our own Church has not made this mistake. She demands, as the intellectual basis of her membership, only a belief in that simplest and least dogmatic statement of Christian truth, the Apostles' Creed. But, in a community where the Episcopal Church is in so decided a minority among the religious organizations of the land, the prevailing tone of thought cannot be ours ; and men are trained to believe that large demands upon the reason are made by the Christian Church before they can enter its fellowship. Nor is the liberal tone of the church always preserved by those who are its representatives. Individual clergymen venture to narrow the entrance which the church leaves wide. As one of our bishops recently refused ordination to a respectable minister of another Christian body, on the ground that the tone of his preaching was not churchlike, but savored of the influences among which he had been brought up (the story is improbable, but true) ; so some in our ministry often dissuade those who desire confirmation, because they cannot see truth at precisely the dissuader's angle, and state it in the language he prefers. If we could once see that a man, penitent for sin, and desiring divine help to resist it ; seeking the light, and following the Master so far as he can, is essentially what Paul and John knew as a believer ; and that his place is in the church, and not outside of it, though he differs from us in theological or metaphysical details, we should have more men, and better men in our churches, who now, in honest conscientiousness, stand without. They find little sympathy or allowance for these doubts and difficulties. They find that intellectual error, and sometimes, indeed, intellectual activity, is confounded with spiritual deadness or moral depravity ; and so, reluctantly, but, as it seems to them, by a necessity laid upon them, they do not confess Christ before men."

How true is what is said of the failure, not to present, but to *emphasize*, beyond all possibility of mistake, a moral standard.

"Men are kept outside of our churches by another cause.

Our popular Christianity, while seeming to require excited feeling on the one hand, and dogmatic precision on the other, fails to uphold a sufficiently high moral standard. A man prominent in the church, a marked pillar in the Christian temple, should be a man of pre-eminent righteousness. His word should be his bond. His honor should be as sensitive as the magnetic needle to any, the least, deflection from polar rectitude. Holiness should not be translated into emotional fervor, or doctrinal accuracy, but be held to mean purity, truth, humility, nobleness, Christlikeness of life. Now men look at facts rather than theories; deeds rather than words; solid character rather than airy moods and abstract opinions. And when they do look at facts, what are they apt to find? A church busied in the wrong direction, 'tithing mint, anise, and cummin,' and forgetting the weightier matters of justice and mercy and truth. They find men of high position in the Christian ranks, who are not held in high esteem in the counting-house and upon the street; who are not men of exalted integrity, whose endorsed signature, with collateral security, bears a higher value than their simple word; who shed tears over Christ's self-sacrifice, yet are no way noted for self-denial; who drive a pretty hard bargain, and share the profits with a somewhat over-indulgent church. It is very easy to say that this ought not to keep right-minded men beyond the Christian pale. The point is simply that it does keep them beyond it. Imperfect Christians ought not to be the standard, but in truth they are. Christianity should be judged by the Master, but practically it is judged by the disciples. And of any inconsistency between creed and deed, between the high profession and the low attainment, men are sterner judges than women. They are more observing, and, in the contacts of every day, have more opportunity to observe. They know what Christians are mean and extortionate: they know what men of the world are high-toned and true. They stand outside the church very often, because not quite sure that inside and outside are not pretty much alike. Tell them that religion is one thing and morality another, and they answer that

religion might very well be more, but is it worth their attention while they find it less ? ”

And how should the lesson of the writer's last paragraph be laid to heart.

“ But worst of all in its consequences, is the fact that the church, overbusied, and absorbed in moods and dogmas, and petty warfaring, has little time or strength or heart left to grapple with the plain work of the world. When the Master was upon earth, those who watched his labors saw that his hands were busy, and his daily work was done. They saw him healing and teaching ; giving sight to the blind, and light to the ignorant ; raising the dead, and inspiring spiritual life. They saw good, manly effort going on, and could enter upon their part in it with a happy confidence that such working was worth while, and that the world was better for every day of it, and that there was room enough for all, and more than all, such work that they could do. But, to-day, our popular Protestant and Orthodox Christianity is too little efficient in the plain Christlike tasks of beneficence. It has been left to Humanitarianism and Romanism to shame us by their fidelity to the ignorant and the suffering and the poor. The Church of Rome, wise in its generation, or, shall we say, faithful according to its light, has, in this way, won much respect and indulgence from men of the world, who cared little for the absurdity of its faith, or the narrowness of its policy, so long as the neglected children were gathered into its schools, and the neglected sick into its hospitals. They could forgive a mediæval priest or bishop for the sake of the Sister of Mercy, who brought into the nineteenth century the love of Christianity's first age. Men are active and practical, and look for results. If they see work done, you need not stop to demonstrate that that is life which does it. The problem is solved by motion. The truth stands proven by its fruits. Wisdom is justified of her children when those children are seen repeating the benevolent miracles of Christ.”

— OF Hengstenberg, who has been so much lauded by a spurious and partisan religious conservatism, “ The Living

Church," knowing the small significance of the man, and the slender service he has rendered, not to speak of the positive mischief which always results from bigotry, writes thus : —

"Prof. Hengstenberg of Berlin died on the 3d of June. He was born in the 'Reformed' Church, and in early life belonged to the number of young men who sympathized with the rationalistic theology. He early abandoned this, however, joined the Lutherans, and went on to the most bigoted and narrow school among them. He was steadily opposed to the union of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches in Prussia, and he was at one time ready to restore the Apostolic Succession by an alliance with the Anglican Church. He was a man of very high attainments, but his method of criticism was vicious, and, perhaps for that reason, he never reached a high rank among Biblical scholars. He belonged to the school of critics who are advocates, and allow themselves to be retained on a side; who go to the Bible determined to find certain things in it, or from it to get such support as they can for certain traditional opinions. He started the "*Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*," a paper which carried all the faults of vituperation and malice much further than any journals printed in English would dare to do it. German theologians, and scientific men too, for that matter, allow themselves a liberty in expressing their opinions of one another, which would shock all public sense of propriety among us. Hengstenberg's journal has developed extraordinary power in this direction, and in hardly any other. His contributions to Biblical science are not of great or permanent value. He left no school of able men who agree with his views, and made no lasting impression upon German theology."

— CONGREGATIONALISM IN BOSTON — by which "The Congregationalist" means *Trinitarian* Congregationalism — does not seem to that journal to be *in extremis*. We can live without Dr. Storrs, who, we are told, has made (rather late in life) the mistake of his life in not coming to Boston. We shall venture, even in opposition to "The Congregationalist," to assert that it is immensely important to a rich and positive

and practical Christianity that it should be presented according to a broad type by another vigorous and popular preacher *who shall be free from the taint of sensationalism and "loudness,"* and shall be found on the so-called Orthodox side. No matter about the other denominations : be they strong or weak, the Orthodox Congregational pulpit is not strong in Boston. But hear "The Congregationalist."

"There are, it is to be confessed, two circumstances which at the present time prevent the Congregationalism of Boston from putting forth its best strength. One is the physical weakness of Drs. Adams and Kirk, which lays them aside from duty, and so impairs the vigor of their churches for the present, with the pastorless condition of the Central, at a somewhat critical period of its affairs. The other is a lack of that complete, constant, intelligent, and fraternal co-operation, which is essential either to the aggregation of all our strength, or to its sagacious use. This lack is no new thing,—it has been the great stumbling-block in the way of Orthodox progress in this city and vicinity for almost a generation. It has been the cause of the unwise birth of churches here, which the event proved were never needed ; and of the untimely death of other churches here, which events are every day proving were never so really and so much needed as to-day. The good providence of God, we have no doubt, will speedily supply the needs of the three churches which require new or additional pastoral strength ; while we confidently look—under that benignant oversight—to the new Congregational Club for that work of unifying, harmonizing, and concentrating our forces, which is first of all demanded ; and then for the generation and development of that strategic energy which shall take care, under God, for the things of the future.

"Meanwhile, it is but simple justice to say that it would be very hard, even in Brooklyn, to find as many congregations numerically larger, with more *esprit de corps*, with a warmer attachment to their ministers, or a better general record, than the crowded ones of the Shawmut, Park Street, Berkeley Street, Phillips, or Maverick, under Drs. Webb, Alden, and

Bingham, and Messrs. Murray and Wright ; while those of the Mt. Vernon, Old South, Elliot, and Vine Street, would be generally regarded, we are quite sure, whether from their Sunday attendance and aspect, their Friday-night prayer meetings, their Sabbath schools, or their noble contributions to the various departments of Christian benevolence, as bodies of believers of whom no intelligent Congregationalist has any cause to be ashamed.

“ In general, then, we see no call for croaking or solicitude. We see nobody around us, of any other name, with whom we desire to “ swap ” situations. We doubt if, relatively or absolutely, Orthodox Congregationalism, since the day of the last of the Mathers, has been stronger in Boston than it is to-day. Nor, if all concerned will only do their simple duty, do we see the slightest reason to fear for its future here, or for that of the city which it founded, and whose weal it guards.

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LIFE has become one hour of love,  
The whole world utters love and joy :  
A balsam grows for every wound,  
Freely and full beats every heart ;  
And I, for all his thousand gifts,  
Will aye remain his humble child,  
Certain to have him in the midst  
Where are assembled two or three.

And still the loved and Holy One  
In all his wondrous brightness stands ;  
And still touched by his boundless love,  
Touched by his crown of thorns, we weep.  
Welcome to us is every man,  
Who, with ourselves, will grasp his hand ;  
And who, received within his heart,  
Ripens to fruit of Paradise.

— *Novalis*.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## BREAKING DOWN.

"THE NEW-YORK POST" is good authority for saying that few men die from over-work. They die from bad habits of eating or drinking, or from worry in work which they have undertaken, but do not know how to carry through, or, very likely, from good fortune. Let a man become independent, and he is sure to break down, and go to Europe for his health. "We could mention dozens of cases," says "The Post," "of eminent professional men who broke down at the precise moment when they could afford it, and who would have laughed at ill health a dozen years longer if only poverty had stood at the door;" all of which is true, with important exceptions, as regards men. With women, the case differs somewhat. Two causes at the extremes of society make them die by thousands before their time. One is want of work; and the other is too much of it. One is the leisure which produces morbid conditions of mind, heart, and soul; and the other is the poverty at the doors, producing the care that murders sleep. There can be no such thing as long and healthful life without the faculty of sleeping well.

## LANDOR'S LAUGH.

A MAN'S or woman's laugh is generally a key to character. A lady's laugh, which ran rapidly up the gamut like the warble of a bird, provoked the remark that the soul out of which it came must have a peaceful and crystalline purity. And so it had. Then there is the hypocritical laugh of Lady Waldemar, soft and artistic, like a tune played upon bells. There is the fiendish laugh, which rings with bitterest mockery; full of contempt, scorn, hate, and malignant purpose. There is the laugh of sadness, where the lip just "trembles for a smile." There is the laugh of sensuality, coarse as the braying of an ass, and nearly as loud. Sometimes the quantity as well as the quality of a man's being is indicated by his laugh. There is laughter that shakes the room, and well-nigh lifts the ceiling; and sweeps a whole company before it in great rolling

billows, and drowns all care in a perfect deluge of mirth. Such persons are real benefactors. The biographer of Landor describes his laugh as indicating the massiveness of his character. It was loud, long, and leonine. "Higher and higher went peal after peal, in continuous and increasing volleys, until regions of sound were reached, far beyond ordinary human beings." Or as described in the "Quarterly Review:" "He used to announce the most *outré* opinions; and, when some sentiment more extravagant than the rest had excited the laughter of his audience, he would sit silent till they had finished laughing: then he would begin to shake, then to laugh aloud,—*piano* at first, but with *crescendo* steadily advancing to the loudest *fortissimo*; whereupon Pomero would spring out of his lair, leap into his master's lap, add his bark to Landor's roar, until the mingled volume of sound would swell from the room into the sleepy streets, and astonish, if not scandalize, the somewhat torpid Bathonians who might be passing by."

#### LESSON FROM THE GREAT JUBILEE.

THERE are a great many lessons which the Boston pulpits have doubtless set forth. But there is one which we fear they have not. It is the grand, glorious effect of singing by *the people*; of music, vast and billowy, as it rolls up from the congregation like the roar of multitudinous waves attuned to harmony, bearing the soul along, and rushing with it into the third heaven of praise,—its vast superiority, for all the purposes of worship, over small choirs and quartettes, with their slender threads of piping and quavering. We shall have no hired singing choirs in the millennium, when, as all the people lift up their voices, the mountains break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.

#### ANSWERS TO THE POPE.

WE doubt whether any better answer to the Pope's letter, inviting all Christendom to his General Council, will be sent to him, than the one which comes from the Eastern Church. It rebukes the Pope for talking about promoting the unity of the Church, while he himself is the chief obstacle in its way, setting himself up in the place of Christ. "The Pope proclaims aloud the throne of Rome to be the centre of unity; a doctrine which the holy and orthodox Armenian Church cannot admit,—which, with the other peoples of the Church of the East, recognizes our Lord and Saviour Jesus



Christ as the only Head of the Church," — a doctrine, by the way, which, consistently held, brings the Orthodox Christianity of the East, and the Liberal Christianity of the West, very near together. "The Church heareth none but Christ."

#### HOW TO KEEP BRIGHT.

DEAN SWIFT relapsed into second childhood and idiocy. Dr. Johnson said there were two reasons for it. He refused to wear spectacles, which shut him out from all that world of mind found in books ; and he excluded visitors, and so shut himself from the mental excitement of conversation. He died in a hospital which he had himself founded for just such people as he became.

On the other hand, Sir Isaac Newton was as bright and active at the age of eighty-four as at forty. And John Wesley, at the same age, labored and studied as effectively as ever.

"GOOD HEALTH," a new and excellent Monthly Journal of physical culture, cites these, with other cases, in a chapter on "Business and Relaxation." It says that German students rarely are injured by study, though they study more than we do. But they play heartily, as well as work.

#### UNGALLANT.

THE French are famous for gallantry, and yet at Dieppe the following notice has been issued by the police : "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp."

#### "PUNCH" IN THE PULPIT.

"PUNCH," as a preacher, is well set off in Mr. Hood's book, noticed elsewhere. Dean Ramsay tells a story of some old Scottish lady, who, while mourning over the moral state of one of her relatives, exclaimed, "Our John swears awfu', and we try to correct him ; but," she added, in a candid and apologetic tone, "nae doubt it is a great set-off to conversation." So with pulpit drollery and humor. Good people will shake their heads, and call them irreverent ; but, after all, the crowds will go after such preachers, and the good people who find fault with them will go too, preferring humor to the

"laced coat of mere orthodox twaddle," or men who "stand like cast-iron pumps, and exercise their preaching as a kind of parish-pump faculty."

"I don't like those mighty fine preachers," said Rowland Hill, "who so beautifully round off all their sentences that they are sure to roll off the sinner's conscience." — "Never mind breaking grammar," he said to his excellent co-pastor, Theophilus Jones, "if the Lord enables you to break a poor sinner's heart."

"Had I my way," said he, "I would hang all misers; but the reverse of the common mode. I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of their pockets, and make a famous scramble for you to pick up and put in the plate."

On a wet day, when a number of persons took shelter in his chapel during a heavy shower while he was in the pulpit, he said, "Many people are greatly blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think they are much better who make it an umbrella."

#### USE AND ABUSE OF IMAGINATION AND ILLUSTRATION IN THE PULPIT.

UNDER this heading, Mr. Hood enlarges very finely on the sources of power in the preacher. He calls Henry Ward Beecher the most fertile master of varied illustration in our modern pulpit, and cites, for example, the following passage, showing the wonderful provision made in the types of nature to set forth the truths of the Bible.

"What if every part of your house should begin to repeat the truths which have been committed to its symbolism? The lowest stone would say, in silence of night, 'Other foundations can no man lay.' The corner-stone would catch the word, 'Christ is the corner-stone.' The door would add, 'I am the door.' The taper, burning by your bedside, would stream up a moment to tell you, 'Christ is the light of the world.' If you gaze upon your children, they reflect from their sweetly sleeping faces the words of Christ, 'Except ye become like little children.' If, waking, you look towards your parents' couch, from that sacred place God calls himself your Father and Mother; and disturbed by the crying of your children, who are affrighted in a dream, you rise to soothe them, and hear God saying, 'So will I wipe away all tears from your eyes in heaven.' Returning to your bed, you look from the window: every star hails you, but, chiefest, 'the bright and morning star.'

By and by, flaming from the east, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling, and calls you forth to the cares of the day ; and then you remember that God is the sun, and that heaven is bright with his presence. Drawn by hunger, you approach the table. The loaf whispers, as you break it, ' Broken for you ; ' and the wheat of the loaf sings, ' Bruised and ground for you.' The water that quenches your thirst says, ' I am the water of life.' If you wash your hands, you can but remember the teachings of spiritual purity. If you wash your feet, that has been done sacredly by Christ as a memorial. The very roof of your dwelling has its utterance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall receive its top-stone.

"Go forth to your labor ; and what thing can you see that has not its message? The ground is full of sympathy : the flowers have been printed with teaching. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are forming divine sentences ; the birds tell of heaven, with their love warblings in the green twilight ; the sparrow is a preacher of truth ; the hen clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and parcel of a revelation of God to man. The sheep that bleat from the pastures the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plow, the sickle, the wain, the barn, the flail, the threshing floor, — all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no visions themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope, and love, all the ministers of God. The whole earth doth praise him, and show forth his glory."

### THE CHINESE QUESTION

LOOMS up more portentously every year, and threatens to disturb our politics nearly as much as the negro question has done. "The Chinese," says a Western writer, "could populate the Pacific Coast more thickly than any of the New-England States are populated, and scarcely appreciate the sending." They are coming in vast numbers, and will claim the ballot. Meanwhile they are oppressed by state laws, badgered and stoned by mobs. As "The Nation" says, "Our native cut-throats and robbers take them to practice on." As the barriers of sect and race are falling down, we will be to the parties and the politicians who try to crush down that common humanity which rises up to claim its rights.

## THE NEW WEST.

MR. CHARLES L. BRUCE, in his book on California, gives facts, some of which are startling, and some very auspicious for the future of the new West. Among the latter is the influence of climate, and new modes of life, on the vigor and prolific power of the human race. He says he has heard of some very large families there, — one of *twenty-eight children, all of one mother*. *Per contra*, he tells fearful stories of devastations by floods, by gold-digging, by grasshoppers, and gophers, and by the fearful sirocco, which occurs, more or less, every summer. That at Santa Barbara, in 1859, was a blast of air so hot that no human being could live where it swept the streets. Animals fell dead, and fruit on the trees fell wasted to the ground, as if cooked by live coals.

## AN AFRIT.

As to the afrit mentioned by the traveler, in the Leaf from his Journal, published in the June number of this Magazine, a lady sends us the following extract from Bayard Taylor's Letters from Egypt: —

“While I was examining the central chamber, I heard a sound as of some one sharply striking one of the outside pillars with a stick. It was repeated three times, with an interval between, and was so clear and distinct, that I imagined it to be Achmet following me. I called, but, on receiving no answer, went out, and was not a little surprised to find no person there, or within sight. The temple stands at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and there is no place in the smooth sands on all sides of it where a man could hide.

“When I mentioned this circumstance to Achmet, on returning to the boat, he and the rais immediately declared it to be the work of an afrit, who frequently are heard among the ruins, and were greatly shocked when I refused to accept this explanation.”

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WITH respect to Christ, the wisest are but elder children performing the office of monitors to younger Christians.

ONE fool throws a stone into the well, and a hundred wise men cannot take it out.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Choice Works*, published by Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Uniform editions of MRS. STOWE's novels, comprising seven volumes, each an entire work, in clear print, grateful to the eye, are published by this firm ; viz., *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Nina Gordon* (*Dred*), *Agnes of Sorrento*, *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Mayflower*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, *Old Town Folks*.

*Old Town Folks*, the last work of MRS. STOWE, shows her genius in the fullness of its inspiration. Its three distinguishing attributes, power of delineation, insight into character, and never-failing humor, are here found in their highest perfection. The humor in this last work is even more pervading than in her previous ones. It is well known that the prominent characters are drawn from actual life, which fact gives the book always the fresh charm of reality ; and it is such a faithful picture of New-England life, domestic, social, and theological, during the last half of the last century, and the first half of the present, that it subserves the end of history equally with Scott's novels, and, like them, will have a permanent historical value.

The theological feature, objected to by some readers, could not have been left out in any tolerable delineation of New-England mind and character. Mere story-readers might have liked the book better, but it could never have had the permanent place in literature which now it has won for itself.

Horace Holyoke, one of the most important characters, has been criticised, on account of the supernatural element in it, by critics who are not probably aware that the character is a living personage, whose mystic experiences the writer has the best opportunities for knowing. In one particular we fail to see the truth of history. We never heard of a dance among the old puritan elders, deacons, and church-members, as the accompaniment of a New-England Thanksgiving : on the other hand, we believe that the almost uniform traditional belief among them was that "so many steps in a dance were so many paces towards hell."

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO. publish also the *Biography of Walter Savage Landor*, by JOHN FORSTER, a large, handsome octavo of 690 pp., with a portrait of Landor, whose soul sits visibly in his countenance. In this, the life, character, and genius of Landor are faithfully given, with much knowledge of the men of his times, Landor was one of the few men who read Plato and Homer as he read his mother tongue, and read and wrote Latin verses, while yet a school-boy, with the ease and grace of the ripest scholars. Perhaps he is best known to the reading public as the author of "Pericles and Aspasia;" but other works of sterling merit, which had been nearly forgotten, Mr. Forster renews our acquaintance with by extracts, and appreciative criticism.

The life of a great scholar and thinker of prodigious force of character, wilful and passionate, but with inexhaustible intellectual resources, passed alternately in England and Italy, is here set forth in its darker and lighter shades, with side-lights flung over the literary history of his times. His first elaborate poem, "Gebir," has passages of great force and beauty; some of which are reproduced by his biographer. Over one hundred pages are devoted to the "Imaginary Conversations," which, in the opinion of the author himself, "contain as forcible writing as exists on earth."

Landor lived to the age of eighty-nine; and the lesson of his life, on the whole, is a sad one. Obstinate and passionate, he quarreled with his own father, and was a constant vexation to his best friends. We are always, as in the case of Byron, comparing what he was with what he might have been, had his genius, like that of Wordsworth, whom he charges with plagiarizing from him, been warmly humane. The biography is interesting and valuable; but it is too bulky, and might have been made much better, from the richness of its material, had the biographer selected more wisely, and been master of a more sprightly style of narrative.

*Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*, is the queer title of a queer book, by EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. It is all about preaching and preachers, spiced with anecdotes, with racy extracts from the utterances of the most famous and successful preachers, especially those who have been noted for their humor and eccentricity. Its range is very wide, taking in the apostolic, the mediæval, and the modern age. It is comprised in nine lectures. The last three on "Wit, Humor, and Coarseness in the Pulpit," or "The Use and Abuse of Imagination and Illustration," and on "The Formation of Style for Pul-

pit Composition," are not only very pungent, but full of excellent suggestion ; and, if universally heeded, there would be no more droning in the pulpit henceforth. The lectures are dedicated to Charles Haddon Spurgeon, as they were delivered to the students of the Pastor's College under Spurgeon's care. South, Berridge, Kruber, Rowland Hill, Henry Ward Beecher, and many others, popularly known and unknown, furnish the lecturer with rich material, and amusing anecdote and illustration. All preachers who read the book will get freshness and freedom therefrom, and be helped out of pulpit ruts and trammels, if, unfortunately, they had got into them. New York : M. W. Dodd.

*The Office and Work of the Christian Ministry*, by JAMES M. HOPPIN, Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Yale College. New York : Sheldon & Co. This is a larger work than the one just noticed ; more elaborate and exhaustive. It will interest ministers and students in theology, and deserves thorough study by those who wish to acquire the highest gift of utterance. Its chapter on extemporaneous preaching is very timely, and full of the wisest counsel. Part First is on preaching, specially considered ; and Part Second applies rhetoric to the sermon, and its delivery. Then follows a separate treatise on the pastoral office, its relations to the society and to the church, following the pastor into the prayer-meeting, the sick-room, and to the death-bed ; and his personal duties with believers and unbelievers. It is a work of 620 pp. ; weighty in matter, lucid in style, printed in large, beautiful type.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York, publish a delicious summer book upon *Italy, Florence, and Venice*, translated from the French of H. TAINE, by J. Durand.

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## THE GION OF WORK AND BUSINESS.

BY C. PALFREY, D. D.

There is a great deal of work to be done in this life of ours. We are not placed upon the earth, like some of the inferior animals, merely to browse its spontaneous fruits, without labor or forethought for our own subsistence. We must work for our living with our hands or heads, or both. True, that all do not work. Some find themselves in a position to evade their share of the universal task, and to get out of the toil of others: but they have no moral right to do so; and they suffer an inevitable penalty in the moral degradation of an idle and aimless life. We are all bound to work not merely for the bare subsistence of our bodily life, but for all those things, which, in the course of human civilization, have become necessary to the most complete development and enjoyment of which our life in this world is capable. I know that luxury, which is false civilization, with its many artificial wants, that ought not to be gratified; but true civilization of man, the progress he was evidently destined to make, the normal development of his intellect, of his social, moral, and spiritual nature, — brings him to the perception of new wants that ought to be satisfied, and means of satisfying which ought to be accessible to



all, the satisfying of which makes ever-increasing industry necessary.

The only man who can really afford to be lazy is the savage, in the lowest stage of society. His wants are few, and easily supplied. He can divide his time between eating and sleeping. But every step of his advancement towards the most refined state of society reveals to him wants of which he was previously unconscious, and imposes upon him the necessity of labor. Never was the world so busy as it is to-day, amidst the high civilization it has reached. All the contrivances of science and art for economy of labor do not save labor, but stimulate production. The poor laborer has hitherto experienced the benefit of them, not in increased leisure, but in the abundance and cheapness of many comforts, which, a few generations ago, were beyond the reach of all but the most wealthy.

Thus we find that the condition of all life,—what truly deserves to be called life,—the fullest, completest life we can live, is unceasing exertion. Whence that necessity? It arises, we see, out of all the circumstances of our earthly condition. How came that condition to be ours? How came we in it? Not by chance, certainly; not by blind fate; not by the operation of necessary laws: but all this varied human life of ours, the material world in which it is lived, in all its changes, all the web of circumstances that make it what it is, rest upon the infinite bosom of God. He contrived it. He upholds it. It is perpetually directed and modified by influences of his spirit. It expresses his purposes. Therefore all the necessities involved in it were imposed by him. All the work that it demands of us is his work. In the right, faithful, diligent doing of that work, we are serving him. This thought of God's intimate presence and unceasing agency in all the details of our life is essential to all right views of life, and all right use of it.

As this is the fundamental idea upon which all true morality relating to work and business rests, it is worth while to illustrate it by showing its application to some of the principal departments of human industry. One of the most impor-

tant of these is that which was first assigned to man. The tiller of the soil, whether he is conscious of it or not, is in fact helping to fulfill one of the benevolent designs of Divine Providence. God meant that the earth should produce all that it can be made to produce, by the most improved methods of culture. But he left a part of this purpose to be accomplished by the skill and labor of man. He did not create the earth, teeming at once with all the choice fruits it is capable of bearing, and place man upon it merely to pluck and eat, without any exertion of his own. He made it a luxuriant wilderness, stored it with the seeds of all that is necessary for the sustenance and gratification of man and of every living thing, and laid up in its bosom the genial elements suited to cherish those seeds, and bring forth their fruits to perfection, but requiring the hands of an intelligent workman to cause it to produce its fruits in highest perfection and greatest abundance, and so to sustain the greatest possible amount of animal life. Can there be any doubt that the Creator designed that this work should be done ; though he saw fit, for wise purposes, that it should be completed by human hands rather than immediately by himself? The cultivator of the earth, then, is working upon a vast and glorious plan, helping to fill out the picture of a rich and beautiful world, sketched by the divine Artist, co-operating with the Father of all in the multiplication of food for the great family of living beings.

So, too, of the mechanic arts. The end of these arts is to produce articles of utility, convenience, comfort, and refinement. Those articles do not grow : they must be made. The materials of which they are wrought are abundantly provided in nature ; and man is endowed with the skill and inventive power which enables him to fashion them into instruments for use, or elegant forms for the gratification of taste. And all these things conduce to the happiness of man, and help him on in that progress in refinement which he was designed to make. These circumstances show the purpose of the Creator, that these things should be made, used, and enjoyed. The artisan, then, is also a minister of Providence. He, too, is helping to fulfill an important design.


He builds the dwellings of the human family, makes their furniture, provides their clothing, constructs the tools and machines that lighten their toil, and the ornaments that conduce to their refined enjoyment, and promote their civilization.

The merchant, also, is an agent of Providence. The different climates of the earth are made to differ in their natural productions ; not that each may enjoy exclusively what is peculiar to itself, but that, by a free interchange, each may partake of the blessings of all, and that the various families of man may be bound together by a mutual supply of wants. This distribution is effected by traffic in all its departments. The merchant is the factor of Providence for this purpose. His warehouse is the garner in which the divine hand has brought together the productions of the remotest corners of the earth, that they may be distributed in his neighborhood, and that with them may be dispensed comforts and enjoyments that could not else be obtained.

Work is done, not by the hands only, but by the brain also. Head-work consumes the strength and vital energy of the body more rapidly than manual toil. Let the intellectual worker always be considered as occupying a place among the laboring classes. All right labor of this sort, also, answers beneficent purposes that are a part of the scheme of Providence. The student, who investigates the phenomena and laws of matter and mind, and interprets to his fellow-men the traces he thus reads of the creative mind of God, or makes useful discoveries, or turns his knowledge to good account by inventions that subserve the welfare of his race ; the poet, who purifies and enlarges the souls of men by the fervent utterance of elevated thought and sentiment, and by opening to them worlds of ideal purity and excellence ; the jurist, who studies the science of right, as it has become complicated by the manifold intricate relations of society, so as to be able to instruct men as to their just claims and obligations, and to prevent disputes, or to settle them when they have arisen, or, when they are brought to adjudication, to assist in the establishment of justice ; the physician, who watches over the health of others, and aims to keep their bodies in such a con-

dition that they can best enjoy life, and most effectually perform its labors and duties ; the minister, who is ordained to assist his fellow-men in all that pertains to the development and exercise of their spiritual nature ; the teacher, who unfolds and trains the growing powers of childhood and youth, and prepares them for future usefulness ; all who are employed in any of the offices, from the highest to the lowest, of any of the departments of government, and so contribute to the promotion of that great interest of humanity, the maintenance of civil order, — these all occupy places that God has manifestly provided, which he meant to be filled, and which he designed for good. It is needless to multiply examples. Think of any occupation in which men ever engage ; and then answer the questions, Is it honest ? Is it useful ? Can it be carried on without detriment to any one ? Does it do any sort of good to the bodies or the souls of men ? If so, then know that it is a part of God's economy of human society. A divine idea underlies it. There is a way in which God meant the work of that calling to be done ; the way in which it will do most good. To observe what that way is, and so to do the work, is an essential part of true religion.

The employments that have been mentioned are usually considered to belong to men. Some of them, however, are now — more, it may be expected, will hereafter be — occupied by woman in common with man. There is a sphere, however, which is exclusively hers, and which is as manifestly God-appointed and designed to be a ministry of good, as any sphere of human activity. The occupation expressed in our good mother English by the term "housekeeping," understood in its widest sense ; the wise ordering of the affairs of the household ; the government of the little domestic kingdom ; the prudent economy of its revenue ; the immediate provision for its daily sustenance and comfort ; the care of making it the abode of peace, order, and love ; of making home such a source of blessing to all its inmates as it is capable of being, — how much of human happiness depends on the faithful performance of this function ! And does it not afford as much exercise of mind and discipline of character, and give as fair



an opportunity of moral and spiritual development, as the occupations that fill the days of most men? Above all, the office of educator is hers by nature. She is almost alone with childhood, at its most susceptible period, when the future tendencies of character are determined by the slightest causes. Her power over the young child is all but supreme. This, her natural and legitimate influence, is immensely powerful. The world will never know the extent of its obligation to the mothers of good and great men.

What now is the effect which this view of secular occupation should have upon the feelings with which it is regarded, and the manner in which its several operations are carried on?

First, it may be said, that work, all useful labor of head or hands, is honorable. It is co-operation with Almighty God. "My Father worketh hitherto," says Jesus, "and I work." The divine energy is unceasingly active in upholding and reproducing. The glory of God is chiefly manifested by the perpetual production of good to all living beings. This, then, is true glory. To this the humblest man may aspire. He may, in his humble capacity, imitate this unwearied occupation in well-doing. Yet the general judgment of men has been different from this. Immunity from labor has been regarded as the badge of nobility, the most desirable of human conditions, a worthy aim for all who can ever hope to reach it. He who can live upon wealth accumulated by the toil of other hands, and who consumes the fruits of the earth without effecting a single beneficial end in the world, has been considered the great man, and has been the envied one. But, to a correct judgment, he who has caused two blades of grass to spring up where but one would otherwise have grown, or has fashioned any of the materials of nature into the rudest tool, is greater, and deserving of higher honor, than he.

This view of work and business draws at once a line of distinction between right and wrong occupations. Of course, among the manifold opportunities and resources that the providence of God offers to the use of man, he is free to abuse and pervert some. He may employ them for ends for which they were not designed, and work evil for himself and others

where God meant only good. To this test should every occupation be brought: Is it useful? Does it not only bring gain to him who engages in it, but is it beneficial to the community? Does it supply any real want? Does it conduce in any way to the true welfare of men? Or does it do harm to body or soul? Does it minister to any depraved propensity? Does it promote vice? All occupations that cannot stand this test should be at once and utterly abolished. How can they for a moment be imagined to be a part of the divine plan?

So, too, would all low and base arts and dishonest practices, in the prosecution of a calling that is right in itself, vanish before the spirit that would be inspired by this view of work and business. They could not co-exist with it. They would be felt at once to be utterly unworthy of one who performed so noble a function as the humblest man would be conscious of performing. How could the work of God be thought to be accomplished by iniquity? Every man would feel himself to be laboring for the good of the whole and for his own private interest only in subservience to the general good.

This spirit will also prompt a man to do his work in the best possible manner. If it is a part of the design of God that the work of a particular calling should be done, who can doubt that it is his will that it should be well done? If he left it to be done by human hands, who can doubt that he meant it to be done as perfectly as the powers he gave for the purpose will admit? Sympathy with the divine intention will inspire a love of perfection, and a desire of realizing it in all one's work. Many things go to constitute the perfection of a piece of work, which are known only to him whose profession it is to do it. A religious motive will lead a man so to do it as to satisfy his own highest conception of the manner in which it ought to be done; that is, in the way in which he must believe that God meant it to be done, although he might have done it less perfectly, and no human eyes would ever have detected the deficiency. When a man becomes truly desirous of serving God in the business of life, the method of doing so, that will first suggest itself, is this, — of doing

that business in the most thorough, complete, and faithful manner.

Another view of secular work that has been taken leads to the same conclusion. Such work is a service of man as well as a service of God. It is a service of God because it is a service of man. Every occupation, the object of which is to produce articles of utility for others, places him who engages in it in certain relations towards those who will use the articles he produces. Their interests, so far as the use of those articles is concerned, are placed in his hands. If he is faithful in his work, they will receive from it the greatest benefit. If he is unfaithful, their comfort, convenience, and advantage from it will be the less. A man who has a just view of his calling, who regards it as a means of serving others as well as himself, will consider the interests of the unknown consumer of his productions, and will not satisfy himself with furnishing an article just good enough to pass the inspection of an unskillful purchaser, but will make it in such a manner as he himself knows will be most serviceable. And the same principle evidently applies to every occupation and profession which intrusts to a man's hands any interests of his fellow-men, touching the welfare of their bodies, souls, or estates.

Upon a man's having this view of his calling, or having it not, it depends whether he will resemble the brute animals, who are caused, by the instincts given them, unknowingly to accomplish the designs of Providence for the good of themselves, or of their kind ; or to answer yet higher ends, like the coral insect, who fancies that it is only providing itself a yearly habitation, when in fact it is laying the foundation of islands, and perhaps, eventually, of continents ; or whether he shall resemble the angels of heaven, who can enter to some extent into the divine plan, and can admire its grandeur and beauty, and sympathize with its benevolence ; who give it the full and free consent of their whole souls, and who do the work of duty earnestly and joyfully, because it is the will of God, and because it is a ministry of love to fellow-beings.

## THE JOY OF THE LORD.

A SERMON. BY REV. C. C. SHACKFORD.

"Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."—MATT. xxv. 21.

JESUS speaks in another place of imparting *his* joy. What is that? His joy sprang from no external conditions of prosperity and success. His love of obedience to the divine will and his love for the good of man were such, that suffering, hardship, loneliness, and contempt, persecution and sorrow, were to him fountains of joy. That is no real love which delights in sharing only the comforts and pleasurable excitements of a beloved object. That is a natural and superficial feeling common to all. But the pure, human love has its deepest joy in entering into the sufferings, the low estate, the heavy griefs and wretched experience of its object, and is blessed only as it can thus be allowed to enter.

What mother's joy consists only in the beauty, the success, and the health of the beloved child? What so opens the deep fountains of the soul as the suffering weakling, the moaning, pain-stricken one, for whom the eye forgets to close in sleep, and the exhaustless strength wells up into every fibre of the frail and bending form? What wifely love is that which finds its highest satisfaction in days of enjoyment, and proud exultation in him who stands strong and successful by her side? The joy in loving finds that the deepest spring is not moved, except in tears and anguish, in woe and suffering.

These may serve as illustrations of the joy of Christ, — that love which gave the parables of The Lost Sheep and the Prodigal Son; which announced the heavenly chorus to be joy over the repentant and the returning sinner. Did these parables spring from any outward view of objects contemplated? or were they not really the declaration of what constituted his own heaven and his own life? Because he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, he possessed the truest joy. He spoke from the heaven within his own soul; and



from that deduced the law of the heavenly life and the character of the divine perfection, the fatherly love.

Our nature is constituted so great that joy is in proportion to the sacrifice made for the objects of love. That which comes without effort, struggle, sacrifice, may confer some degree of pleasurable sensation, gratify the taste, and meet some of the external desires ; it may please the love of display, may minister to the comfort of the body, ward off annoying stings, and keep back dejecting fears : but what joy is in that future which comes to one from without, and which he has done nothing to earn ! Manhood really exalts only in manly deeds. The heroic soul can joy only in heroic endeavors and heroic sacrifices. The joy of virtue is in conquest over evil : the joy of immortality is in overcoming death. The true martyr-spirit would not resign its place at the burning stake for the seat upon the purple throne. To love, of any kind, all obstacles seem light, and all effort seems easy. It does not measure out its need of service, or have any profit-and-loss balance wherein its sacrifices and toils are weighed. It does not seek with how little it can answer the calls made upon it, but undertakes each duty for the joy it feels therein, and is cast down that the deed ever seems so to lag behind the desire to do. There gushes up from the heart the well-spring of joy, watering, as it overflows, even the desert-sands from which come no smiling flowers or nourishing fruits. The deepest joy comes from what we give, and not from what we receive. Therefore is God said to love the sinner more than the saint, because to the one, and not to the other, flow forth the fountains of mercy, compassion, and forgiving tenderness and grace.

That for which we pray and toil, which we tenderly forgive, and for which we lovingly sacrifice bright hopes and happy prospects, sunlight days and peaceful nights, — *that* entwines itself around every fibre of the heart, and moves to deepest joy. Jesus invited to hardships and labors, to persecution and deaths ; not to merry hours and festive gladness. He knew the true source of blessedness for human souls.

And so every great cause that has enlisted the ardent en-

thusiasm of men has appealed to what was noblest and deepest in humanity, and has won its most faithful adherents, not by promises of ease and delight, but by the call for self-sacrificing toil and never-ceasing peril, by holding forth the prospect of hardship and loss. "Soldiers," was the address of one who judged from his own noble heart what appeal to make to them in the hour when they were to decide whether to follow him or not,—"Soldiers, in recompense of the love you bear your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death. Who accepts the terms, let him follow me." Every man, with enthusiastic shouts, went with him to meet the foe.

So with the great religions in their inception and early progress. Not then do the living receivers smooth away the demands, and make easy the path to be trodden by the faithful and the true. The uniform tenor of the declaration of Jesus to those who would follow him was, "Ye follow me to crucifixion and death." And Christianity has been said to owe its early spread and rapid hold upon the world to woman. Appealing more than any other religion to what was pure in renunciation, holy in devotion, and perfect in self-sacrifice, it struck upon the deepest chord of woman's nature, in whom are manifest those affections, the very life of which is the giving-up of self and of ease, and putting on the garment of care and pain for those she loves. The ideal figure of woman is that of one who offers herself as a sacrifice upon the altar of affection; finding her highest joy in consecration; merging her own thought and joy and self even, in another soul; more willingly working for the glory and success of father, son, brother, husband, than for her own.

It was that joy in submissive consecration, that willing adoption of the deepest life in the affections, which made her a slave and a passive instrument of man's stronger thought and more imperious force in all the past; but it was that also which responded to the noblest utterances of Christian truth, and the purest precepts of a supreme devotedness to a life of heavenly love. Through woman it was that the soul-moving teachings of the divine man of Nazareth penetrated the Roman household, and infiltrated into the pores and recesses of

the corrupt heathen world. Women were among the first and most faithful martyrs, for they were trusting and true : they were the most ready recipients, for a voice within them told clearly how divine, how in harmony with the ground-tone of their being, was this call, not to happiness, but to joy through hardness and anguish, through self-denial and pain. She was not repelled by the outside of "the man of sorrows," that form of Christianity so simple, so seemingly rough and plain by the side of Pagan pomp, Epicurean allurements, and sensual felicity ; but through this mask she —

"Beheld the soul's true face."

She had —

"The faith and love to see,  
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,  
The patient angel waiting for his place  
In the new heavens ; and nor sin nor woe  
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighborhood,  
Nor all which others, viewing, turn to go," —

Not all this could repel the loving heart of woman. It was the claim which called out a deeper and a holier love.

In the descent of Christian truth from this elevated and divine sphere, it became clothed in the vulgar forms of a promise of triumph over enemies, Messianic reigns, future happiness and idle enjoyment, catching the dusky mists and enveloped in the lurid atmosphere of Oriental luxury, and barbarian rudeness of sensuous thought. How different the portrayal of heaven and hell from the teachings of Jesus, so grand and calm in their outline of spiritual reality and intense depth of holy meditation ! Still, over all and in the midst of all, there was heard the trumpet-call to renunciation, to self-immolation and pure heart-consecration, martyr-existence and martyr-death. Still, the brightest forms that illumine the long track of sensuous thought, worldly accommodation, and vulgar, earthly exaltations, are the forms which rejoiced in him who had no nest like the bird, and no hole like the fox ; him who wrestled in the wilderness and suffered on the cross ; him who was buried in the grave, and had his lot

with the malefactor and the outcast, — the poor, the enslaved, the sinful, and the condemned of men.

And, in considering what was the joy of Jesus as contrasted with the vulgar estimate, we are to bear in mind that the latter depends upon outward means and appliances, — is partial, and confined to a few ; the other is universal, and belongs to humanity in every form and under every sky. The one is the ordinary idea of happiness, and depends upon outward goods and favoring circumstances which belong to only the few, born, it is said, under some lucky star. But joy springs from the soul itself ; joy springs up from the acceptance of the hardest and most seemingly evil lot. It comes from loving, and not from being loved. It is the overflowing fullness of the fountain which blesses, and does not wait to be blest. Truly does one say, "It is nobler to love than to be loved. We may lack those outward qualities which would give us power to attract attention and love ; our souls may naturally ache for human love, and yearn for it with sighs and tears : but, after all, it does not vitally concern any of us, whether others love us or not ; our right aim is to be lovely, and to love, and not to be beloved. Oh, let us know, that, if love be ours, all is ours. We want for nothing then. Let us not sit here, wetting our path with these selfish tears, because we are unbeloved ; but go out and love the stones and stars, the men and women, and the children in the streets. This is what we are to live for : it is a little thing to be loved, but to love is all. The talented may think me talentless, and esteem me not ; the moneyed deem me moneyless, and heed me not ; the lovely in body or in soul slight me, and pass me by : —

" ' Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love.' "

Happiness, then, may be looked for without, if one desires that inferior good ; but joy springs up within, — the gift of character, and not of fortune. If there is, within, the longing after external good, the hell of envy, discord, and unrest ; if there is the tossing sea of passion, covetousness, and hate, — in vain will the outward gleam with splendor, and lure with sen-

sual charm. Too great is this soul, too divine in its capacities and needs, for a complete satisfaction in the vain search after happiness and the delights of a selfish and worldly love. Still will be heard, from the most favoring means of outward enjoyment, the wearisome sigh of satiety, or the groan of un-resting desire, or the despairing cry, "Who will show me any good?" And in the midst of this discord, this tumultuous heaving of the billows of weary dissatisfaction, comes up the invitation "to enter into the joy of the Lord." He knew what a rest was to be found there, and there alone: he felt how easy and how light were this burden and yoke, for his own blessedness was in bearing them.

If this, then, is the spiritual law of joy, how can it change with the transfer from this scene of being to the heavenly sphere? Can any place or any outward environment give joy anywhere to one who does not know what joy is here? Are we to seek after it there? or can it be poured upon us? Are we to be exhorted to be religious in order that we may have bestowed upon us this reward of eternal happiness? Surely this is too low and gross a view. Joy comes to us, and in vain shall we go after it. When all the faculties of the soul are seeking after, and occupied with, their appropriate objects; when they are absorbed in the endeavor to obtain goodness, nobleness, truth of character and of doing,—then springs up the fountain of joy, and the desert of life becomes like a garden which the Lord has blest. It comes, always and only, when unsought: it cannot be purchased, but is given "without money and without price." Get into heaven, and you will not thereby compass it. You must carry it with you whenever you would find it. It must gush up from within, the welling-up of love, submission, earnest consecration and pure purpose, out of the central, divine depths: it is the melodious harmony breathing from out the shrine and sanctuary of the eternal Presence,—the voice of the Father, saying, "This is my beloved Son." This is the joy of the Lord, the joy in blessing, and in being of service in the appropriate sphere,—the joy in acceptance of the Father's will.

Can the glory of the heavenly state be other in kind than

this? Shall we admit, for a moment, the idea of heaven as a place where the faith or the services of this life are to be rewarded by rest and ease, and freedom from all that will annoy and disturb; where there is no discipline and no struggle, no glory of the dawning or splendor of the evening sky; where all are alike happy through outward enjoyments? Must not the heaven there be as the heaven here, — the joy in love, the joy of a harmonized being, a soul fulfilling and obeying the eternal, spiritual laws of blessedness? Is it not more blessed to give than to receive, there, as well as here? Is it not the joy of the Lord to bestow and to bless? This is the very essence and soul of love here below, — to look not to self, but to another's good. "The one joy and beauty and delight here below," says an earnest thinker, "the one thing that redeems this earth, is love, which is always self-sacrifice. But it is a sacrifice which *is rejoiced in*, and so is not felt as evil. All that a man wants, to be in heaven, is to have that perfect love, so that evil to the self shall not be felt as evil, but shall be converted into joy."

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## THE SABBATH IS HERE.

FROM KRUMACHER.

THE Sabbath is here : it is sent us from heaven.  
Rest, rest, toilsome life ;  
Be silent all strife ;  
Let us stop on our way,  
And give thanks, and pray  
To Him who all things has given.

The Sabbath is here. To the fields let us go :  
How fresh and how fair,  
In the still morning air,  
The bright golden grain  
Waves over the plain !  
It is God who doth all this bestow.

The Sabbath is here. On this blessed morn,  
No tired ox moans,  
No creaking wheel groans ;  
At rest is the plow ;  
No noise is heard now,  
Save the sound of the rustling corn.

The Sabbath is here. Our seed we have sown  
In hope and in faith :  
The Father he saith  
Amen ! Be it so !  
Behold the corn grow !  
Rejoicing, his goodness we'll own.

The Sabbath is here. His love we will sing,  
Who sendeth the rain  
Upon the young grain ;  
And soon all around  
The sickle will sound,  
And home the bright sheaves we will bring.

The Sabbath is here. In hope and in love  
We sow in the dust ;  
While humbly we trust  
Up yonder shall grow  
The seed which we sow,  
And bloom a bright garland above.

E. L. F.

## GOD IN THE STILLNESS.

THERE is a false hope with which many a man deludes himself in his religious, or rather irreligious, apathy. He is not religious at present, but he hopes he shall be some time. For though the world's din is so loud about him at present, yet is not there the future, holding in it darkness and vicissitudes and death, awful mysteries and terrible possibilities? And, in these visitations, does not God come his nearest to us, and speak to us his loudest? Somehow I am without God in the world yet: but he will come from out of the future to meet me; and then my spirit will be awed at what will happen of his doing. Or, in the darkness with which he will surround me, my soul from within me will cry out for the living God. A misapprehension, a mistake, this. For, if God is waiting in the years of the future for us, then most likely it will be stillly, silently, that he will approach us, rather than in events of magnitude, mystery, or terror.

Awful events have God's awfulness in them, we think. But they happen to us; and then, for some reason, they do not feel especially divine. Great scenes have God's greatness in them visibly, we think; and yet, somehow, it is not perceptible at the first look.

However, this is a subject, perhaps, which can best be spoken of from personal experience.

"Oh," thinks the landsman, with his feet firm on the earth, "but on the open sea, — a storm at sea! That is what would make a man feel; ay, and feel God." Yet once, in a storm at sea myself, I was astonished at my feelings, which were not religious at all, unless my calmness was, and that, perhaps, was divine trust; but, if it were, it was not what came with the wind. The wind roared about the vessel like a voice out of the throat of destruction. The ship was heaved from wave to wave: it was flung headlong down slanting waves. It was what the sea rolled over, like a helpless wreck, at times. There was a crash of planking above



and stout boats on deck were stove in. Down in the dimly lighted cabin, it was suddenly dark with the weight of water that rolled across the window above. To myself it was the most awful scene I had ever known ; and yet it was not awful with God, but only with wind and water. The wind went roaring by, like a terrible threat that would never end ; but there was no feeling in it of the wrath of God. Moment by moment, it was as though we had either to be saved or perish ; and yet I had no fresh feeling about the will of God in it. " Strange ! " I thought : " It is strange, that out here, in the open sea, God is about me in such might, and I feel him so little ! Strange, that here, in the waves, I am pitched, as it were, from hand to hand, across deep gulfs ; and yet my safety feels no more providential than this ! Strange, that God should be come about me in the tempest ; and it is only the tempest I feel, and not him ! "

I had little feeling of God at that terrible season ; perhaps even because of the tempest, because of my being kept in a state of vigilance, amazement, and curiosity.

And, the first day I saw Niagara, my soul was full of thought and feeling, but not of God. I saw the waters come over the fall, looking like almightiness, that might so easily be destruction. Oh the vast breadth of the falling waters, the great deep roar of the gulf, and the smoke that goes up from it day and night ! Everywhere roaring and falling water, — everywhere about ! This side and the other, from above and from beneath, such a fall and a rush of water ! Always with you, — forever with you, — the sound of many waters ! A sound as of a multitude of voices ; human voices, though. Strange it was ; yet at first, in that majestic roar, I heard nothing of God, but only the power of falling water, or, at most, a word as to the world's perilous make.

It was not till I had got a little accustomed to the scene, that I began to feel the religiousness of it. And it was only with the calming of my feelings, that I began to feel God there. But many a time, on my knees, or while sitting in stillness at my table, I have heard God speak to me louder and more touchingly than I heard him at Niagara.

And once it happened to me to be at the point of death ; but I did not find there what is usually expected, — divine terrors, holy humiliation, anticipations so vivid as to be like awful glimpses of another world, a lonely solemn fronting of the Almighty. I was in what I was saved from, almost, perhaps, only by the hand of miracle, in a danger, an extremity so great. Yet I felt no nearer God with my sudden nearness to death. I was not frightened. I thought of a thousand things, — things I could like to have done, things I was leaving. “And how strange it is,” I thought, “how strange that I should be thinking of these trifles ; that they are what come to my mind, and not God ! I am down in the grave : it is even closed over me. And I am in the dark forever. Yet my soul is only as it was. It is almost in the very hands of the living God, and has no feeling of it.

I have no doubt but that the reader's own observations have been often like my experiences. And he will have noticed what will make him believe of himself, that, for knowing God, he must be still.

I could tell many things of these experiences of mine. In sudden peril, I have seen men feel much, and I have heard them call out upon God, as though, like the pale moon, he had become bright about them in their sudden darkness. And yet it was not so. A strong word they wanted, — some passionate word to call out. And so they called on God. But for any feeling for what new trust they felt, for any hope they had, they might as well have called on Matthew or Mark.

And I have known frivolous men grow earnest with the ending of life ; yet not divinely earnest : earnest only as a dog that shrinks from a pool that he may drown in ; not earnest as a soul that feels the mystery of life thickening at death, and the brightness of God gleaming on it through the dark, and strange new feelings of another world waking up to make this world, at the very end of it, feel more awful.

Often, with great things happening to him, a man is so stupefied that he feels nothing, or he is so amazed that he feels nothing rightly ; and often, in a sudden peril or loss, a man is not himself : so how should he be becoming religious when he is not even sensible ?

And very often, when something extraordinary happens to a man, he fancies himself affected otherwise than he is. In a house darkened with death, I have known a man think himself grown religious, while really he was only sad from missing some old comforts, and from thinking that he would have to die himself some time. The man was afflicted, he was "smitten of God;" and he said it was of God, but simply because he knew it must be, and not that, in his soul, he felt it was so. A man may see another die, may have his dearest friend vanish by death from his sight, and feel loss and pain and agony in the occurrence, and yet not God—not at all know of God in it.

It is not for us, then, to be trusting to the religiousness of things that may perhaps happen to us in the future.

Though, no doubt, it may prove for us, what it often is for others, that the coming of trouble and experience and years is the coming of God.

In a great loss of money, a frustration of worldly success, I have known a man confronted by God, and spoken to, "Thus far canst thou come, and no further." And, with the awe of the divine voice in his ears, his earthly loss felt nothing. And a man, suddenly called to die, I have known feel his soul, as it were, about to slide away on God's spirit to heaven. And sometimes, on a great misfortune, I have known a man have his sudden agony suddenly subside in his soul, and the very peace of God possess him.

Oh, beneath the cloud of adversity, how tender is sometimes the soul's meeting with God! And yet in that darkness, at first, perhaps God is met with only by those whose souls were already on the move towards him.

But, for having that movement to begin with us, what shall we do? It may be that our hearts would throb with some of his rarer displays of power were we to feel an earthquake under our feet, or to see a volcano fling its fire up the midnight sky. It may be, that we should feel how awful God is were some comet of old times to trail its fiery length low in the firmament; or were some ancient pestilence to come again, and sweep the earth with its invisible might,

making it be scant of inhabitants, and full of fear. It may be, by some high mountain, we should feel its Maker's "eternal power and godhead." And it may be, with walking through tropical forests, we should feel ourselves overshadowed with a presence of love and beauty, that our souls from within us would answer to.

And it may be that it would not be so. But, whether or not, these are not things that are likely to happen to us. Not after that manner, but by some other way, are our souls to become religious.

You think to know God by looking towards him from under another sky than this, or by having your minds excited by the terrors or the joys that coming years may bring you. "Oh," you say,—"oh that I knew God better than I do! But I am hard of heart, and soften my heart will not. Almost I could pray that a thunderbolt from God Almighty might startle me! Oh that he would speak! His voice ever so awful! Oh that I could go somewhere, and hear it! were it ever so far, still I would journey and go. Oh that I could know God, though it were by ever so much struggle and ever such terrible scenes! God—that I could know thee! oh that I could!"

And hark! The word of God! It is here, and it is addressed to you. It is himself, God, speaking to you,—“Be still, and know that I am God.”

And still, quiet, self-possessed, you can be. And, if you would know God, be still; for, by being still, you can know him if you wish. Because God will come in upon your soul when the doorways of your mind are no longer filled with crowding thoughts of business or pleasure or self.

Your sins, your daily aberrations from right,—think of them, pray against them; pray to have them forgiven and prevented; and, with the growing life and holiness of your conscience, there will grow upon you a new feeling of God,—a sense of being in communion with him; awful, very awful, yet friendly, and even familiar almost.

Whenever your soul is moved to prayer or praise, do you worship. If it is only “Blessed Lord God Almighty!” yet

say it. These feelings, that would have us turn to God, rise in the soul, we know not how ; and they may be quenched, we know not how easily.

"O my God!" The words are as easy as any words. But the feeling of them — that — oh! that — where does it come from? Not of my flesh, not of my will, but of what is the mystery of my make, of what is divine in my relations.

"Yes, from our own experience, if we have been living to any spiritual purpose at all ; from the very nature of our souls, it is said to us as religious seekers, solemnly, touchingly, and as though from the source whence inspiration comes, — Be still in your thoughts : be still, and know that I am God."

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### KEBLE'S "CHRISTIAN YEAR."

WE do not know how familiar this book may be to our readers ; but our impression is, that, while some value it almost as much as we do, the greater part have been kept from the knowledge and enjoyment of it by regarding it only as an Episcopalian book. Such it certainly is : but so is Thomas á Kempis Roman Catholic ; yet his holy pages have been the strengthener of piety to many a Protestant. So is "Pilgrim's Progress" Calvinistic ; yet who, for this, would deny himself the pleasure and instruction of tracing the Christian's path to heaven by the light of that beautiful allegory? When a true poet and a true Christian writes, the result of his loving labor is not to be confined within the limits of a sect. Keble himself claims for Christianity a share in all classic beauty.

"Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays, —  
Lo! here the unknown God of thy unconscious praise."

Much more may we claim, for our common Christian faith, the holy thoughts and holy words that derived from it their inspiration, though he who gave them utterance belonged to a section of the fold remote from that which we occupy. We should not call ourselves Liberal Christians if we could not allow at times for an expression that implied a different creed or a different ritual from our own.

Few books have produced so great an effect as this. From its appearance has been dated the movement in England so long known by the names of "Tractarian" and "Puseyite;" and it makes us look on that movement with more charity to learn that it had any connection with such a book as this. If we have fancied that it was merely a zeal for mediæval architecture and church adornment, for the divine right of bishops, or even for mystical views of the communion, and for the worship of the Virgin Mary, we shall be undeceived when we take in hand the work that first excited it, and find it full of exquisite poetry, overflowing with love to God and man; and if these emotions are blended in love to Christ, those of us who hold that he is the image of God, and the holiest type of humanity, will appreciate and share the feeling. We may be assured, indeed, that mere rhymes about arches and upholstery, about religious ceremonies or mysterious doctrines, would not have stirred the heart of the English people as this book stirred it; and if, when the national church awoke from its lethargy, a portion of its new-found energy displayed itself in such directions as these, it could not have been reasonably expected that all who felt the influence of Keble's spirit should have possessed equal elevation of mind with him.

Like many others to whom the Christian community has been deeply indebted, the author of this book occupied no conspicuous station. He was simply the Rev. John Keble, a country clergyman. But since his death, at an advanced age, and with the testimony of those who knew him to the saintliness of his character, those of other denominations have united in the tribute to his memory which was inaugurated by the church he loved so dearly, and to whose spiritual elevation he so greatly contributed.

The book is not a controversial one. We recall but two or three pieces that are argumentative on doctrinal subjects. One is that entitled "Esau's Forfeit," which advances the common course of reasoning to prove the eternity of future punishment; another, that on St. Matthias' Day, which argues, from his appointment, the permanence of the apostolic order. So, in the lines on Trinity Sunday, is an illustration of that mysterious doctrine from the union of the three parts in music; expressed with much poetic beauty, whatever may be thought of its strength as an argument. More generally, doctrine and form are not insisted on, but taken for granted. There is something of the argument against the Romish Church in the verses for the day commemorative of the Gunpowder Treason; but never did controversial writing end more lovingly.

"And, oh! by all the pangs and fears  
Fraternal spirits know,  
When for an elder's shame the tears  
Of wakeful anguish flow,

"Speak gently of our sister's fall:  
Who knows but gentle love  
May win her at our patient call,  
The surer way to prove?"

With these exceptions, we do not recall a piece that can rightly be regarded as polemic in its character.

The arrangement of "The Christian Year," on which this book is founded, appears, to most of us Congregationalists, complicated, obscure, and unprofitable. To talk about Sexagesima Sunday, St. Philip's and St. James's Day, the Fourth Sunday in Lent, or the Second in Advent, seems to us to be bringing into religious services a collection of unmeaning words. But these words, to those who have been used to them all their lives, have a meaning. Some of the terms, indeed, are antique, their origin scarce known; but they came down from ages, when, to the illiterate crowd of recent converts from heathenism, this arrangement of days gave a view of the events in the Saviour's history far more distinct

than they could otherwise have attained. The ecclesiastic year begins a month before Christmas; the portions of Scripture assigned to be read having reference to the coming of Christ, and to the testimony of the Baptist who preceded him. From this beginning, all the Sundays in the year are arranged in a manner, which, in some instances, — as at Easter and Whitsunday, — follows well-known dates, but of which, in other cases, the guiding principle is not so distinctly seen; but the whole being a series of memorials to recall the chief events in the life of Jesus. A volume of poems then, on the "Christian Year," is a series of illustrations of that holy life. Thus, of Keble's book, the Saviour is the grand subject.

We will now offer a few specimens, beginning with that which was the favorite hymn of F. W. Robertson. In his memoir, vol. ii., p. 306, is the following passage: —

"Before him there lay in the still evening light a wide expanse of pasture-land dotted with weird thorns, and rolling up to a hill covered with firs. In the distance, sharply defined against a yellow sky, was a peculiar mountain-peak, dark purple. A faint blue mist was slowly rising, and had filled the hollows. The wind was singing loudly through the withered bents of grass. He was silent for a few minutes, and then, as if to himself, began slowly to repeat Keble's Hymn: —

#### "MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

"Where is thy favored haunt, Eternal Voice,  
 The region of thy choice;  
 Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul  
 Owns thine entire control?  
 'T is on the mountain summit dark and high  
 When storms are hurrying by:  
 'T is mid the strong foundations of the earth,  
 Where torrents have their birth.

"No sounds of worldly toil ascending there  
 Mar the full burst of prayer.  
 Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,  
 And round us and beneath



Are heard her sacred tones : the fitful sweep  
 Of winds across the steep  
 Through withered bents, — romantic note and clear,  
 Meet for a hermit's ear, —

" The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,  
 And, scarcely heard so high,  
 The dashing waters when the air is still  
 From many a torrent rill  
 That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,  
 Tracked by the blue mist well, —  
 Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart  
 For thought to do her part.

" 'T is then we hear the voice of God within,  
 Pleading with care and sin :  
 ' Child of my love ! how have I wearied thee ?  
 Why wilt thou err from me ?  
 Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,  
 Parted the drowning waves,  
 And set my saints before thee in the way,  
 Lest thou shouldst faint or stray ?

" ' What ! was the promise made to thee alone ?  
 Art thou the accepted one ?  
 An heir of glory without grief or pain ?  
 O vision false and vain !  
 There lies thy cross ; beneath it meekly bow :  
 It fits thy stature now.  
 Who scornful pass it with averted eye —  
 'T will crush them by and by.

" ' Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure  
 Of thine eternal treasure.  
 The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought :  
 The world for thee was bought.  
 And as this landscape broad, — earth, sea, and sky, —  
 All centres in thine eye,  
 So all God does, if rightly understood,  
 Shall work thy final good.' "

In contrast with the majestic grandeur of the scene here described is the tenderness of the lines that follow, — a few verses from " Holy Baptism : " —

"Where is it mothers learn their love?  
In every church a fountain springs,  
O'er which the eternal dove  
Hovers on softest wings.

\* \* \* \* \*

"O happy arms, where cradled lies,  
And ready for the Lord's embrace,  
That precious sacrifice,  
The darling of his grace!

"Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam  
Upon the slumbering features glow,  
When the life-giving stream  
Touches the tender brow!

"Or when the holy cross is signed,  
And the young soldier duly sworn  
With true and fearless mind  
To serve the Virgin-born.

"But happiest ye, who, sealed and blest,  
Back to your arms your treasure take,  
With Jesus' mark impressed,  
To nurse for Jesus' sake.

\* \* \* \* \*

"O tender gem, and full of heaven!  
Not in the twilight stars on high,  
Not in moist flowers at even,  
See we our God so nigh.

"Sweet one, make haste, and know him too,  
Thine own adopting Father-love,  
That, like thine earliest dew,  
Thy dying sweets may prove."

Many of Keble's pieces have reference to the duties, the feelings, and the trials of the pastor. Such, among others, are those entitled "Holy Orders" and "The Fishermen of Bethsaida." Such is "The Disobedient Prophet," ending with the solemn warning, —

"Alas, my brother ! round thy tomb,  
 In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,  
 We read the pastor's doom  
 Who speaks and will not hear.

"The grayhaired saint may fail at last,  
 The surest guide a wanderer prove :  
 Death only binds us fast  
 To the bright shore of love."

But our favorite among pieces of this kind is "The Restless Pastor Reproved." With a few verses from this, we close our extracts, happy if we should introduce, to any who have not yet known him, one of the purest and sweetest, the most elevating and consoling, of Christian poets. He has been speaking of the fascinations of worldly fancy to the young clergyman.

"I would have joined him ; but as oft  
 Thy whisper'd warnings, kind and soft,  
 My better soul confessed.  
 'My servant, let the world alone :  
 Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne,  
 Be tranquil and be blest.

"Seems it to thee a niggard hand  
 That nearest heaven has bade thee stand,  
 The ark to touch and bear,  
 With incense of pure heart's desire  
 To heap the censer's sacred fire,  
 The snow-white ephod wear ?"

"Why should we crave the worldling's wreath,  
 On whom the Saviour deigned to breathe,  
 To whom his keys are given ;  
 Who lead the choir where angels meet,  
 With angels' food our brethren greet,  
 And pour the drink of heaven ?"

"When sorrow all our heart would ask,  
 We need not shun our daily task,  
 And hide ourselves for calm.  
 The herbs we seek to heal our woe  
 Familiar by our pathway grow :  
 Our common air is balm."

ON  
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

MIRACLES AND PNEUMATOLOGY.

THERE is, of course, a science of spirit, as certainly as there is of nature. And even if it should be thought to be utterly inscrutable by men, it yet must exist somewhere ; and no doubt, it is well known to "Uriel the angel," and to "Michael the archangel," and to Raphael and the rest of "the seven holy angels, which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out, before the glory of the Holy One."

However men may think or despair about it, pneumatology must exist somewhere, as certainly as geology does, or astronomy. And why should it be inconceivable that men should learn it, to that humble extent, which immediately concerns mortals? Science as to the soul, would not seem to be any more improbable of attainment, than formerly science was, as to the body, and as to those laws by which the body for its wonderful make, is only less wonderful than a spirit itself. It is a subject, however, which has been so confused and embroiled, as scarcely even to be mentionable ; though it may yet really, perhaps be very simple. But often simplicity is more bewildering than art. And continually, as to spiritual things, it is as it was at Chorazin and Capernaum, in the time of Christ, when they were revealed unto babes, while kept hid from the wise and prudent.

Pneumatology, as the method by which the universe is informed with spirit and divinely governed, is certainly an impossible attainment for us "living creatures ;" nor perhaps will any mere mortal ever fully understand that occurrence in the spiritual world, of which Daniel was told in a vision, by a man, with a face like lightning, and with a voice, like the voice of a multitude. "Then said he unto me, Fear not, Daniel: for from the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words

were heard, and I am come for thy words. But the Prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me one and twenty days : but, lo, Michael, one of the chief princes came to help me ; and I remained there with the kings of Persia. Now I am come to make thee understand what shall befall thy people in the latter days : for yet the vision is for many days."

At the time of this vision, and with a view to it, Daniel had been abstaining from flesh and wine, for three weeks. When the vision occurred, the men who were present, saw nothing, but they felt what made them quake and run away. Daniel himself lost all his strength, and lay on the ground in what is called a deep sleep. But the sleep was a state, in which he could hear, and speak, and remember. His body was asleep in all its senses, probably ; while his spirit was awake, and therefore aware of it. For a few minutes, perhaps, and by an experience like the beginning of death, Daniel was in a state in which he could talk with angels, like one of themselves, and see them with the eye of his immortal spirit, and hear them with his inward spiritual ear.

Pneumatology may not be able at present, to explain every word which an angel may have spoken on earth, nor to disclose the higher mysteries of the spiritual world, nor to make us understand what exactly was meant as to angelic superintendence, where it was said to Daniel in the vision, "I will show thee that which is noted in the scripture of truth. And there is none that holdeth with me in these things, but Michael, your prince." But pneumatology can suggest the manner by which Daniel was able to talk with "one like the appearance of a man ;" and it can adduce classical narratives and monastic annals, and medical experience, and the facts of animal magnetism, to illustrate from the mortal side, what that deep sleep was, by which there were spirits about him, as he "was by the side of the great river, which is Hiddekel."

The New Testament presupposes the pneumatology of the Old Testament ; and there can never be a right understanding of the New Testament, until for faculties, susceptibilities, and hopes, the human soul is thought of, agreeably to that opinion of it, which was held in common by Jesus and his

first disciples, and along with them, by St. Paul, as he wrote his epistles. There are Christians, who philosophically are materialists, and who hold that man is only organized matter, and that indeed the word soul, as it is used in the Scriptures, is a synonym for a human body. And there are spiritualists, who are strongly opposed to these materialistic Christians; yet for whom, the soul is in the body, but like a pip in the core of an apple. Joseph Priestley was a materialist; yet his dogma as to the constitution of human nature, would include in its sphere, all the spiritualism worthy of being mentioned, of more than half of his opponents. It is a common experience, and a common confession, with laymen of clear, discriminating minds, and especially if they have been legally trained, that they can read the Scriptures readily and well, for all the ends of piety and morals; but that continually at words and points of great interest, perception seems to fail them. And that failure is for want of pneumatology.

There is to be read, "The word of the Lord, that came unto Hosea, the son of Beeri" An intelligent reader, with such earnestness as has availed him in commerce, or with such courage as has sustained him in deep investigations, feels rightly, that it might be a half of the worth of the message, to know how it came, and was apprehended as being divine. A rationalist may tell him that the word of the Lord is a figure of speech, and a bishop may advise him to trust the words blindly. But as a sensible layman, even though unable to see any better than his advisers, he will know them both, for blind leaders of the blind, certain of falling into a ditch. Whereas a man, who knows when it is dark about him, and who also believes in light and in its coming, will sometime, with patience, find himself in the porch of that temple of truth, where the Lord is the nearer for being called upon; and wherein are ways which are not as the ways of men; and from the steps of which once, "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and withinside of which, in some coming age, according to the prophets, men even yet "shall be all taught of God."

There is a pneumatology implied in the Scriptures, however

latent it may be in this materialistic age ; and it is of the utmost importance. What would the epistles of Paul be, without the Old Testament being to be known of? And the Old Testament again cannot be fully understood apart from the knowledge which it presupposes as to its earliest readers ; and which indeed, was a pneumatology according to which, false gods might be actual beings, and as an effect of which, men were predisposed to believe in the supernatural or the spiritually wonderful, rather than to feel as many men boast of themselves, at present, "I would not believe it, even if I saw it ; no, not I !"

Of this science of the soul, the Catholic Church has always had something, while Protestants have never held anything definitely and unanimously. And therefore as fronting the Pope, always Protestants have been a discordant host. And among them all, in these latter days, the most dissonant have been people eminent for science, or divines with a predilection for it, and who have been persons acted upon in a way, which Paul knew of, when "the world by wisdom knew not God."

Science, or information about the ways of God in matter, or with bees and elephants, is at the most, but a mere hint as to the power, and intelligence, and will, and intuitions of him, who from outside of nature, and from above it all, proclaims as to souls held in it, at school, "Behold, all souls are mine : as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine." And unsophisticated souls, as they look upwards, know and feel themselves to be endowed and to be distinguished by faculties, which worms and fishes, and birds and beasts have not. Men live inside of nature, as it is called, as moles and butterflies, and eagles and lions do. But there is not a very fool of civilization, nor an aboriginal savage anywhere, but by the ongoings of his thought, is evidence as to a Providence higher in order, and farther reaching as to its purposes, than what even the elephant can be subject to.

And yet as to what God may be meaning with the soul of man, the soul itself is often almost the last witness to be examined. From science, as it anatomizes the human body,

theology learns that God is wonderful at the adaptation of means to ends : but theology just at present, very seldom asks of pneumatology what the human soul may have been disclosing of its nature, adaptation or correspondences. The theology of the day knows disproportionately much about the Dead Sea, and ancient sites, and as to mint, anise, and cummin, and tithes in the Holy Land ; but it is at fault as to "the first principles of the oracles of God."

A man may be of a name, illustrated in many ways, and through many generations, and at the battles of Bannockburn, and Evesham, and on the field near Hastings. But even though also the man could derive his descent from an age anterior to the Tower of Babel, and even directly from Tubalcain, what would it all be for glory, in comparison with what probably he would be disabled from feeling by ancestral pride, and that is, the actual height of his descent ! For fleshly parentage is but the channel, through which the universe itself gives birth to human beings endowed with feelings, by which every man is akin to every spirit, in the image of God, everywhere, irrespectively of time and solar systems, and by which also he is blessed with faculties, which will manifest themselves afresh to all eternity, as he passes from world to world, or ascends the heavens, one above another.

The preceding sentiment is worth more than a dukedom to the man who can make it his own. But nearly everybody fails of it more or less, and just as the Gospel is failed of, and merely because of "the lust of the eye and the pride of life."

And the theology of the present day is characterized by a similar externality of view. And thus it is that pneumatology or the experience of men, as to the soul, through thousands of years, is what is utterly unknown in many schools of divinity, though actually it may be called the grammar of revelation. Also, commonly persons read the Bible, being ignorant as to the difference between soul and body, and as to what anciently was understood and believed, as to spirit. And even persons of mental training, will talk about the spirit, as though it were a religious word for the body, and something very simple and familiar. And yet some of these same



persons would be very careful as to thinking about an oyster, or how they gave an opinion about the habits and connections of a beetle.

The degradation of sentiment alluded to above, is a thing of the last hundred years, and mainly of even the last fifty. For, before that time, the word spirit meant more religiously, than it now does ; and it was more nearly akin to revelation and miracles than it is now thought to be.

It has already been remarked that the best thinkers of the Christian Church, have recognized persons of different ages and places, as being prophets who were neither of the seed of Abraham, nor of the Christian name. Capacity for prophecy is of human nature ; while the inspiration itself may be of extra-natural origin.

Christianity and heathenism were in direct daily controversy, when it was held in the Church, that the philosophy of Plato was the long dawn, that preceded the rise of the sun of righteousness. But how different is this opinion from the jealousy of everything spiritual, outside of the Bible, which is so common with Christians to-day !

It has often been a great shock to people, when they have heard, for the first time, that one or two of the moral precepts of Christ had been anticipated by classical writers. As though eighteen hundred years ago, it had been possible for Jesus Christ or for an angel from heaven, to have said anything absolutely new as to mere morality. And so there have been persons who have felt as though Christianity were scandalized because Matthew the publican is found not to have written "as good Greek as Thucydides, the historian of the Peloponnesian war, and because the style of St. Paul in his epistles, is not faultlessly classical. But what says Paul himself as to his language ? "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God ; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth ; comparing spiritual things with spiritual." Why did not Paul pick and choose his words for himself ? Because he was not always

merely himself, when he wrote, and did not wish to be ; and because to an argument, of his own apparently, or possibly, he could add, " And I think that I have the Spirit of God."

Some persons suppose that the preceding words are merely Paul's Jewish way of hoping that he was a good man, and therefore entitled to give advice. Than which a more violent misunderstanding of words, could not well be, if Paul may be interpreted by himself, and by the tone and purpose of his epistles, or even by his words to Timothy about the world's " sinners, of whom I am chief." For these words of Paul, as to his having the Spirit, are expressive of a pneumatology, pre-supposed by the Gospel, and in ignorance of which, the best lines of Paul's writing, fail and fade before the eye of the reader. For, it is as being from over and above him, that the Spirit is authority for the promises, which are made through him, and as to the communion of saints, to the sense of which Paul would quicken us, and as to the liberty which may be claimed and trusted " where the Spirit of the Lord is."

That the Spirit of God, for inspiration, may operate through human receptiveness, irrespectively of nationality, was an opinion which might well have been held by the readers of Paul's epistles, and even by the ancient Jews generally. In the Book of Joshua, Balaam is described as having been a soothsayer. And yet through him was given the grandest prophecy in the Old Testament. And the circumstantial detail connected with that prophecy, is what makes it to be its own all-sufficient evidence, for reality, as an historical occurrence, with all such persons as have any right to judge about it. Balaam was famous as a soothsayer, before the Israelites on their journeying came within his sight. Probably he was inspired by the Lord only on that one occasion, when he was confronted with the Lord's people, with a hostile view. Balak, the king of the Moabites, summoned Balaam and said to him, " Behold, there is a people come out from Egypt: behold they cover the face of the earth, and they abide over against me. Come now, therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me." It was Baal against Jehovah.

"And it came to pass on the morrow, that Balak took Balaam, and brought him up into the high places of Baal, that thence he might see the utmost part of the people." And probably it was because he was conscious of another kind of inspiration than what had ever come upon him from that Baal, "he went not as at other times to seek for enchantments," or artificial means, by which to fit himself for being spiritually possessed. Balaam was an Ammonite perhaps, or an Edomite, and he was even on one of the high places of Baal, when his spiritual susceptibility was used by the Lord for prophecy.

And if "when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him," it could only have been because of their nature as Magi, having been wrought upon spiritually by the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, David, Isaiah and Daniel. The star by which they were guided would seem to have been visible only to them, and therefore to them only "in the spirit." On finding "the young child with Mary his mother," at the end of their long journey, "they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh." And so through that act of theirs was manifested that from the best of the Gentiles, as well as with the Jews, "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

Plato was for the Greeks what Moses was for the Jews, and was a schoolmaster to prepare men for Christ. This was a Christian opinion in the early days of the Church, and while still Greek meant Gentile. In this sentiment, a belief is implied in spiritual susceptibility, as being an endowment of the soul. And the name of Plato is but the greatest, on a long shining list of natural saints. For, always and everywhere, whether in vile neighborhoods or amidst the splendid temples and monuments of paganism, the simple, longing, unperverted soul does, by its spiritual susceptibility, become of itself, a temple of the Holy Ghost, and an oracle for consultation, and has in it an odor of sweet thoughts like grateful

frankincense, and strains of sweet music, as though from angelic choirs, high up in heaven.

That the Holy Spirit does not inform men, as to natural history, nor correct them as to bad logic, is not inconsistent with the certainty of its effects, as to enlightenment, and faith. Gregory Thaumotergus said as to Origen, his master, that he had received from God a large share of the greatest of all gifts, that of interpreting the words of God to men, and of understanding the things of God, as if God himself were speaking. Whatever the special application to Origen, may be of these words, they yet illustrate the philosophy of early Christian belief.

Before a man can take, he must have a hand to open and to stretch forth. And for being quickened by the Spirit, a man must be, not a statue in marble, but a living, suffering, craving soul. And it is only as he craves and covets earnestly that the best gifts can either be attracted to him or be received. The gifts of the Spirit presuppose spiritual receptiveness.

And by the variety of the gifts of the Spirit, as they are enumerated by St Paul, is presupposed the variety of the ways, in which men may be quickened, taught, and endowed from above. It is probable that of all the myriads of millions of human beings, that there are no two souls alike, any more than two faces are. And therefore probably with the Spirit, no two souls quicken in exactly the same manner, or are endowed to precisely the same purpose. The young man through it may see visions, and the old man by it may dream dreams. One man is helped by it, as to infirmities, and another as to prayer. One man abounds in hope through the Holy Ghost; and another man through the Spirit is encouraged to wait for the hope of righteousness by faith. By the Spirit of God in his words, one man may cast out devils, without knowing of it, while another man sheds abroad the love of God. "To one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; to another faith, by the same Spirit; to another the gift of healing, by the same Spirit; to another the working

of miracles ; to another prophecy ; to another discerning of spirits ; to another divers kinds of tongues ; to another the interpretation of tongues ; but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." And not only as to manifestation may the Spirit differ in different men, but more broadly and more distinctly still, must it differ from one age to another, in the Church. And even it may happen, that a man may have been so instructed about the Spirit, as to think of it mainly for some of its more noticeable manifestations, and as being sharpness in the sword of the Lord, or inspiration in psalms and high thought, or as being a baptism of fire, and so may fear that he may be a stranger to it, while yet himself he is actually walking in it.

And indeed it is as men "walk in the spirit" that chiefly it is blessedness. For the more marvelous manifestations of the Spirit, which are the exceptional experiences of individuals, are really for the good of all, just as Peter argues that "no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation."

One man in a generation may be so rapt in spirit, as almost to have his soul thrill to the joy, which there is in heaven, when some fresh word of the Lord is evolved, or he may be so sensitive through the spirit, as to have some dim sense of angels on the wing, and so appear to have a prophetic instinct as to critical events foreordained of God. Or with being lifted up, in spirit, and breathing, for an instant, what is more than mortal air, a man may have a thought grander than the tone of ordinary thinking, and what may make him famous among his fellow-mortals. But it is scarcely possible for a person to have transcendent experiences, without incurring some earthly disruption. Just as Paul found, after the visions, in which he was called and qualified to be an apostle, that there was lodged with him a life-long trouble, lest he "should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations." And even a man has found himself become a stranger among his kindred, merely from having been sublimed by a prayer, which was of agony and faith combined.

The soul of man is susceptible of the Holy Ghost. It is not

börn with the Spirit, but only with a nature fitted for its coming. The apostle Paul asks, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" And it may be, that it is through the same susceptibility of spirit, that one man receives the Holy Ghost, and another man "drinketh iniquity like water." As a young man with his face in the right direction, Saul had the Spirit of God come upon him. Thirty years afterwards, with his face set willfully wrong, "the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." And probably the same spiritual susceptibility, by which he had been receptive of the Spirit of the Lord was the channel by which "the evil spirit," sent on its errand, got at him. That spiritual susceptibility, for which perhaps Judas was chosen as one of the twelve, and through which perhaps he received "power and authority over all devils and to cure diseases," was, in all probability, the same susceptibility, through which diabolically it was "put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him." Demoniactal possession as the Jews knew of it, and as it is known of to-day, in many parts of the world, illustrates human nature, as to its susceptibilities spiritually, and as to its exposure to dangerous, disembodied agencies, and invisible forces. But from the Scriptures, it might seem, as though in the age of Jesus Christ that that spiritual susceptibility, by which the "spirit of an unclean devil" could get entrance into the temple of a human soul, was actually what, with a better man, would have been receptiveness of the Holy Ghost. This spiritual susceptibility is by nature; though one man may perhaps have more of it, than another; just as one man is more tender in heart, or poetic in thought, than another. But perhaps by prayer and other means, it is what a man can get quickened and purified for himself, more surely than he can hope as to the enlargement of any other faculty of his nature.

Let this susceptibility of spiritual influence be called magnetic, if it may thereby seem to be more credible. For man is organized magnetism, as certainly as also organically, he is flesh and blood. A skeleton is human, but senseless. A

skeleton properly clothed with flesh and blood is a living creature, with adaptations, by which it is fitted to a world of earth, air, and water, light, heat, and fruits. But as a magnetic man in a magnetic world, I am a creature of affinities and possibilities innumerable. Of many and of most of them, I may have only a faint and scarcely noticeable experience. But whatever any body has ever felt or seen or known, is testimony as to my nature. Also I am alive with odyle, and by the odic force, I am connected with things unknown on the earth and under it.

For indeed man is not born of flesh and blood merely, nor of two parents simply, but of the universe, both material and immaterial, and with an aptitude, which high angels will respond to hereafter, and with a susceptibility as to spiritual influences of various kinds, which is none the less real because often it is very weak, and because whether it is seated "in the body or out of the body," not every one can tell.

By means of electricity, it is possible for a person in Boston, simultaneously almost, to be connected, as to intelligence, with persons, in every city in North America, and perhaps in Europe. And that it is possible for one mind to act upon another, without any intervening agency, and from a long distance, is an established fact of pneumatology; and it has been demonstrated artificially, by mesmerism, many hundreds of times. How often and continually mothers are impressed as to critical events concerning their absent children! And how frequently instances occur, in which the dying believe that they see spirits, and hear unearthly music! Also how numerous, even within the last few years, have been the cases, which have been published of strange and irresistible impulses, which proved afterwards to have been prophetic and guardian!

When all the varieties of information which exist as to the human body, are collected, science would seem to hint, that possibly in the eyes of an angel, man as a mortal may seem like a spirit aglow with all the colors of the rainbow, though with just enough materiality about him, to keep him at school inside of the walls of nature.

Doubt about miracles as not perhaps being natural to man ! But really even bread is not more so ! Miracles — those of the Scriptures, and as being nearer to our own times, those of the New Testament, especially — miracles are true to human nature. But human nature is not like the make of a cast-iron machine working by rule.

And indeed we human beings as children of the universe, and heirs of God, have in us, by birth, a capacity for being born again, and germs also of marvels, which will be opening to all eternity. And thus too, we find ourselves endowed with some powers and affinities, which appertain especially to a world which is to come, but which yet may manifest themselves faintly and fitfully through individuals, in this present world, and so hint for us all, as by flashes of lightning, that, because of the flesh, life at its brightest, is what “now, we see as through a glass darkly.”

Such facts as have been supposed to be supernatural, of the nature of dreams, apparitions, and strange impressions and impulses, and which have happened and been published, within the last twenty years ; and such narratives of a mesmeric character as are to be found in the Zoist — were these things to be gathered, examined, and collated, with as much care as has been given to the lives and classification of butterflies, and with as much acuteness as what caught the lightning in its ways, then there would result a pneumatology, by which the Scriptures would be illuminated for darkling readers, and by which men would believe in the immortality of the soul, as they never can, until they have some understanding about the soul itself, and discerningly “have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come.”

But some persons perhaps will exclaim, “Mesmerism ! What has that to do with the Scriptures ? A thing of the last century !” It is, however, an old thing. And of its connection with the Old Testament, there is this to be read. Naaman from Syria had been directed, for a cure, as to leprosy, by Elisha the prophet, to wash himself in the Jordan, seven times. But he would seem to have felt himself aggrieved by the simplicity of the remedy, and as though also



Abana and Pharpar of his own country were not better than all the waters of Israel. "Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought he would surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." That the prophet would move his hand up and down, over the diseased part of his body, was what was expected by Naaman according to a correct translation of his words. And apparently it was a mode of healing, which the Syrian knew of, before his resort to Elisha. And it is certain, that mesmeric practice is to be seen sculptured on ancient monuments in Egypt.

Mesmerism is not the Gospel, and God be thanked that it is not, and that there is come to us "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." But mesmerism is more of a gospel than the doctrine of those who believe in spirits and angels, only as pious words in the Bible, and who know of Christianity, in the letter merely, and as though apart from "the everlasting spirit," and who fancy that there can be faith in Jesus as the Christ, with those who cannot conceive of the possibility of a prophet, in the way in which he was thought of, by the Jews of the Old Testament.

It was one of the parables of Jesus, that "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." But very unlike the spirit of this parable, is the mental state of some believers to-day, who confess their jealousy of studies, through which any word or incident of the Scriptures, might have its apparent peculiarity diminished. O they of little faith! Would Jesus Christ himself be less important, by having his words fulfilled, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father?" Do the heavens declare the glory of God the less, because now more is known of them, than what David sung of by inspiration? Is man's make any the less fearfully and wonderfully felt, because of the discovery of the circulation of the blood?

That some sentences in the Lord's prayer, are older than Jesus himself, has been urged as a fact derogatory to Christianity. But it might as well be said in derogation of Jesus, that he made use of common words as well as the common sentiments of his day ; and that he was furnished with parables by such common objects, as a mustard-plant, a sower going forth to sow, a net that was cast into the sea, and a woman with ten pieces of silver.

There are persons who feel as though ghost-stories infringed on the Scriptures, as to the revelation of another world. And there have been persons who have held, that there never was any knowledge of a future life, till the preaching and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Yet it is plain from the four Gospels, that Jesus did not address men as apes and gorillas, but as believers in a world to come. Jesus did not invent the words, "spirit" and "soul," "heaven" and "hell." And when he first used them, they were very old words, and meant conceptions that were ancient. Actually there are theological writers at this present time, who have less knowledge as to the soul, than what was taken for granted by Paul with the heathen, and by Jesus with the Jews. In the middle ages, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, theology vindicated for the service of the Church, facts such as are common in the records of animal magnetism. But to-day, animal magnetism is commonly the terror of theologians. Yet men will never be religiously what they ought to be, in the light of these latter days, nor be Christians with Paul's courage, till it shall be understood that pneumatology is a handmaid in the household of faith, and not a suspicious vagabond about the temple, who will not be driven away.

"The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ," is anything but what ought to be isolated from science, and from the facts of human experience, as they accrue. For, as to the earth, it is as true to-day, for eyes that can see, as it was in the year when King Uzziah died, and when Isaiah saw the seraphims ; and when "one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts ; the whole earth is full of his glory !"

Fearfulness for the Gospel, as to geology, or animal magnetism, or the publication of the Talmud, or as to the gates of hell, is utterly uncongenial with "the eternal Spirit," and inconsistent with any experience of it.

Who and what then is Jesus Christ? He is "Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." But for us in this age, individually, what is he? He "is the Lord from heaven;" he is "a quickening spirit." And the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, which comes of him, is what my nature has a sense for; and it is also what my nature has groaned for, and travailed in pain, to have come. And this spiritual susceptibility which I have, by creation, not only argues my want, but as under God, foretells also, as to itself, that it will certainly be met from above. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." And to-day, as in the first days of the gospel, by God, certainly "the Holy Ghost is given to them that obey" Christ. And therefore through that susceptibility to spiritual influence, which is natural to me, by sympathizing with Christ Jesus as a man, in his heavenward aspirations, I may trustfully expect the Holy Ghost, and be certain of it, even though through me, it may make no "manifestation" of those special "gifts," which though vouchsafed to individuals, yet are for "every man to profit withal."

The Spirit of God may be intimately mine, and so as even possibly to be cunning in the hand for workmanship, as it was with Bezaleel. It may be like a part of myself, and as intimately so at least, as the strength which results from food. But yet it is what is separate from me; and it is what may be quenched in me. David prays to God, "Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." And Paul writes to the Ephesians, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." And to the Thessalonians he writes, "Quench not the Spirit." The Holy Spirit is part of me; it is what I can think by: it is what will inform my prayers for me; it is joy

in me, and it is as though I myself were it, as long as I myself am right. But with vanity or wrong-doing, it fails me, just as his strength fails a fainting man. The Holy Spirit was in me, like the inspiration of my understanding ; it was the life of my higher life ; it was the soul of my better soul ; and it was the holiness of my spirit. And suddenly with sin, it is gone ; and my most familiar connection with heaven is stopped. And though I may not have been certain, as to whether I ever did have the Spirit, yet with the loss of it by sin, I know well what I have been parted from.

A man may never have it but once ; and indeed he cannot have it more than once, with the same effect — that strange experience of grieving the Holy Spirit, with a sense of revelation afterwards. For when the Spirit is withdrawn, or fails from a person who has been walking in it, his joy stops, and his prayers grow dry and unbelieving. And it is like a revelation by darkness, what he feels, at finding himself to be left to himself, and cut off from heaven, and from that Holy Spirit, which among mortals, is like its outer sphere.

In all this experience as to the Holy Spirit, there is, what essentially is meant by the word, miracles, for there is the experience of extraordinary, extra-natural, and therefore occasional forces. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," said the child Samuel by the advice of Eli, the prophet, in the dark, in the temple, and before he yet knew the word of the Lord. And whatever it may be in high heaven, still among us mortals, every word and influence not from the Lord only, but from withinside of the spiritual world, from any one, is of the nature of a miracle.

Every man is a creature of miraculous possibilities. And by comparison with the uniformity of nature, there are thousands of human beings, at this day, whose lives are of a miraculous character, because of preternatural influences. Miracle ! All human intercourse with the world invisible, whether with spirit, or angels, or with God Most High, must necessarily flash with "signs and wonders," as being itself miraculous.

In the *Iliad* of Homer, there is the saying, "The dream is

from Jove." And Cicero has the sentiment that "Dreams are the natural oracle." Let these two quotations represent almost two thousand passages, which might easily be cited from ancient authors, as to the philosophy and authority of dreams, and as to the supernatural communications, of which they have been believed to be the channel. But by dreams, of course, are not meant, mental movements started by an uneasy stomach or any other accidental cause, nor even such wanderings of the mind in sleep, as idleness can have, when much at its ease, and wide awake. The Greeks and Romans knew very well, that dreams have not all the same origin. And men like Pausanias, and the students of Plato, were little likely to attribute the absurdities of a crude stomach to a heavenly origin.

That "dreams are the natural oracle" is a sentiment, which involves the philosophy of revelation. For, it asserts the existence in man, of a susceptibility to the influences of the spiritual world. And that sentiment did not originate in any such nonsense about dreams, as a modern materialist would suppose, but in experiences and traditions, as respectable as the names of Socrates and Plato, as wise as ancient Greece, and as broad as the Roman empire.

But here some one will ask, in the special way of the modern unbeliever, "If it be true that dreams are the natural oracle, why do not I have good dreams? For I am as good as another, certainly." But now it is simply for the same reason, as that for which every man is not a born archangel, nor even a saint of the earth. To justify the sentiment from Cicero, it is enough that one man in a million, should have what is called "a remarkable dream." Just as one true poet in an age, is enough for enabling men to feel themselves aright, and to know of a glory in the world, surpassing that of Mammon, and an interest, compared with which, battles and revolutions are but bubbles.

In the Scriptures, and especially the more ancient, and as though more particularly connected with the primitive, unsophisticated nature of man, dreams or visions in dreams were not uncommon experiences, whence men might infer

themselves to be within spiritual reach. The sentiment in Cicero as to oracular dreams, pagan though it be, coincides with what is said in the book of Job, by Elihu. "For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." Spiritual susceptibility during sleep, or capacity for visions like dreams, while asleep, would seem to have constituted a prophet. From the pillar of cloud at the door of the tabernacle, the Lord said, "Hear now my words : If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream."

But the susceptibility to spiritual influence, through which a man, in his sleep may have had his soul addressed by angels or spirits, though it may have been a peculiarity with him, for its greatness, was yet certainly not so, for its nature. It is the action of the Spirit, and the susceptibility, which all men have, in a greater or less degree, which is referred to in the prophecies of Joel. "And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else : and my people shall never be ashamed. And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh : and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy ; your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions : and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." Let there be some change which shall refine the flesh of my body ; or let me experience all that is meant by being born again ; or let my faculties open heavenwards by the intensity of my faith ; or let me be within reach of some Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit ; and I should then know of myself, how it was that "God came to Abimelech in a dream, by night ;" and how true were the words of Jacob about himself, "The angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, Jacob : and I said here am I ;" and how it was as natural as man talking with man, when Jesus Christ in heaven talked with the spirit of

Paul, while his body was asleep in a house hard by the synagogue in Corinth. "Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city."

The manner in which Paul was waked up in spirit, while his body was asleep, is a way which is possible with all men, however improbable it may be, that there should ever be common experience of it. And it is of our nature, that in deep sleep possibly our ears might be opened, as Elihu said, and instruction be infused into us. And when Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar were inspired with dreams, which were concurrent with Divine Providence, it was through their natural susceptibility to spiritual influence, and not through such an operation of Almightyness, as would be necessary for making a statue of Hercules dream and remember.

The dream was described by Cicero as being a natural oracle, in contradistinction to other oracles, which were got from gods and demons by various artificial means. At Delphi, they were obtained through a woman, who was supposed to be entranced by Apollo; at Lebadea, after certain ceremonies of purification, the oracle was got in the dark cave of Trophonius, sometimes from a voice there, and sometimes by other means. In Greece, there was a cave, which Pausanias saw, by the wayside, in which was a statue, with a table before it; and at which, oracles were to be obtained by the throwing of dice. And there was a temple in Egypt, at which oracles were got by asking questions before a wooden image, which was thought to answer by shaking its arms, when possessed by a demon.

To all the preceding ways of obtaining oracles, the Jew would have been opposed. He would have acknowledged them as being real, probably; but he would have repeated to himself, the commandment, "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me." But the Jew would have joined with Cicero, as to his sentiment about the dream-faculty, and would have acknowledged

it, for a part of the primitive religion, which was before Abraham was.

As to dreams, which have been vision-like for veracity, there is an allowance to be made, according to the doctrine of chances, for cases of mere coincidence. But after everything has been said and allowed for, it would seem as though in every country, there may always have been occurring, dreams of an extraordinary nature, enough, fairly considered, to make everybody feel himself to be a creature of spiritual faculty, and spiritually connected.

But at this point, there are persons who would exclaim together, as one man, "Dreams! and meant seriously too! Dreams! as though there ever could be anything in a dream! It is too ridiculous!" But is Plato then ridiculous; or is Socrates? Is Plutarch ridiculous; or are the philosophers and heroes of whom he is the biographer, mostly ridiculous? Ridicule! was Cicero a subject for it; or of the two Plinys, was either the elder or the younger; or was Galen? And can a subject be ridiculous, whereon as to belief, along with the foregoing great names, nearly and probably, all the Fathers of the Church coincide, from Polycarp to St. Augustine? And whether intended or not, it cannot but be a laugh of pitiable inanity, which happens to be turned simultaneously against Cardan and Petrarch; against the Emperor Theodosius and the Emperor Charles the Fifth of Spain; against Francis Bacon, and Halley the astronomer; against Sir Christopher Wren, and Sir Roger L' Estrange; against Defoe and —

But enough of this! For there is no man but must feel abashed, when actually he finds himself to be lightly laughing in the grand awful face of antiquity, and with the fathers, martyrs, and doctors of the Church against him.

But indeed the man, who is the grandchild of the last century, and the child of this, is almost necessarily a person of contradictory notions. And so it often happens that a person will say philosophically what, if it were true, would be ruinous of the religious belief, which he holds even fervently.



And there have been many divines who with pleading for the Church, have made void the gospel.

Now should this argument seem to be novel, is it therefore necessarily the less trustworthy? For, even as to his bodily constitution, man in these latter days, is continually discovering something new, and by which he finds his health, or temporal salvation to be largely dependent on laws, of which Abraham knew nothing, nor Julius Cæsar, nor yet Martin Luther. The primary facts of life, as connected with his skin and lungs, man is but just now learning: and so it may well be supposed, that as connected with his spiritual nature, there may be common things, of which the full significance has not yet been taken.

A dream of much particularity which comes true, an oracular dream argues not only that man can dream, which comes true, but that he can dream under influence, and from spiritual connection of some kind. And if one man can dream in that way, so perhaps in that way may another be capable of inspiration, even while wide awake. That kind of dream, which Cicero calls the natural oracle, is presumptive proof, as to the actuality of revelation, and as to the reality of those spiritual faculties in man, which Christianity presupposes.

There have been some eight or ten dreams, which have been had and published in this neighborhood, during the last twenty years, which, for an earnest thinker, would be more valuable than the whole of some metaphysical libraries. Because one fact accruing from nature is better than all the argument, which is inconsistent with it, however ingenious and laborious it may be.

What is properly the dream-faculty may be regarded as the primitive germ of revelation. It is also a simple and good proof that man is spiritually connected; and that therefore also he himself may probably be a spirit.

Actually and with full consciousness to feel himself to be a living soul, by any trial, test, or experience, within the range of his own understanding—it is the hunger and thirst of myriads; though also it is a craving, which is as dull as despair itself. And all that merely primitive want might for

many a man be satisfied by a dream, which has been had by some poor chastened widow, in his neighborhood, anxious about her absent son ; only that theology has got far away from common life, and would wish to scout the smallest possible miracle of the present day, for fear of being challenged by science, in the names of uniformity and law. But actually, though those words are good enough for a lecture-room, they are altogether inadequate for what Christians ought to be ready to maintain in Church.

How many persons there are who sit in Church, only, to feel as though the darkness about them was growing more visible ! How many men of ability there are, who have the gospel sound to them like an unknown tongue ! Said the voice, which was heard by St. John, when he was in the Spirit, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." But how can he well hear to-day, who cannot well conceive how the Spirit could ever have spoken ? Persons whose ways of thinking have been almost altogether materialized — how should they understand the things of the Spirit ? • "The God of the spirits of all flesh" — how possibly can they pray to him in the fullness of belief, who think that they themselves, perhaps, are flesh only ?

Yet if men were willing to be taught by it, a dream which is a dream, in Cicero's sense of the word, or in that of the Bible, would be enough for any ordinary degree of doubt, as to the spiritual world. But the dread of acknowledging in any way, what science might perhaps challenge for a miracle and a violation of law, is the nightmare of theology, at this time. However it is what is nothing more than a nightmare ; and it will probably soon be over.

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"JUST as when you see a viper or an asp or a scorpion in a casket of ivory or gold, you do not love or congratulate them on the splendor of their material, but, because their nature is pernicious, you turn from and loathe them ; so likewise, when you see vice enshrined in wealth and the pomp of circumstance, do not be astounded at the glory of its surroundings, but despise the meanness of its character."

## HENRY CRABB ROBINSON AND HIS FRIENDS.\*

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON was a person whose mind had its free and best expression in conversation. He was a man, whose natural attitude, when he was at his best, was that of friendship. And we have derived so much pleasure from the perusal of his *Reminiscences*, we have thought it desirable to give a slight sketch of Mr. Robinson's life; and to extract from his *Diary and Correspondence* some of the many interesting anecdotes and personalities of the literary and otherwise celebrated persons with whom he was, during his long life, brought into close contact, and with some of whom he was intimately associated. The English copy of the work is in three large volumes; and we can truly say that it is a richer literary treat than anything that has been published for a very long time, especially as regards the numerous celebrated names therein recorded, pre-eminent amongst which we find those of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Rogers, Hazlitt, Lamb, Clarkson, Mrs. Barbauld, Madame De Stael, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Wieland, Tieck, Knebel, Voss, Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, and others of less note.

Mr. Robinson's own life is certainly not without interest. He was born on May 13, 1775, and died on February 8, in 1867. A period of 91 years!

His diary was begun in 1811, and was regularly continued until within five days of his death, making in all thirty-five volumes. The difficult task of sifting and arranging these various papers was wisely given, by Mr. Robinson's executors, to the Rev. Dr. Sadler, a Unitarian clergyman in Hampstead, himself a gentleman and accomplished scholar, and who has

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\* *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister at Law, F. S. A.* Selected and edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph. D. In 3 volumes. Republished by Fields, Osgood, & Co., Boston.

carefully and admirably selected from the mass of material with which he had to deal. Dr. Sadler, as being a man of liberal views and independence of thought, was the fit person to appreciate Mr. Robinson's similar mental characteristics, and to give them due prominence.

Mr. Robinson was by birth a Dissenter, and as such was excluded from an education in either of the English Universities. Of course, as a Unitarian, he was liberal and tolerant, and had great respect for the feelings of others. With some of the founders of the London University, he assisted largely in founding University Hall : also he aided in getting the bill passed relating to the Dissenters' Chapels, which was a measure of the very greatest importance to Unitarians, as obviating the last effects of a persecuting clause in the Act of Uniformity. In 1802, he went to Jena, in Germany, and there entered the University. His residence at this place formed an important part of his life, as he became a proficient in German literature ; also he frequented the best society there. On his return to England, he became a barrister, and gradually attained to eminence in his profession.

In 1828, he quitted the bar, being at the time in the fifty-fourth year of his age ! In looking back upon his life, Mr. Robinson used to say that two of the wisest acts he had done were going to the bar, and quitting the bar. After this, he devoted himself to the study of men and manners, he being always welcomed everywhere, round a wide circle of friends. His conversation is said to have been very brilliant and various, and to have had an indescribable charm. He was a scholar, widely read in German literature ; and he never went out, even to walk, without a book in his pocket. Books, as he said, were the first great want of his life. Also he was eminently a social man, fond of entertaining his friends : his breakfast and dinner parties were said to be characteristic of him ; as there one often met people of opposite tastes, opinions, and principles. Tories and Liberals, High-Churchmen and Dissenters, — all were free and open in expression of opinions, for he liked individuality, and loved characters : he seemed to

have an affinity with people worth knowing, and they were equally attracted by him. His powers of conversation alone did not, however, explain the charm of his society.

“ A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident to-morrows ; with a face  
Not worldly-minded ; for it bears too much  
Of nature’s impress, — gayety and health,  
Freedom and hope ; but keen withal, and shrewd.”

His conversation was companionship ; and his companionship, conversation. Towards the end of his life, in reply to a friend, who asked him why he had not undertaken some great literary work, he replied, “ It is because I am a wise man : I early found that I had not the ability to give me such a place, among English authors, as I should have desired ; but I thought that I had an opportunity of gaining knowledge of many of the most distinguished men of the age, and that I might do some good by keeping a record of my interviews with them.” From which wise foresight of his have resulted these volumes. For this wise conclusion, we are sure the reading public will thank him ; as thereby they gain so much that is rare, valuable, and instructive.

Thus we have the life of a man, not of the highest ability, but who faithfully improved his opportunities, and made the most of himself ; who lived a laborious youth, and made his latter years tell well ; and who ceased, on principle, from money-making, suddenly and without regret, at the very moment of his highest success. Widely tolerant, a liberal Christian in every sense of the word, he had Southey, Lamb, and Coleridge for his friends, and Wordsworth for his very dear and intimate friend. Wordsworth’s *Memorials of a Tour in Italy* were dedicated to H. C. Robinson, his fellow-traveler, in these words : —

“ Companion ! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,  
In whose experience trusting day by day,  
Treasures I gained with zeal, — that neither feared  
The toils, nor felt the crosses of the way, —

These records take ; and happy should I be  
 Were but the gift a meet return to thee  
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
 And prompt self-sacrifice, to which I owe  
 Far more than any heart but mine can know."

The feeling with which Mr. Robinson's visit was looked for year after year at Rydal Mount is shown in many letters, from two of which a few words may be given here : " All look forward to your arrival," writes Quillinan, Wordsworth's son-in-law, " as to the holly-branch, without which no Christmas will be genuine, and I always sing the same song, — No Crabb, no Christmas ! But you will come about the 18th of December. That is settled."

In this connection may be quoted a letter from Walter Savage Landor, to the same effect : —

" I look forward, with great desire, to the time when you will come amongst us again. Arnold, who clapped his hands at hearing that I had a letter from you, ceased only to ask me, ' But does he not say when he will come back ? ' My wife and Julia send the same wishes."

He was a friend of Charles Lamb, and he mentions " that an attorney, Garwood, of Wells, told me that he was informed by his friend Evans, the son of my old friend Joseph Evans, that I was the ' H. C. R. ' mentioned in the London Magazine as the friend of Elia. ' I love Elia,' said Mr. Garwood, ' and that was enough to make me come to you.' "

The intimacy with Hazlitt was late in life, it seems, broken off : but Hazlitt said to Mary Lamb, " Robinson cuts me off ; but I shall never cease to have a regard for him, for he was the first person who ever found out there was anything in me." Mr. Robinson adds, " I was alone in this opinion at the time of which I am speaking."

Here comes in a singular illustration of the maxim, " A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." " Mr. Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, ' Is it true, as I have heard reported, that Mr. Wordsworth ever wrote verses ? ' "

It may interest some of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers to kn

that he told Mr. Robinson, that the poems, "Our Walk was far among the Trees;" then, "She was a Phantom of Delight;" next, "Let other Bards of Angels sing;" and, finally, the two sonnets, "To a Painter," in the new volume (of which sonnets, the first is only of value as leading to the second),—should be read in succession, as exhibiting the different phases of his affection for his wife.

Mr. Robinson usually spoke of Miss Lamb as "dear Mary Lamb," and loved her as well as he did her brother. It was she who wrote the charming little volume here mentioned with such enthusiasm.

WALTER S. LANDOR TO H. C. R. :—

It is now several days since I read the book you recommended to me,— "Mrs. Leicester's School;" and I feel as if I owed a debt in deferring to thank you for many hours of exquisite delight. Never have I read anything, in prose, so many times over, within so short a space of time, as "The Father's Wedding-day."

Most people, I understand, prefer the first tale,—in truth, a very admirable one; but others could have written it. Show me the man or woman, modern or ancient, who could have written this one sentence: "When I was dressed in my new frock, I wished poor mamma was alive, to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day, and I ran to my favorite station at her bedroom door."

How natural, in a little girl, is this incongruity,—this impossibility! Richardson would have given his "Clarissa," and Rousseau his "Heloise," to have imagined it. A fresh source of the pathetic bursts out before us, and not a bitter one. If your Germans can show us anything comparable to what I have transcribed, I would almost undergo a year's gurgle of their language for it.

The story is admirable throughout,—incomparable, inimitable.

In 1805, Mr. Robinson found a new acquaintance. We give his own words: "At Hackney, I saw, repeatedly, Miss Wakefield, a charming girl, daughter of Gilbert Wakefield; and one day, at a party, when Mrs. Barbauld had been the subject of conversation, Miss Wakefield came to me, and said, 'Would you like to know Mrs. Barbauld?' I exclaimed, 'You might as well ask me whether I should like to know the Angel Gabriel.'— 'Mrs. Barbauld is, however, much more

accessible; I will introduce you to her nephew, Charles Aiken' (whom she afterwards married). And he said, 'I dine, every Sunday, with my uncle and aunt, at Stoke Newington. Will you go with me next Sunday? Two knives and forks are always laid for me, and I am expected always to bring a friend with me.'

"Gladly acceding to the proposal, I had the good fortune to make myself agreeable, and soon became intimate in the house. Mrs. Barbauld bore the remains of great personal beauty: she had a brilliant complexion, light hair, blue eyes, a small elegant figure; and her manners were very agreeable, with something of the generation then departing." He goes on to say, "In the estimation of Wordsworth, she was the first of our literary women. I may here relate an anecdote connecting her and Wordsworth. Among her poems is a stanza on life, written in extreme old age. It had delighted my sister on her death-bed. It was long after I gave these works to Miss Wordsworth, that her brother said, 'Repeat me that stanza, by Mrs. Barbauld.' I did do so. He made me repeat it again, and so he learned it by heart. He was, at the time, walking in his sitting-room, at Rydal, with his hands behind him; and I heard him mutter to himself, 'I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written these lines:—

" " " Life, we have been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :  
'T is hard to part, when friends are dear, —  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh and tear.  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time.  
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good morning." " "

Again he visits Mrs. Barbauld.

"In the afternoon, I sat with Mrs. Barbauld, still in all the beauty of her fine taste, correct understanding, as well as pure integrity.

"I called on the Colliers, and then went to Mrs. Barbauld's. She was in good spirits, but she is now the confirmed old



lady. Independently of her fine understanding and literary reputation, she would be interesting. Her white locks, fair and unwrinkled skin, brilliant starched linen, and rich silk gown, made her a fit object for a painter. Her conversation is lively, her remarks judicious, and always pertinent.

"Walked to Newington. Mrs. Barbauld was going out, but she staid a short time with me. The old lady is much shrunk in appearance, and is declining in strength. She is but the shade of her former self, but a venerable shade. She is eighty-one years of age ; but she retains her cheerfulness, and seems not afraid of death. She has a serene hope and quiet faith, — delightful qualities at all times, and, in old age, peculiarly enviable."

One saying of Coleridge is recorded. Seeing a steam-engine at work, Miss Wordsworth remarked it was impossible not to think it had feeling, — a huge beam moved slowly up and down. Coleridge said, "It was like a giant with one idea."

"My old and very honest friend, Pung, of Hanz, saw a poor old woman at a station of Calvary, in Bavaria. She was crawling on her knees up the hill. She told her story. A rich lady, who had sinned, was required by her Confessor to go on her knees up the Calvary, but she might do it by deputy. She paid this poor woman twenty-four kreutzers (8d.) for her day's journey on her knees, which, said the woman, is poor wages for a day's hard labor ; and I have three children to maintain, and, unless charitable souls give me more, my children must go with half a bellyful."

Here is something too amusing to be omitted : —

"I shall never forget hearing from a fine lady, in such a rapid manner that the two members of the sentence could with difficulty be separated, 'We never omit having family-prayer twice a day, and I have not missed a drawing-room since the king came on the throne.' Of all combinations, the most unreal and spurious is that of gentility-evangelism !"

We may insert this as showing the Scotch Presbyterian ; also, as exemplifying the good temper of Mr. Robinson himself : —

"On the 9th of September, an incident occurred especially amusing in connection with what took place immediately afterwards. I rose very early to see a new place, and (it was between six and seven), seeing a large building, I asked a man, who looked like a journeyman weaver, what it was. He told me a grammar-school. 'But, sir,' he added, 'I think it would become you better, on the Lord's-day morning, to be reading your Bible at home than asking about public buildings.' I very quickly answered, 'My friend, you have given me a piece of very good advice; let me give you one, and we may both profit by our meeting: Beware of spiritual pride.' The man scowled with a Scotch surliness, and apparently did not take my counsel with as much good-humor as I did his."

A reminiscence of Copley, who was afterwards Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst:—

"At a soirée at Professor DeMorgan's, at Camden-town. Mrs. DeMorgan was a daughter of Frend's. His son was there, and heard me relate, with great pleasure, what Sergeant Rough told me,—that he, together with Copley, afterwards Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst, and a future bishop (name forgotten), was chased by the Proctors at night, in the streets, for chalking on the wall, 'Frend forever!' The future bishop alone was caught. Even High-Church Tories are not ashamed of the liberal freaks of their youth."

We find this bit of Oriental information:—

"Colonel D'Orsey was at Mosqueries' this evening. A very agreeable man, who has been some years in Persia. He explained to us the meaning of the signets, so often mentioned in the Bible and Oriental writings. In Persia, every man has three seals: a large one, in which he testifies his messages to an inferior; a small one, sent to a superior; and a middle-signet, for an equal. Every man has about him an Indian-ink preparation, and, instead of signing his name, he sends an impression of his seal, as a proof that the messenger comes from him."

In Germany, he saw much of Arndt, the old patriot-poet.

"Arndt quoted a *mot* from Luther: 'He who is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty, and rich at

fifty, will not be handsome, strong, learned or rich in this world.' Arndt, on the state of religion, says: 'I am a Christian; I believe in a sort of Revelation; I do not believe that the Maker of heaven and earth was crucified, nor that the Holy Spirit is a person. I worship Christ as a holy person. He is the purest and highest form of humanity ever known: I do not pretend to know anything of the mystery of his nature; that is no concern of mine. But I take the Scripture as the guide of life, and if I could only act up to one-half of what it teaches, it would be well. I am for the Bible, and against the Priests.'"

Here is a bon-mot too good to be passed over:—

"One incident is worthy of mentioning. Some one spoke of the American sect called *Christ*-ians. 'Ay,' said one of the divines, 'it is safer to lengthen a syllable than a creed.' This, as a *mot*, is excellent."

Mr. Shepard here gives a droll story which Mr. Robinson appreciates, and thus writes:—

"Shepard is an amusing, and, I have no doubt, also an excellent man. He related a droll anecdote, which he had just heard from the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre. 'We have to do,' said the manager, 'with a strange set of people. Yesterday there was a regular quarrel between a carpenter and a scene-shifter about religion; one was a Jew, whom the other, a Christian, abused as belonging to a blood-thirsty race. "Why am I blood-thirsty?" replied the Jew. "When my forefathers conquered Palestine, they killed their enemies, the Philistines; but so do you English kill the French. We are no more blood-thirsty than you."—"That is not what I hate your people for; but they killed my God, they did."—"Did they? Then you may kill mine, if you can catch him."'"

Here, too, we find the following anecdote of Horne Tooke:—

"Anthony Robinson related an anecdote of Horne Tooke showing the good-humor and composure of which he was capable. Holcroft was with him at a third person's table. They had a violent quarrel; at length Holcroft said, as he

rose to leave the room, 'Mr. Tooke, I tell you, you are a —— scoundrel, and I always thought you so.' Tooke detained him, and said, 'Mr. Holcroft, some time ago, you asked me to come and dine with you; do tell me what day it shall be.' Holcroft staid."

Flaxman, the sculptor, was a near friend of Mr. Robinson, and in connection with his name we extract the following:—

"I dined in Castle Street, and then took tea at Flaxman's. A serious conversation on Jung's '*Theorie der Geisterkunde*,' — 'Theory of the Science of Spirits.' Flaxman is prepared to go a very great way with Jung; for, though he does not believe in animal magnetism, and has a strong and very unfavorable opinion of the *art*, and though he does not believe in witchcraft, yet he does believe in ghosts; and he related the following anecdotes as confirming his belief: Mr. E—— ordered of Flaxman a monument for his wife, and directed that a dove should be introduced. Flaxman supposed it was an armorial crest; but, on making inquiry, was informed that it was not, and was told this anecdote as explanatory of the required ornament: When Mrs. E—— was on her death-bed, her husband, being in the room with her, perceived that she was apparently conversing with some one. On asking her what she was saying, Mrs. E—— replied, 'Do not you see Miss —— at the window?' — 'Miss —— is not here,' said her husband. 'But she is,' said Mrs. E——, 'she is at the window, standing, with a dove in her hand, and she says she will come again to me on Wednesday.' Now this Miss ——, who was a particular friend of Mrs. E——, resided at a distance, and had been dead three months. Whether her death was then known to Mrs. E——, I cannot say. On the Wednesday, Mrs. E—— died.

"Flaxman also related that he had a cousin, a Dr. Flaxman, a dissenting minister, who died many years ago. Flaxman, when a young man, was a believer in ghosts, and the doctor an unbeliever. A warm dispute on the subject having taken place, Mr. Flaxman said to the doctor, 'I know you are a very candid, as well as honest man; and I now put it to you whether you have never experienced anything which tends to

prove that appearances of departed spirits are permitted by Divine Providence.' Being thus pressed, the doctor confessed that the following circumstance had taken place: There came to him once a very ignorant and low fellow who lived in his neighborhood to ask him what he thought of an occurrence that had taken place the preceding night. As he lay in bed, on a sudden, a very heavy and alarming noise had taken place in a room above him, where no one was, and which he could not account for. He thought it must come from a cousin of his, at sea, who had promised to come to him whenever he died. The doctor scolded at the man, and sent him off. Some weeks afterwards, the man came again to tell him that his cousin, he had learned, was drowned that very night!

"When I was at Frankfort (1834), Charlotte Serviere told me, with apparent faith, that Madame (a blank in the MS.), a woman of great intelligence, was in Goethe's house at the time of his death, and that she and others heard sweet music in the air. No one could find out whence it came. In the eyes of the religious, Goethe was no saint, but rather a Belial, or corrupt spirit, who was rendered most dangerous by his combination of genius and learning with demoniacal influences."

In 1817, Henry Crabb Robinson writes, "The infirmities of age are growing upon me." In 1864, Mr. Robinson notes on this, "What did I mean by old age forty-seven years ago?"

And so his years slipped along until he had counted ninety-one birthdays. Scarcely to the last did he fully feel that he was growing old; and then, "when everything seemed to tire," there was, with this feeling of mortal weariness, another feeling which was that of being —

"On the brink of being born."

He died on Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1867; and up to the preceding Saturday, his conversation and his memory continued in vigor. On the morning of Saturday, Mr. DeMorgan was with him, and saw no change until his luncheon, when he ap-

peared somewhat lethargic. His medical attendant was summoned, and it was soon found that the end had begun.

It is difficult to describe Mr. Robinson by common characteristics; but one may truly say he had a large share of human nature, with few of its follies, and many of its virtues. What an enviable privilege did they enjoy who had his friendship, and how thoroughly loyal he was to those he called his friends! How rare such geniality of temper in an old man, and how wonderful his rich memory! A good old man, indeed, who will be remembered along with Wordsworth and Charles Lamb, and whose influence is, we think, not soon to cease; for it will extend into the future, and be perpetuated in tendencies of thought in England, of which the end is not yet.

These volumes which we have reviewed will stand hereafter, it seems to us, with Boswell's life of Johnson, and with the letters of Horace Walpole. Good old man! We regret taking leave of him, and there will, no doubt, be many a reader of his journal who will feel as though he had made the acquaintance of a man who might have been his friend.

So, although we part from him with regret, we do not wholly take leave of him. The words of his friend, Mrs. Barbauld, which he knew of before his going hence, perhaps he may repeat to himself, as he looks back on this world, —

“Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning.”

E. C. M.

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## BY THE WAY OF THE SEA.

### UNION CHURCH AT NAHANT.

Is it generally known, amongst those who love to believe in “one Lord, one faith, and one baptism,” that for many years (long enough to have outgrown and worn out one house of worship) a Union Church has been maintained at Nahant by the dwellers in the summer cottages; and that Trinitarian, Unitarian, and Orthodox Congregationalists wor-

ship together within hospitable walls duuring the "season," to their great contentment, and, it is hoped, edification? Such is the case; and this summer has been marked by the dedication of a very tasteful place of prayer, mostly of stone, and so catholic in its appointments that all sorts of worshippers, from the High-Churchman to the plainest Congregationalist, can have what they want. For the one, there is a chancel and a lectern; for the other, a pulpit; and clergymen of the various denominations take their places Sunday by Sunday, and the things about which they are agreed are found to be sufficient, not only for one service, but for two, and that even whilst the dog-star rages. The dedication services were conducted by Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody; Bishop Clarke followed in some sermons as earnest as they were broad, and President Mark Hopkins preached with a directness and energy which did not allow any to remember that he is verging towards threescore and ten. Robert Collyer was listened to on the 15th of August with great interest. He took it for granted that such an audience would look for only one service, and had accordingly engaged to be elsewhere for the evening. He promised however, should he come again, to preach three times, in order to make up for the short allowance of this summer. We see no reason why such arrangements may not be universal. A very large number of persons are quite content with a Christianity which does not emphasize denominational peculiarities, and, however much they may be attached to their own special forms and opinions, are very glad to hear voices from other quarters of the Church. Such movements, when the preachers understand their opportunity, are eminently serviceable to the cause of a broad and experimental Christianity. No one would come before an audience so gathered with his particular theory of Christianity. He would preach Christianity itself in its great everlasting verities, not so much with a desire not to offend, as with a purpose to utter that great Word which is believed by each because it is believed by all who are within the sweep of that Divine Influence. It is a blessed Church for those who have no desire to nurse antagonisms, but strive to

forget, in their-setting forth of repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ, that Christians are not one company, and take it as a matter of course that what they say in faith will be heard in faith. We are permitted to put on record, in our Magazine, the following Dedication Hymn : —

#### DEDICATION HYMN FOR NAHANT CHURCH.

Father Almighty, unto thee  
This humble altar now we raise,  
Where those who wander here may bring  
Their offerings of prayer and praise.

Emblem of faith and Christian hope,  
Long may it stand upon this steep,  
Where thy creative power is seen  
In all the wonders of the deep !

Here may we listen to thy voice,  
Heard in soft murmurs on the shore,  
Or in the thunder of the waves  
That break amid the tempest's roar.

Here may we view thy works sublime,  
Marvels of earth and sky and sea,  
And breath this pure health-giving air,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee.

Oh ! bless this house ; and may it be  
A portal leading to thy throne,  
Through which thy children may discern  
The glories they can make their own !

Here let all worldly strife be stayed ;  
And here be found, in thy Son's name,  
That " Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
Which angel hosts did once proclaim.

#### INVOCATION.

Father Almighty ! fill our souls  
With heavenly influence from above,  
That we may do thy will on earth,  
And dwell with thee in endless love.

#### NEWPORT.

We have come to feel that the summer has not been all



that it ought to have been to us, unless we have had our week at Newport. No other sea-bathing that we know of can be compared with what waits for you on that soft beach amongst those glorious breakers ; and whilst your eye rests everywhere upon stately houses and fair grounds, which are quite as helpful to you as to their owners, there is also a public way, for miles, along the magnificent cliffs and by the shore of the resounding sea. It is instructive, for one who wishes to know what men and women are doing, to watch them on "The Avenue," as in other places ; to see that the men have not ceased to be centaurs, nor the women quite outgrown barbaric splendors of attire. The most fascinating spectacle is the pony carriage with its child-driver : not the donkey cart, — that poor donkey has too hard a time of it to allow the idea of the picturesque ; and yet, for children so brought up, what remains in after-life in the way of entertainment ? How hopeless to devise a child's party for such little *blases* ! The cottages at Newport were never more in demand ; but the hotel in the early part of August was only half full : the tone of the city was very quiet, and everybody seemed to be drinking in the delicious air of the place, and feasting upon beauty after a most healthy and rational fashion. Add entire rest from every care in a hospitable home, and what more can man or woman ask for vacation-days ? Our friend, Rev. Mr. Brooks, works on bravely, making sermons for Sundays, and poems and much else for the yearly fair of the society. As to pecuniary compensation, some of our best ministers do not receive so much as the bricklayers who are piling up the houses of new Boston on the "Back Bay." A coachman's place, including the liveries, is more remunerative in what we figuratively call money. What is to become of such a parish as that of the Unitarians in Newport when Mr. Brooks can no longer perform the double service which he now renders ? We can only answer, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." One thing is sure : so long as he is with them, they will rejoice in a very sweet and pleasant light. Let them be very thankful.

E.

## VACATION READING.

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EDWARD IRVING.

FOR a long time we have meant to read Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving*, but could not command the hours. This summer we have accomplished it ; and the book has satisfied a great expectation, and justified the report of it which had been brought to us from many quarters. What a rich life it was, and yet how sad in its closing years ! A sacrifice to petty sectarianism, and to a Scripture literalism from which even his robust nature could in no wise free itself. Holding a most orthodox and most practical view of the incarnation, a view which really brought God near to suffering, sinful man, he was adjudged a heretic by some Scotch theologians to whom unhappily he had subjected himself ; and, eager to reproduce in our day a living Christianity, he was misled into crediting certain travesties of the gospel wonders known as "the speaking with tongues," and so, with the accompaniment of pulmonary disease, hastened, if not brought on by over-anxiety and over-work, his sun sank out of these heavens to rise in the unclouded sky. A man of wondrous gifts, consecrated through and through to his work, as faithful a pastor and minister to the poor and afflicted as he was an eloquent preacher, he accomplished a long time even in his few years ; and yet we say, If he could only have had the health and Christian common sense to have put aside what our age has outgrown in the vesture of religious truth, and given himself, in this world of sin and trouble, to the realities of which he had such a keen sense even whilst he was predicting the speedy end of all earthly things, and trying to satisfy himself with the stammering lips of the prophets whose babblings added not a word to his rich Christian utterances ! The Spirit gave him life beyond any preacher of his time ; beyond Chalmers, whose assistant he was in the beginning, but whose

conventional theology he speedily outgrew : but the Letter killed him. He sought with the intensest desire, and with prayer day and night unceasingly, to make his Christianity altogether real, and yet wasted his splendid gifts in protracted discourse about the obscure images in Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse ! Far more easily, than over the most touching fictions, can one shed tears over such a life ; brave, faithful, hopeful, charitable, patient to the very end : yes, when the prophets of his own summoning-forth assumed a lordship over him, and made him a mere tool in a poor picayune sort of church, a wretched caricature of the grand apostolic estate of primitive Christianity ! A short life was his, and yet long enough, if such must be the residue of it, if there could be no escape even for that regal soul from that terrible enchanted land of mysticism and symbolism. Irving's experience was a *reductio ad absurdum* of much that he believed only too heartily.

#### THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON.\*

How much better had Irving been employed all the time, instead of only a small part of the time, in ministering to the suffering and dangerous classes of London, allowing the question about the end of the world to get itself settled as it could ! For labors of this sort, he had singular gifts. It was his life to spend and be spent for others. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times that we are determined to at least know the facts about the dark abodes of our great cities. Mr. Greenwood has made a sad book, not exactly entertaining reading for the dog-days. As we turn over the pages bristling with horrible statistics, we ask, What are we Protestants thinking about, that we ever should have cast reproach upon Roman-Catholic cities, and expatiated upon the degradation to which the Romish priest reduces his dupes ? Let us look at home. It cannot be wondered at that English philanthropy is almost at its wits' end. Since 1851, the popu-

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\* The Seven Curses of London. By James Greenwood, the Amateur Casual. Boston : Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869.

lation of London has increased thirty-four per cent, whilst the cost of relieving the poor has doubled, and, the worst of it is, they are *not relieved*. The most wretched bushmen of Africa are not in a more wretched condition than increasing multitudes in the city of London. And yet the book before us points out many promising ways of relief; and we know that a host of wise and efficient workers, some of them grouped in brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and others living in the world, and wearing citizens' clothes, is banded and engaged to overcome the evil with good. Christianity, which to some seems outworn and antiquated, is equal to the task: only it must not and will not spend time in ecclesiastical courts trying men for omitting the word "regenerate" in the baptismal service. Christian life is too precious for such trifling. Mr. Greenwood bears unqualified and emphatic testimony to the value of the Christian missionary, and to the success which attends his labors even amongst the most hardened. We are tempted to make the following extracts from his exceedingly painful and yet very interesting book.

"I never asked questions about their affairs, or meddled with things that did not concern me," says the gentleman in question. I can answer for it that my pastor friend of the Cow-Crow mission was less forbearing. With seasoned middle-aged scoundrels he seldom had any conversation; but he never lost a chance of tackling young men and lads on the evil of their ways, and to a purpose. Nor was it his soft speech or polished eloquence that prevailed with them. He was by no means a gloomy preacher against crime and its consequences: he had a cheerful, hopeful way with him, that much better answered the purpose. He went about his Christian work humming snatches of hymns in the liveliest manner. One day, while I was with him, we saw skulking along before us a villainous figure, ragged and dirty, and with a pair of shoulders broad enough to carry sacks of coal. "This," whispered my missionary friend, "is about the very worst character we have. He is as strong as a tiger, and almost as ferocious. 'Old Bull,' they call him."

I thought it likely we would pass without recognizing so dangerous an animal, but my friend was not so minded. With a hearty slap on his shoulder, the fearless missionary accosted him.

"Well, Old Bull!"

"Ha! 'ow do, Mr. Catlin, sir?"

"As well as I should like to see you, my friend. How are you getting along, Bull?"

"O werry dickey, Mr. Catlin." And Bull hung his ears, and pawed uncomfortably in a puddle, with one slip-shod foot, as though in his heart resenting being "pinned" after this fashion.

"You find matters going worse and worse with you, ah?"

"They can't be no worser than they is: that's *one* blessin'."

"Ah! now there's where you're mistaken, Bull. They *can* be worse a thousand times: and they *will*, unless you turn over a fresh leaf. Why not, Bull? See what a tattered, filthy old leaf the old one is!"

(Bull, with an uneasy glance towards the outlet of the alley, but still speaking with all respect), "Ah, it's all that guv'nor."

"Well, then, since you *must* begin on a fresh leaf, why not try the right leaf, — the honest one? Eh, Bull, just to see how you like it."

"All right, Mister Catlin. I'll think about it."

"I wish to the Lord you would, Bull. There's not much to laugh at, take my word for that."

"All right, guv'nor: I a'n't a larfin'. I mean to be a reg'lar model, some day, — when I get time. Morning, Mr. Catlin, sir."

And away went Old Bull, with a queer sort of grin on his repulsive countenance, evidently no better nor worse for the brief encounter with his honest adviser, but very thankful indeed to escape.

"I've been up into that man's room," said my tough, little, cheerful missionary, "and rescued his wife out of his great cruel hands, when the three policemen stood on the stairs, afraid to advance another step."

## NOVALIS (FRIEDERICH VON HARDENBERG).

### ON THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

WE turn from the pages of an observer, nay, of one who has himself passed nights in work-houses, to the words of a very sweet and hopeful dreamer, who bids us believe that good shall come forth out of all these miseries, and beauty from ashes. Novalis was born in 1772, in Saxony, and died before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, but not before he had written words which will long be read with interest, and which are gaining a striking fulfillment in our time. As far

as publicity is concerned, the pamphlet from which we propose to make a few extracts may almost be said never to have been published. It contains a translation of a fragment entitled "Christianity, or Europe," and of "Hymns to Night." "Novalis was one of several persons discontented with the dead, dry formalism of thought, into which the Protestantism of Germany had fallen, and who strove from his spiritual instincts for something better. Whether he would have been contained within the Catholic Church, had he lived long, would seem to be very doubtful. It is new wine in an old bottle; and the pamphlet itself would seem to suggest a strength in the wine which the old bottle would hardly have been able long to contain. 'Heinrich Von Ofterdingen,' his chief work, was published in Boston some thirty years since."

That the time of the resurrection of religion hath come, no historical mind can deny; for even the very events that seemed directed against her existence, that threatened her complete downfall, have become the most favorable symptoms of her regeneration. From the destruction of every positive institution, she raises aloft her glorious head, as the new foundress of the world. As man of himself rises up towards heaven, when nothing earthly binds him, so the higher organs spontaneously rise out of their common uniform state unto a perfect freedom from the power and imposition of man, as the seed of every earthly form at first appears. The Spirit of God moveth over the waters, and a heavenly island is visible on the receding waves, to become the abode of renovated humanity, the well-spring of eternal life.\*

Let the careful observer quietly and impartially notice the new political revolutions of the times. Does not the State reformer appear unto us as Sisyphus? He has now reached the point of the equilibrium; but already the mighty burden rolls down again on

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\* "Aus der Vernichtung alles Positiven, hebt sie ihr glorreiches Haupt als neue Weltstifterin empor. . . . . Der Geist Gottes schwebt uber den Wassern, und ein himmlisches Eiland wird als Wohnstatte der neuen Menschen, als stromgebiet des ewigen Lebens sichtbar uber den zuruckstromenden Wogen."

the other side. It will never remain at the top, if some attraction do not keep it balanced on high towards heaven : all our props are too weak, when the State has a tendency towards the earth. But only bind it by a holier desire after the high places of heaven, — only attract it above the world, — then will it possess an undying strength, and all your labors will be richly rewarded. I refer you to history : search in its instructive and connected events for similar periods, and learn to make use of the magic wand of analogy. Shall the French Revolution remain the same, as the Reformation of Luther did? Shall Protestantism be again established in an unnatural manner, as a revolutionary constitution? Shall character give place to character? Do you seek the root of the evil in the old order of things, in the ancient spirit? Do you hope to see a better arrangement, a better spirit, arise? Oh, that the Spirit of spirits may possess you, and keep you from the foolish attempt of remolding history and mankind! Are not these self-durable? are they not independent, and as infinitely worthy of love as they are prophetic? Think of nothing, then, but of following them, of studying them, of learning from them, of advancing with them at an even pace, and of fulfilling faithfully their commands and injunctions. In France, much has been done for religion since the right of citizenship has been taken away; and this, not in one person only, but in all its countless individual forms. \* \* \* \*

In every branch of art and science, we may perceive a mighty fermentation. A boundless spirit unfolds itself on all sides. New and fresh mines are examined and explored. Never were the sciences in better hands, and never, at least, did they raise greater expectations. Subjects are studied under all their various points of view; nothing is left undisturbed, unexamined, uncriticised. Every department is cultivated; writers have become more original and powerful; every ancient historical monument, every art, every science, has its friends and admirers, which is embraced with new ardor, and rendered fruitful. An unparalleled many-sidedness, a wonderful depth, a polished literature, a comprehensive knowledge, and a rich, powerful imagination, are here and there found, and oft boldly united together. A powerful opposition to creative free-will, a boundlessness, the infinite variety, the sacred personality, the all-capability of the inward man, appear to be stirring in every direction. A portion of mankind, awakened from the morning dream of helpless childhood, exercise their first power on snakes, which twine around their cradle, desirous of depriving them of the use of

their limbs. But as yet, everything is merely indicative ; everything is disconnected, imperfect. But to an historical eye, they disclose an universal individuality, a new history, a renovated humanity, when a loving God and his Church shall unexpectedly be united in the sweetest embrace ; when the mind, in its thousand different powers, shall inwardly conceive a new Messiah. Who feels not this sweet glow of better hopes ? The " New-born " will be the image of his Father, a new golden Period, with heavenly features ; a prophetic, wonder-working, wound-healing one, comforting us, and enkindling hopes of eternal life ; a propitiation-period ; a Saviour who, as a good genius dwelling among men, will not be seen, but only believed in : visible to the believer, in countless forms, he will be eaten as bread and wine ; embraced, as a beloved one ; drawn in, as we breathe the air ; and, when dead, received, amidst the deepest sorrows of love, into the innermost part of the becalmed soul. \* \* \* \*

There has been enough of war ; but never will it cease until the palm-branch be taken up, which a spiritual power alone can offer us. Blood will continue to flow over Europe until the nations shall become sensible of the fearful frenzy that now whirls them round in a circle, until, influenced and softened by sacred music, they return in crowds to their ancient altars, and undertake the work of Peace ; and on the reeking battle-field, amidst burning tears, solemnize a great love-feast as a peace-festival. Religion alone can again awake all Europe ; she alone can give security to the people ; can invest Christendom with higher glory, and visibly re-instate her on earth in her ancient peace-making office.

Have not the nations received everything from man except his holy organ, the heart ? Will not friends forget every animosity in the tomb of their love, when the heavenly Sympathizer speaks unto them ? Will not grief and sensibility fill their eyes with tears ? Will they not offer and resign themselves to Omnipotence, and long again to become friends and allies with each other ? Where is that ancient, lovely, and alone sanctifying faith in the government of God upon earth, that heavenly confidence which men had in each other ; where that sweet regard for the effusions of god-like minds, that all-embracing spirit of Christianity ? Christianity has a threefold character : one is the generative element of religion, as a friend to all religions ; another that of a mediator in general, as believing in the all-fitness of every earthly thing to become the bread and wine of eternal life ; a third, that of a belief in Christ, in his Mother, and the saints. Choose any of these you please, — choose all the



three, it is immaterial, — thereby you will become Christians and members of one perpetual, inexpressibly happy community.

Active and vigorous was the old Catholic faith of Christendom : this is the last form of its character. Its all-presence in life, its love for art, its deep humanity, the indissolubility of its marriages, its friendly sympathy with men, its joy in poverty, its obedience and fidelity, clearly prove it to be the true religion, and they include the grounds of its constitution.\*

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## SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

CASE OF REV. MR. CHENEY. The newspapers, sacred and secular, are much occupied with the affairs of Rev. Mr. Cheney, the Episcopal minister who has been called to account, by Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois, for omitting the word "regenerate" in the office for the baptism of infants. The whole matter seems to us a most unwarrantable waste of precious time. A five-minutes' conference of the respondent with the bishop should have settled the business ; indeed, Mr. Cheney ought not to have compelled the authorities of his church to seek him with any remonstrance or complaint. The law of his denomination exacts the use of a Book of Common Prayer in all the public services of religion, and in the administration of the ordinances ; not a part of it, but the whole of it ; not the part which the High Church enjoys, but the whole of it ; not the part which the Low Church approves, but the whole of it. For reasons which seem to

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\* "Seine Allgegenwart im Leben seine Liebes, zur Kunst, seine tiefe Humanitat, die Unverbruchlichkeit seiner Ehen, seine menschenfreundliche Mittheilbarkeit, seine Freude an der Armuth, Gehorsam und Treue machen ihn als achte Religion unverkenbar, und enthalten die Grundzuge seiner Verfassung."

the Episcopalians satisfactory, they require this uniformity. They do not claim that the plan is without objections and difficulties, but that it involves fewer objections and difficulties than any other. And, whatever we may think of the wisdom or unwisdom of their method, that *is* their method; and it is for a clergyman to say whether he individually approves of it, and whether he individually is willing to conform to it, understanding that he has no more right to alter one word than to alter fifty, no more right to change a phrase because he is a Low-Churchman than because he is a High-Churchman. We confess that it seems to us a matter of simple honesty and simple manners, though far be it from us to imply that Mr. Cheney is either dishonest or ungentlemanly. We are free, however, to say that he does not commend himself to us as a man of common sense, and certainly he has been the occasion of placing Christians in a very ridiculous light before a world which may well find apology in such absurd waste of precious power for talking of the dotage and decrepitude of a Church, that in an age so morally needy as ours proposes to spend a year or more in getting rid of a man who ought at once to join some freer connection, or persuade his congregation to allow him the free use of the Liturgy. What right has Mr. Cheney to take up the world's time, and make all this pother, because he cannot bear to give up his place in the Episcopal Church, and yet steadily refuses to obey the law of the Church? Certainly the company of men and women known as Episcopalians have a right to prescribe what shall be the order of worship amongst themselves,—a right to say that only those who are willing to conform to this order shall be their ministers. Mr. Cheney is *not* willing, and it is simply indecent for him to remain where he is; and he himself would see it, and does see it, only let the innovation be the other way. It is said, "Usage allows a certain freedom." We do not believe that the Episcopal Church has ever stultified itself by any such toleration. It has never said, "We wish a service, and that it shall be substantially this," least of all,— "We wish a service, and in a matter so vital as this which exercises Mr. Cheney we leave it to the indi-

vidual incumbent, be he broad, or high, or low, or what not." It has said, "There is the book. If you don't like it, the world is wide; go somewhere else; go where the book is not required; where you can enjoy the liberty which you prize, and which we think only mischievous." And then, as to this appeal to the civil authorities, how can we do other than deplore and protest against it? Let the various denominations of Christians manage these matters within themselves. If Mr. Cheney cannot get justice from the Bishop of Illinois, or what he considers justice, if that strict disciplinarian will not allow him to eat the Episcopal cake in peace after having picked out everything which either sticks in the throat or is hard to digest, — let him appeal to the higher tribunals of his church, and, if he does not prosper even so, let him ask himself whether the mistake, after all, is not in this, — that he should be under any such fallible authority at all. Fortunately the worst that can happen to him is to lose his *status* as an Episcopal minister, — his *property*, as the judge explains it in that capacity; but there are many of us who never had that at all, and yet have managed to make a live of it, and perhaps to do a little good. No doubt Mr. Cheney is sorry to give it up, and go outside; but he ought to have gone long ago. That baptismal service was never written for a man who holds Mr. Cheney's opinions to read. Some of the papers make a distinction between an attempt of the civil courts to settle points of theology, and their interference to secure fair play according to canon-law and mere method of procedure in the matters of notice and jury and testimony, etc. It is a dangerous distinction. The civil courts should have nothing to do with the matter whatever. It is n't their quarrel. Let those who made the law, and know what they made it for, interpret the law, and apply the law from first to last. They are as competent and as unprejudiced, to say the least, as most of the judges whose aid would be invoked. Moreover, if the civil courts begin with the outside things, they will presently strike deeper. We question, moreover, whether our civil judges have any right to give to such work the time which belongs to the people for the promotion of public morality.

**W**e do not pay judges even the poor salaries they get in order to see that the various religious bodies proceed according to rule in receiving or excluding ministers. If indeed any man or body of men attempt to depreciate a character, the law, if called upon, must defend that character; but the pecuniary loss which may be imposed upon a clergyman by ejection on account of doctrine or ceremony from a religious denomination would certainly be set down amongst the "one-cent-damage" kind. Nay, a little persecution of this sort has made the fortune of many a very dull preacher. Gallio, who has had in some quarters a bad name which he did not deserve, gave a very good rule for these things. "*If it be a question of words and names and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters.*" We know nothing and care nothing about Judge Jameson's law; but we should think more highly of him, as a man of sense, if he had said, when they asked for an injunction, "It is none of my business: settle it your own way." Why will not each man go to his own place without making such an intolerable fuss about it? How can Mr. Cheney justify himself *in foro conscientie* for availing himself of the merest technicalities when he is breaking one of the commandments of his Church? Is the world to be turned upside down because some twenty-five Episcopalian clergymen wish to keep their ecclesiastical status without obeying the rule of their body? Is Mr. Cheney to do what he pleases because Bishop Whitehouse is a haughty and cold and distant man, suspected, too, of ritualistic tendencies? In this day of injunctions, better petition the Supreme Court to lay an injunction upon all such intermeddling as Judge Jameson has been betrayed into.

— "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" UPON "OUR ESTABLISHED CHURCH." — This periodical, in the August number, corrects some misstatements of an article in "Putnam" leveled at the Roman-Catholic Church, and takes occasion to disclaim even the wish on the part of that Church of being an Establishment. It cannot so concede the supremacy of the State. But "The World" maintains that the Catholics should have

a portion of the public-school money to spend in their own way.

"On this question of education, we and non-Catholics no doubt stand at opposite poles. We cannot accept their views, and they will not accept ours. Between them and us there is no common ground on which we and they can meet and act in concert. They feel it as keenly as we do. Now, as the State owes equally respect and protection to both parties, and has no right to attempt to force either to conform to the views of the other, its only just and honest course is to abandon the policy of trying to bring both together in a system of common schools. Catholic and non-Catholic education cannot be carried on in common. In purely secular matters, Catholics and Protestants can act in common, as one people, one community: but, in any question that involves the spiritual relations of men, we and they are two communities, and cannot act in concert; and, as both are equal before the State, it can compel neither to give way to the other. This may or may not be a disadvantage; but it is a fact, and must by all parties be accepted as such.

"The solution of the problem would present no difficulty were the non-Catholics as willing to recognize our rights as we are to recognize theirs. They support secular schools, and wish to compel us to send our children to them, because they hope thus to secularize the minds of our children, — *enlighten* them, they say; darken them, we say, — and detach them from the church, or, at least, so emasculate their Catholicity that it will differ only in name from Protestantism. They regard common schools, in which secular learning is divorced from religious instruction and training, as a most cunningly devised engine for the destruction of the Church; and therefore they insist on it with all the energy of their souls, and the strength of their hatred of Catholicity. It gives them the forming of the character of the children of Catholics, and thus in an indirect way makes the State an accomplice in their proselyting schemes. Here arises all the difficulty in the case. But, whether they are right or wrong in their calculations, the State has no more right to aid them

against us, than it has to aid us against them. If it will, as it is bound to do, respect and protect the rights of conscience, or real religious liberty, it must do as the continental governments of Europe do, and divide the public schools into two classes, — the one for Catholics, and the other for non-Catholics : that is, adopt the system of denominational schools, or rather, as we would say, Catholic schools, — under the management and control of the Church, — for Catholics ; and secular schools — under its own management and control — for the rest of the community. Let the system stand as it is for non-Catholics, by whatever name they may be called ; and let the State appropriate to Catholics, for the support of schools approved by their church, their proportion of the school fund, and of the money raised by public tax for the support of public schools, simply reserving to itself the right, through the courts, to see that the sums received are honestly applied to the purposes for which they are appropriated. The State may, if it insists, fix the minimum of secular instruction to be given, and withhold all or a portion of the public moneys from all Catholic schools that do not come up to it."

On the contrary, we insist that the State should make secular education compulsory, and should provide, out of the public money, only secular schools, without attempting any religious instruction, or taking any notice of sects old or new. If Catholics think it will injure their children to learn arithmetic and geography and history in our public schools, whether from Protestant or Catholic teachers (for there should be no preference of one over the other, literary and moral qualifications being equal), let them have schools of their own, and pay for their whim, until they have found out what a foolish and costly whim it is ; but do not let our noble public schools be sacrificed to their narrowness and antiquated prejudices. Leave the Bible out of the schools, — what is read of it therein does no good, and often does harm ; but suffer no dividing of the school money, no matter how speciously and earnestly it is demanded.

— THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE. — We make the fol-

following extract from an excellent article upon this subject by President Woolsey, of Yale College, in the last "New-Englander":—

"Finally, in one very important respect, the very progress of society demands the assurances and supports of positive Christian truth. As knowledge and refinement increase, the standard of character tends to rise, and along with it will deepen the feeling of responsibility, and the pain of falling below the standard. A sense of imperfection—of sinfulness, if we may call it so, as keen as any other sense, and more indestructible,—will then be in vigorous exercise. How is this sense to be satisfied without a gospel? Heathenism has had its method of satisfying the consciousness of sin, its reconciliation of man and God, in which lay no small part of its strength. Christianity has its method, and herein lies much of the service which it has rendered to mankind. But naked Deism, the religion of human insight and natural reason, says, nothing of pardon and redemption, nothing of a helping, life-giving-spirit. In this respect, it occupies a much weaker position than that which is taken by the systems of necessary development. They legitimately deny the reality of moral evil. It has for them no existence, because the will is not free, or because sin, being a necessary stage for finite minds, is not objectively evil. But a system, in which a personal God is a central principle, cannot extinguish the sense of sin, or deny its reality. Nay, the further the true refinement of society is carried, the higher the standard of character is raised, and the vaster the creation is shown to be by science, so much the more grandeur and glory are spread around the throne of God. Sin, then, tends to enlarge its dimensions before the eye of a refined age which has not thrown aside its faith in the moral attributes of God. But Deism has nothing to satisfy this sense of sin but baseless hopes and analogies drawn from the unexplained dealings of God. If God ought to forgive because the best conceptions of human virtue include forgiveness, he ought to have indignation against sin because that too enters as an element into our ideal of perfect character. And how terrible that indignation! What distance so vast as that between the Infinite One, in-

habiting his dwelling place of holiness, and a soul conscious of selfishness and of impurity ! The course of things, if Deism should be the ultimate form of religion, would be something like this. As long as the recollections and influences of Christianity survived its fall, earnest souls would hope on, they would stay their soul-hunger on the milk drawn from the breasts of their dead mother. But a new age would toss about in uncertainty, if not in despair ; or else, throwing aside their Deism, which brings before their unwearied minds the unsolved problem of the relations of sinning man to a holy God, they would hunt after peace in the fields of Atheistic or Pantheistic philosophy. Civilization with God, but without Christ, leads to a terrible dilemma. If the sense of sin remain, the life of all noble souls will be an anxious, gloomy tragedy. Or if that burden so crushing is thrown off as in a life-struggle, then the standard of character will fall, and the sense of sin grow faint to such a degree that the pardon from God craved in heathenism will not be needed, and the utmost frivolity will be reached of life and manners. In either case, the progress of civilization will be stopped ; the world of the future will be doomed ; and the "religion of the future" will turn out to be a miserable raft, unfit, after the shipwreck of Christianity, to carry the hopes and the welfare of mankind down the ages."

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"GENTLE sleep," says Horace, "despises not the humble cottages of rustics, nor the shaded banks, nor valleys whose foliage waves with the western wind ;" and every reader will recall the magnificent words of our own great Shakespeare, —

"Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulld with sounds of sweetest melody ?"



## RANDOM READINGS.

## THE WILDERNESS.

"WHAT went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" ask the wise ones of Mr. Murray's fools, — as some of them call themselves. We went to see a good many things, and without getting fooled in the least degree. Nobody needed to be taken in by Mr. Murray's book. True there are no phantom boats on the lakes, the trees do not fall before a storm without any breath of wind, and the deer are not very thick, nor capable of being held by the tail. But the air is a celestial ether which you cannot breathe without inhaling vigor through mind and frame; the scenery is Alpine and magnificent beyond description; and to get upon one of the mountain peaks, — Marcy or McIntyre or Whiteface, — and "drink the spectacle," is an era in one's natural life. All that Mr. Murray says of the grandeur of the scenery, and the sanitary influence of these mountain airs, is entirely true. But do not ever follow in his track unless you are bent on fishing and hunting. The region of the Saranac Lakes is not the best either for mountain air or vastness of prospect. But if you go to Caldwell, at the head of Lake George, and steam down the Lake by daylight among its three hundred islands of fringing green, and over its transparent water, then cross over by stage five miles to Lake Champlain, and steam by daylight to Plattsburgh, and back either to Westport or Port Kent, with the Adirondacks on one side, and the Green Mountains on the other, receding tier beyond tier into deeper blue, you will have pictures for memory to brood over through a whole lifetime, and to furnish the scenery of delightful dreams. Then, if you land at Westport, and thence make a plunge into the wilderness, you will find some of the best-natured of stage-drivers, and roads so abominably rough that you will be sure to be jolted into a hearty appetite for fresh trout or salmon. And if you keep on through Keene, to North Elba, you will find the scenery growing upon you, more and more awfully sublime, till you come to the water-shed that separates the waters of the Hudson on the south from those that feed the lakes and rivers of the north and west. If you stop at Scott's in

North Elba, you will have excellent fare at reasonable charges ; and you will find yourself on a lofty plateau, swept by cool breezes from the giant mountains towering on every side. There is no finer spot for an artist to feast his eye, or for an invalid to drink the spirit of the hills. Whiteface looms up twelve miles away into the bluest air, sure to pull you up to his summit. You ride six miles to Lake Placid through ethers which sparkle through your veins like choice wine till you come to the head of the lake. There you find a guide, who rows you six miles over that beautiful lake—a kind of St. George in miniature—till you come to the foot of the giant peak. Then you climb and climb—not on horses, but on your feet, sometimes on your hands and knees—five thousand feet,—the last mile up a tremendous stairway of rocks and crags. The summit gained, the whole wilderness lies under your eye. Face north, and you have the Saranac Lakes on your left, with groups of smaller ones ; you have Champlain and George on your right ; and, away on the north, the St. Lawrence, in a clear day, lies gleaming like a silver thread, and the cultured valleys and green gorges wind off in all directions with endless luxuriance. Then the piles on piles of green and blue which fill the vast horizon on every side ! You are on the first land which God created (so says Agassiz) ; and no wonder he kept on with such glorious beginnings. Be sure to camp for the night on the summit, and see the sun go down, when, with Divine Alchemy, he will turn those forty lakes into masses of gleaming gold ; and be sure to wake in the morning, so as to look out from your tent and see the vapors roll up the valleys, and change to silvery wreaths, till they creep off from *beneath* you, and ridge the sky with fantastic piles of cloud. The whole mystery of cloud-land you see from a point above it ; and, when you come down, you will not book your name as one of Murray's fools.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

"NEVER," says Max Müller, "shall I forget the deep despondency of a Hindoo convert, a real martyr to his faith, who had pictured to himself, from the pages of the New Testament, what a Christian country must be ; and who, when he came to Europe, found everything so different from what he had imagined in his lonely meditations at Benares. It was the Bible only that saved him from returning to his old religion, and helped him to discern, beneath theological futilities accumulated during nearly two thou-

sand years, beneath pharisaical hypocrisy, infidelity, and want of charity, the buried, but still living seed, committed to the earth by Christ and his apostles."

### HEGEL, BAUR, AND "THE COMMONWEALTH."

"MR. SEARS persists in reading Hegel through the spectacles of Baur and others of 'the left wing,' and in describing him accordingly. He must be aware that the ablest Hegelians in England and America, Sterling and Harris, who do *not* study their master at second-hand, are far from accepting that interpretation of him which Mr. Sears gives out as if it were unquestionably correct." — *Commonwealth*.

What we persist in doing is looking at Baur himself, without any spectacles, and seeing what are his acknowledged theories and philosophy, — theories which have shaped and colored the New-Testament criticism of the whole Tübingen school. What English and American writers get out of Hegel is of no consequence in this connection. We think it easy to show however, in its proper place, that Baur has made legitimate use of the prime principle — *the identity of the divine and human essence* — always assumed or implied by both Schelling and Hegel, and the grand fallacy of all modern Pantheism, German, English, and American. The only modern writer that we know of who has successfully demolished it, root and branch, is Swedenborg, in his doctrine of *discrete degrees of life*, set forth in his great work "Divine Love and Wisdom;" beautifully translated, by the way, by R. Norman Foster. Henry James however, in his "Substance and Shadow," has, in his trenchant way, knocked the breath of life out of this fallacy, drawing from the armory of Swedenborg.

### ISHMAELITISH CRITICISM.

"THE GATES AJAR" gives some ideas of the future life, its employments and range of exercise for the human faculties, somewhat at variance with the old notion of eternal song-singing and formal Sabbath-keeping. It describes what good people in this world recognize as rational enjoyment, and, as we happen to know, has been a solace to many hearts yearning for more definite and congenial views of the heavenly world, as a sphere, not of ghosts, but of warm-blooded humanity. This book is thus caricatured in "Hall's Journal of Health." After denouncing its "irreverence"

and "profanities," the critic goes on in a style showing his own competence for misrepresentation : —

"She writes the book with a rebelliousness of spirit which taints every page ; and, as if she would die without comfort, she takes it, in the consideration that when she gets to heaven she will find her was-to-be husband already there, with a posy in his button-hole, a hat askance, mauve gloves, and a beauty of a little cane, twirling it in his hand : one while they will court over again ; another, they will take a walk ; at others, they will lead a pretty little poodle-dog along the streets ; now and then, stop to see the monkeys perform, and feed the little canary-birds ; tired of this, they sing a song, thump the piano, play the fiddle, and jump Jim Crow generally. These are not the words, exactly, but something of this sort is the idea of the book, the leading idea."

#### THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun has occurred twice in this meridian within the memory of living men, once within the memory of not very old men. Next to witnessing the phenomenon, is reading a description of it by Horace Smith. The single sentence, "The god of day hangs in the sky a corpse," is wonderfully descriptive of the lurid gloom on the face of nature, the greenish tinge of the sky with the stars coming out at midday, with the sun turned to a dull, copper ball without rays. We copy the poem for those who have not seen and mayhap never will see a total eclipse.

'T is cloudless morning ; but a frown misplaced,  
Cold, lurid, strange,  
Her summer smile from Nature's brow hath chased.  
What fearful change,  
What menacing catastrophe, is thus  
Ushered by such prognostics ominous !

Is it the life of day, this livid glare,  
Death's counterpart !  
What means the withering coldness in the air,  
That chills my heart,  
And what the gloom portentous that hath made  
The glow of morning a funereal shade ?

O'er the sun's disk a dark orb wins its slow,  
Gloom-deepening way,  
Climbs, spreads, enshrouds, extinguishes, and, lo !  
The god of day

Hangs in the sky a corpse : the usurper's might  
Hath stormed his throne, and quenched the life of light.

A pall is on the earth : the screaming birds  
    To covert speed ;  
Bewildered and aghast, the bellowing herds  
    Rush o'er the mead ;  
While men, pale shadows in the ghastly doom,  
Seem spectral forms just risen from the tomb.

Transient, though total, was that drear eclipse ;  
    With might restored,  
The sun re-gladdened earth ; but human lips  
    Have never poured  
In mortal ears the horrors of the sight  
That thrilled my soul that memorable night.

To every distant zone and fulgent star  
    Mine eyes could reach,  
And the wide waste was one chaotic war :  
    O'er all and each,  
Above, beneath, around me, everywhere,  
Was anarchy, convulsion, death, despair.

'T was morn, and yet a deep unnatural night  
    Enshrouded heaven,  
Save where some orb unsphered, or satellite,  
    Frantically driven,  
Glared as it darted through the darkness dread,  
Blind, rudderless, unchecked, unpiloted.

A thousand simultaneous thunders crashed,  
    As here and there  
Some rushing planet 'gainst another dashed,  
    Shooting through air  
Volleys of shattered wreck, when both, destroyed,  
Foundered and sunk in the ingulfing void.

Others, self-kindled, as they whirled and turned,  
    Without a guide,  
Burst into flames, and rushing, as they burned,  
    With range more wide,  
Like fire-ships that some stately fleet surprise,  
Spread havoc through the constellated skies.

While stars kept falling from their spheres, as though  
 The heavens wept fire ;  
 Earth was a raging hell of war and woe,  
 Most deep and dire ;  
 Virtue was vice, vice virtue, all was strife,  
 Brute force was law, justice the assassin's knife.

From that fell scene my space-commanding eye  
 Glad to withdraw,  
 I pierced the empyrean palace of the sky,  
 And shudd'ring saw  
 A vacant throne, a sun's extinguished sphere, —  
 All else a void, dark, desolate, and drear.

"What mean," I cried, "these sights unparalleled,  
 These scenes of fear?"  
 When, lo! a voice replied, — and Nature held  
 Her breath to hear, —  
 "Mortal, the scroll before thine eyes unfurled  
 Displays a *soul eclipse*, an *atheist world*."

#### GEORGE LIVERMORE'S INTERVIEW WITH WORDSWORTH AND ROGERS.

MR. DEANE'S Memoir, among other good things, gives an account of Mr. Livermore's visit at London with the poet Rogers, where he met Wordsworth. He gives us glimpses of the two poets.

"Mr. Wordsworth came in, and we were introduced to him. To see the author of 'The Excursion' and the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' together, to take them both by the hand, and listen to their conversation, was surely 'glory enough' for one day. The personal appearance of the two poets is quite unlike. Rogers is over eighty years old, yet not enfeebled by age. His manners are gentle and graceful, his countenance mild and delicate, and his voice sweet and remarkably pleasing. Wordsworth is eight or ten years younger. He is nearly a head taller than Rogers, and looks quite as old: what little hair remains on his head is quite gray. His manners are rough, his voice loud, his conversation very rapid and vehement: his whole soul seems to be thrown into the subject before him. When he is silent, he looks just like the engraved portrait in his poems. I should have known him from the resemblance.

But, when he talks, the quiet and gentle look that the engraving indicates is gone. Perhaps he was unusually excited to-day; for

he has come to London to be presented for the first time to Her Majesty, the Queen, as poet-laureate."

#### START IN LIFE.

GEORGE LIVERMORE tells us, in a record quoted by Mr. Deane, with what equipment he entered on the responsibilities of life. Those lives which have been crowned with the highest success have generally started in a similar way.

"On the day I was twenty-one years old, wishing in some way to signalize my majority, I asked my father for a dollar, and took a trip in the steamboat to Nahant. The fare was thirty-seven and a half cents each way, leaving me but twenty-five cents for other expenses. I could not, of course, get a dinner at any public house with this sum ; but I managed to find a grocery-store, where I got ninepence worth of gingerbread and crackers, and a glass of lemonade for six cents, which I regarded as a good dinner, and came home with six cents in my pocket. This was my start in life."

#### MENTAL PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT have published a new Album in which the contributor photographs his mind instead of filling it with stale sentimentality and seventh-rate sonneteering. He is cross-questioned as to his likes and dislikes, and, whether he answers correctly or evasively, he reveals his tastes in the process.

We copy from "The New York Post" the following contribution to the Mental Photograph Album :—

*Your Favorite Color ?* — Red — when it wins.

*Flower ?* — Flower of the Family.

*Tree ?* — My own roof tree.

*Object in Nature ?* — A waterfall.

*Hour in the Day ?* — Bed-time.

*Season of the Year ?* — First of May.

*Perfume ?* — An odor of sanctity.

*Fem ?* — Jemima.

*Style of Beauty ?* — Grecian, with the bend.

*Painters ?* — Old masters and young mistresses.

*Musicians ?* — Women who play on my feelings.

*Piece of Sculpture ?* — God's image, cut in ebony,

*Poets ?* — Tupper M. F.

*Poetesses ?* — Mother Cary's chickens.

*Prose Authors?* — Walt Whitman.

*Character in Romance?* — Abbott's Napoleon.

*In History?* — Joseph.

*Book to take up for an hour?* — Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.

*What Book (not religious) would you part with last?* — My pocket-book.

*What epoch would you choose to have lived in?* — Before the era of woman's rights and tights.

*Where would you like to live?* — In clover.

*What is your favorite amusement?* — Riding down Broadway in an omnibus.

*What is your favorite occupation?* — Endorsing for friends.

*What trait of character do you most admire in Man?* — Persistence.

*What trait of character do you most admire in Woman?* — Consistency.

*What trait of character do you most detest in each?* — Pure "cussedness."

*If not yourself, who would you rather be?* — Susan B. Anthony.

*What is your idea of happiness?* — Clamming.

*What is your idea of misery?* — Feeling that you are one too many.

*What is your bete moire?* — Being introduced to people I don't know.

*What is your dream?* — Starting in new.

*What do you most dread?* — Going to Brooklyn.

*What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics?* — Constancy, industry, and economy.

*What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable?* — Compassion.

*What are the sweetest words in the world?* — "You are my affinity."

*What are the saddest words?* — "I don't see it."

*What is your aim in life?* — Amiability.

*What is your motto?* — When you must, you'd better.

#### SEVERAL THINGS.

THE BLACK FLIES, which Mr Murray says disappear from the Adirondack region the forepart of July, and are more harmless than mosquitoes, we found there past the middle; and though the fish



wouldn't bite, the black flies would, making sores nearly as bad as Job's boils. We saw a lady pretty well scarred with them, evidently of good natural temper, who wished Mr. Murray tied up in the woods a whole afternoon and given over to their tender mercies.

"THE NEW YORK WORLD" says that some Boston Swedenborgian has had a vision of the spiritual world, and saw the Unitarians there in the frigid zone riding in chariots of ice drawn by horses without tails. Whereupon the "World" wonders why Unitarians should have the monopoly of such a delicious heaven, and outsiders be tantalized with it in dog-days. The horses being without tails, probably there are no black flies or gad-flies infesting the region.

GENERAL JACKSON, while President, was visited by George Livermore at the White House, who "was surprised to find that hard and tyrannical ruler so gentle and affable in private conversation." How could even "hard and tyrannical" people be other than gentle and affable in the genial sunshine which Mr. Livermore always diffused about him?

THE LAKE WINNIPESOCKEE — so it should be spelled — is the delightful resort of many travellers from Boston the present season. Its waters are remarkably pure and very deep, and it is said to be fed principally by springs at the bottom. It lies amidst some of the grandest New-England scenery, and between the lake and the mountain breezes, the traveler is fanned with delicious airs. "The New-York World" might find here its terrestrial heaven, if shut out from the other, which it seems to covet. The Lake has a multitude of islands of most romantic beauty, and steamboats ply daily over the lovely waters.

THERE IS A PLACE, not yet overcrowded by fashionable pleasure-seekers, on one of the loveliest shores imaginable, in sight of beautiful islands, among whose fringing green you can sail every day, where cool breezes always fan you from healthful lands, where you are within half a day's sail of romantic rapids, which you can shoot without danger if you like, and where there is a public house with a host full of kindness, and who never fleeces his guests with unreasonable charges. Where is it? Just as if we are going to tell, and find it filled up there next season, so that the charges would be trebled, and forlorn and weary travelers, with shallow pockets, not able to find a pillow there for their heads.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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*Mopsa, the Fairy*, by JEAN INGELow, with illustrations, published by ROBERTS BROTHERS, is a fairy tale full of the writer's poetic inspiration. The lovers of Jean Ingelow will be charmed with the book, and the children will delight in the world of fantasy and wonder which her imagination has created. The illustrations are droll and fantastic, and the snatches of song are very musical. s.

*Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers*, by JANE JAY FULLER, is a very pleasant and useful book, designed to give young readers some knowledge of botany without the tedium of dry technicalities. It will enable them, by hearing the lessons of kind old Uncle John, to roam the woods and fields with new eyes, and pluck the wild flowers with some intelligent interest in them, and some knowledge as to how they grow, and what they are. It will open to them some beautiful pages in one of nature's most beautiful books. New York : M. W. DODD. s.

*The Memoir of George Livermore*, prepared agreeably to a resolution of the Massachusetts Historical Society, by CHARLES DEANE, is a charming piece of biography. Every young man will be better for reading it, and every friend of Mr. Livermore, on going over the record, will seem to feel again the sunshine of his benevolent face. It is a pamphlet of sixty pages, printed by Wilson & Son. s.

*Philip Brantley's Life Work, and how he found it*, by M. E. M., is another good book, published by M. W. DODD. Philip starts in life without any religious purpose, like many other young persons, becomes religious, by which his aims are entirely changed. He becomes a teacher, and finally a preacher of the gospel, and wins the hearts of people by his goodness and unselfish devotion. The book takes the form of a personal narrative, and the lesson it teaches is excellent, showing the results of a change truly religious in consecrating the talents of a young man, inspiring and guiding them to the noble work of life.

*The Dogmatic Faith : an Inquiry into the Relation Subsisting between Revelation and Dogma.* By EDWARD GARBETT, M. A., Incum-

bent of Christ Church, Surbiton. Rivingtons. London, Oxford and Cambridge. 1869.

This book is to be had from Messrs. Gould & Lincoln. The author seeks to show that Christianity is more than sentiment, spiritual and ethical ; that it was born dogma ; that its Scriptures afford chapter and verse for a rich and positive creed ; that by faith we are to understand not only the act of believing, but that which is believed. As it seems to us, he has erred in trying to cover and hold more ground than is required for his purpose, and has woven into his threefold cord some very weak strands ; but his testimony in behalf of definiteness of comprehension and statement of Christian truth is very valuable and very much needed. That the author has any adequate conception of the significance of the great creeds of Christendom does not appear from his account of them ; and when he tells us that his friend, the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, lost his grasp of the great and eternal verities of the gospel by reason of a morbid shrinking from old theological phrases, we are not led to form a very favorable opinion of Mr. Garbett's discernment of spirits, or estimate of gifts. Robertson loved the old words, and strove to hold them in the new life.

E.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD publish *Credo*. The book contains a vast deal of truth and a vast deal which will confirm and instruct the believer ; but it is not sufficiently full and clear upon points which are, whether reasonably or not, in question between believers and skeptics. We wish that somebody in these days of statistics would try to find out how many converts from doubt and denial are made by the modern "apologies" for Christianity. It avails not to encounter the dogmatism of the unbeliever with the dogmatism of the believer. We must go deep, deep beneath the mere letter to the spirit of which the letter is the fruit, and this without "striving and crying and lifting the voice in the street."

E.

The same publishers issue a very lively and serviceable book of *Travel in Europe* by Mrs. S. R. Urbino, who tells us what we have long wished to know, but what nobody before thought worth telling.

MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co. have just put forth an excellent and inexpensive edition of the sermons of F. W. Robertson, for which they are to be earnestly commended by those who prize books that are good without being stupid.

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## ON MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

### THE MIRACLES OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Scriptures are the history of a particular people, or line and succession of persons, as they were acted upon by the Spirit of God.

When everything was nothing, and while as yet darkness was on the face of the deep, it was the beginning when "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Also, "by his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens." And said the Psalmist, as he sang in view of both Lebanon and the sea, "Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created," — the stork to house herself in the fir-tree, the fowls of heaven to sing in the branches, the young lions to roar after their prey, the wild asses with their instinct for the springs among the hills, grass as it grows for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man. And not these only, though along also with the sea and leviathan! For also "the Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."

But there is another and higher sense of the phrase "Spirit of God," than that use of it. The Spirit of God created man, as it made the elephant, and it might have maintained man as man, at a certain uniformity of intelligence and character,

just as for thousands of years, it has perpetuated nature in elephants. As the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God finds in man a susceptibility which the elephant has not. And it is this spiritual susceptibility, which is the great, grand distinction of man.

Men are the creatures of God, as the elephant and the lion are, and as the dove and the provident, skillful beaver. But the elephant lives from God, more largely than the dove ; and man as a biped with his head erect, lives from God more fully than the elephant. But the truth as to man, is more than that ; for he does not merely live and move like a superior elephant, but also he has and derives his being like a child of God. In the great sphere of life, of which God is the fullness, man lives in God, and yet in some way, as though detached from him. And it is through that way, and because of it, that man is specially dear to God, and of more value than many sparrows, as being not only a creature of instinct, but also a child capable of instruction, and a soul susceptible of inspiration, and as being possibly a son, for companionship with him, to all eternity, through the Holy Ghost. And the Scriptures illustrate this relation, as it exists and always has existed between God and man.

By the gospel, human beings are invited to become sons and daughters of the Most High. But often persons avert their faces from God, and turn and look along with the people, as to whom, once Jesus said, "Ye are of your father, the devil." And it is only just as we believe in its being possible for us to become the children of God, that the Bible belongs to us, as a thing of any meaning.

In the Scriptures, the special action of the Spirit of God on the soul, is called "the word of God." Sometimes it is so called, when it is simply a Divine message to an individual ; and sometimes it is so called when it is addressed to a nation ; and it is also used for that expressiveness of the Divine will, which was the act of Creation ; as when Peter writes "that by the word of God, the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water, and in the water."

"The word of the Lord" is a special completed act of "the

Spirit of the Lord ;" and always it is inspiration, as unto the formless, void world for creation ; or into the consciousness of a prophet, for a communication, or into the mind of a man, like David, for the beauty of a psalm. And in the personality of Jesus, the word was so completely incarnated, as that himself Jesus became "the word" itself. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

Sometimes the word of the Lord was a voice in the ear of a prophet ; and sometimes it was a picture before the eye of his mind ; and sometimes it was the appearance of an angel. And there are two or three other ways, by which the word of the Lord was given, which are mentioned in the Old Testament, though obscurely, and which perhaps were never commonly used.

What books have been written, and what nonsense has been talked about the Jewish theocracy ! It has been supposed to have been the government of a priesthood, which is exactly what it was not. And it has been supposed to have been mainly and characteristically the sacerdotal ministration of a written law, which also it was not. Prophets were the theocracy, — men who could even denounce the priesthood, and who were not necessarily even Levites. They were men of God, and not merely men of the temple of God.

As was said to the Jews in the wilderness of Sinai "Hear now my words : If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream." But then it is added as to Moses, "with him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently and not in dark speeches." And of how that was, this is an instance. In the wilderness, two men appealed to Moses about a ceremonial difficulty. "And Moses said unto them, Stand still, and I will hear what the Lord will command concerning you." And standing still with the people about him, under the eastern sky, Moses listened for a voice, which nobody else could hear. And that voice he heard spiritually. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of

Israel, saying, If any man of you or of your posterity, shall be unclean by reason of a dead body, or be in a journey afar off, yet he shall keep the passover unto the Lord." Also that precept, as being got and given in that manner, is an instance of theocracy.

And now, how were prophets commissioned, or how did a man know himself to be a prophet? David became a prophet, with being anointed for king, though perhaps his spiritual susceptibility may have been a reason for his being chosen as king. He was fetched into the house from keeping the sheep. "Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said Arise, anoint him : for this is he. Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren. And the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." Very different from that, is the account Jeremiah gives of himself. "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee ; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee : and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God ! behold, I cannot speak ; for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child : for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces : for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." And very different again from the call of young Jeremiah, the son of Hilkiah, was the experience of the prophet Amos. "Then answered Amos, and said to Amaziah, I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son : but I was a herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit : and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel." And when Barak received the commandment of the Lord, in connection with a striking episode in Jewish history, it was through Deborah. And what is to be read about her, is like a wonderful little picture. And Deborah a prophetess, the wife of Lasidoth, she judged Israel at that time. And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah,

between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim; and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment."

And it would seem also that "the word of the Lord" found its recipients or prophets, quite irrespectively of worldly circumstances. Kings and peasants were alike to it. Solomon was a youthful king when "in Gibeon, the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee." And it was while he was "in all his glory" that "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore." And when the queen of Sheba, having heard of what Solomon had become through "the name of the Lord," journeyed to Jerusalem to try his wisdom, she found him surrounded by pomp and grandeur. But his magnificence was no bar to the attendant power which fed his intellect with wisdom. And as he heard questions asked him, answers like miracles, rose in his mind. "And Solomon told her all her questions: there was not anything hid from the king, which he told her not." At one time, Elijah lived by a brook and was fed by ravens: and at another time he was lodged by a widow whose mind had been miraculously prepared for receiving him. "And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering of sticks." A priest was always probably far above want, because he was always well provided for, by his birthright. But for the prophet, there was no provision in life, which might be called special; unless indeed that quality might be so called, by which nature answers to nature, and persons who are spiritually minded are drawn towards those who are in any way like themselves, such as prophets, men of genius, and sufferers living by faith. Owing to the kind impulse of a Jewish lady, there is to be read, what is like a sudden distinct glimpse of a prophet moving about. "And it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman; and she constrained him to eat bread. And so it was, that, as oft as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread. And she said unto her husband, Behold, now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make



a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall ; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candle-stick : and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither. And it fell on a day that he came thither, and he turned into the chamber, and lay there." The prophet was very unlike a priest in his mind, and so he was in his experience, usually, in one way or another. Says St. James, "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience."

And now what was the position of the prophet socially ? He had a right to utter himself, but on certain conditions, which might involve even his life. Ahab the king wanted the word of the Lord from the prophet Micaiah ; and was enraged by what he got ; notwithstanding that the prophet had said "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak. Whereupon a false prophet, a prophet of Baal, probably, who had been flattering the king along with four hundred others, Zedekiah "went near and smote Micaiah on the cheek, and said, Which way went the Spirit of the Lord from me to speak unto thee ? And Micaiah said Behold, thou shalt see in that day, when thou shalt go into an inner chamber to hide thyself. And the king of Israel said Take Micaiah, and carry him back unto Amon the governor of the city, and to Joash the king's son, and say, Thus saith the king, Put this fellow in the prison, and feed him with bread of affliction, and with water of affliction, until I come in peace. And Micaiah said, If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me. And he said, Hearken, O people, every one of you. Then the king went up to Ramoth-Gilead to battle, and never came back ; and the prophet with having his prophecy fulfilled, saved his life, according to the law.

And of what the prophet was among the people, for his work, as compared with the priest, there is an illustration in one of the prophecies of Hosea. The priest was the man of ritual, and the prophet was the man of the Spirit. "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee ? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee ? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and

as the early dew it goeth away. Therefore have I hewed them by the prophet ; I have slain them by the words of my mouth : and thy judgments were as the light that goeth forth. For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice ; and the knowledge of God more than burnt-offerings." And as Christianity becomes, as certainly more and more it will become a ministration of the Spirit, it will be well to remember and know thoroughly, that the Holy Ghost may probably get itself uttered, not so much through functionaries of the Church, as through those whom the Spirit, for any reason, may find to be approachable, and who perhaps may often seem to be but mere earthen vessels, when compared with honored and honorable personages arrayed, it may be, in official robes, and invested with the privileges of high places.

But now how was the prophet received ? Exactly as conscience is received to-day. Those who did not want to know of him, could ignore him. And those persons who were actually reached by his words could do with God in his words, just as they were in the habit of doing with God in the suggestions of their own consciences ; they could exclude him, in some way, or else elude him. There had been the grossest wickedness ; and with an impulse from the Lord, "Nathan said to David, Thou art the man." And being charged thus and threatened, "David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin ; thou shalt not die."

But David was a man of conscience, as well as passion. Two or three hundred years after him, there was a prophet, who did not get even from a priest that acknowledgment of his character, which David would have left his throne to yield. Amos, the prophet, had terrible truths to utter. But it was not precisely so ; for Amos himself, actually had nothing whatever to say, as being simply a man of the country, and specially of sheep-folds and sycamore-trees. But it happened to him, that he became at a particular time, the mouth-piece of the Lord, because as he said, the Spirit of the Lord took him. And, at Bethel, he had visions, which he told of, as of the Lord in awful action among men. But

Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, was thereby greatly scandalized, as indeed well he might have been, as a chaplain to royalty. "Also Amaziah said unto Amos, O thou seer, go, flee thee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophesy there : but prophesy not at Beth-el, for it is the king's chapel, and it is the king's court." The way of this priest of the court held good for eight hundred years, so as that when there was a great excitement about John the Baptist, in speaking to the people, Jesus said, "Behold, they which are gorgeously appareled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet." But even though the Baptist was worthy of this testimonial, and was "more than a prophet," yet not only was his life apart from the court, but even it was passed outside of the region of respectability. And also said Stephen, to the bigots about him, just before he was stoned to death, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost : as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?" But about the prophets, complaint was not always of persecution, but sometimes of something else, as bad or worse perhaps than that. Ezekiel, man of wonder and fire and vision, — prophet and man of God ! How was Ezekiel treated ? He was treated in his own land, just probably as he would be to-day, in Boston or Washington. For proportionately there are no more people with a true ear for prophecy, to-day, than there were anciently in the worst of times. And in what follows, let it be noticed that the audience were people of what may be called literary taste. "Also, thou son of man, the children of thy people still are talking against thee by the walls, and in the doors of the houses, and speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh from the Lord. And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words but they will not do them : for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on

an instrument." The Spirit of the Lord might speak, and actually the style only of the words be noticed !

And furthermore the prophet was the prophet of the Lord, and not of Baal or any other heathen god. The prophetic was a natural susceptibility, through which a man might be a channel either for the word of the Lord, or for the influence of Baal. And indeed Balaam was up at the high place of Baal with his mind and will against the Israelites, when words not of his own thinking passed from his mouth : and it was because "the Lord met Balaam and put a word in his mouth." On finding himself overmastered, Balaam yielded, and "the Spirit of God came upon him:" and the grandeur of his prophecy was because of his being a man "which heard the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open." It was through the prophet, that the Spirit had its utterance against those, who succumbed to the vile seductions of heathenism.

The Lord said to Moses that sacrifices should be offered only at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation : "and they shall no more offer their sacrifices unto devils." For indeed it had been only a little while before that "they sacrificed unto devils, not to God : to gods whom they knew not, to new gods that came newly up, whom your fathers feared not." And the scriptures of the Old Testament are largely the history of the Spirit of God, as to its conflict with the devils, and altars, and prophets, and villanies of heathenism.

As soon almost as the Israelites of the desert, had all of them been buried in the land of promise, "the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim. And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger. And they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtaroth." It was eight hundred years later than that, that through the prophet Jeremiah, the Spirit complained of the persistent rebelliousness of the Jews. And in this passage, let it be noticed, that a prophet was a man of prophetic susceptibility,

who could let himself even prophesy from Baal. "The priests said not, Where is the Lord? and they that handle the law knew me not: the pastors also transgressed against me, and the prophets also prophesied by Baal, and walked after things that do not profit." And it was not till after the Babylonish captivity, that the Jews became safe from idolatry, and able to believe and glory in the proclamation, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord."

Five hundred years had the Jews been in Palestine, and the adventures of Samson had become an ancient history, and Eli and Samuel, Saul, David and Solomon had been successively gathered to their fathers, when Jeroboam "ordained him priests for the high places, and for the devils." And what follows was still eighty years later than the age of Jeroboam. "And Ahaziah fell down through a lattice in his upper chamber, that was in Samaria, and was sick: and he sent messengers, and said unto them, Go, inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, whether I shall recover of this disease. But the angel of the Lord said to Elisha, the Tishbite, Arise, go up to meet the messengers of the king of Samaria, and say unto them, Is it not because there is not a God in Israel that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron? Now, therefore, thus saith the Lord, Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die. And Elijah departed." The messengers thereupon returned to the king. "And he said unto them, What manner of man was he which came up to meet you, and told you these words? And they answered him, He was a hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins. And he said, It is Elijah the Tishbite."

It was just about the time of the preceding incident, that there happened what marks the heathen notion of the Jewish theocracy. "And the prophet came to the King of Israel, and said unto him, Go, strengthen thyself, and mark and see what thou doest: for at the return of the year the King of Syria will come up against thee. And the servants of the King of Syria said unto him, Their gods are gods of the hills, therefore they were stronger than we: but let us fight against them in the plain, and surely we shall be stronger than they."

Three hundred years later even than the period just mentioned, and just before the captivity, the Spirit spoke through Jeremiah and said, "Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger." But what was threatened through Moses, was close upon them, and though it was predicted as being imminent, it was not believed. "I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt-offerings or sacrifices: but this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you." Also says the voice, which they had not obeyed, "Since the day that your fathers came forth out of the land of Egypt unto this day, I have even sent unto you all my servants the prophets, daily rising up early and sending them: yet they harkened not unto me, nor inclined their ear, but hardened their neck: they did worse than their fathers."

During the eight or nine centuries, of which the last lines were a retrospect, there were many more prophets than are known of now. And of some prophets, the experiences were once extant as books, of which now only the titles survive. In connection with Solomon alone, there were three books of prophets, which are lost; as is evident from a passage in the Second Book of the Chronicles. "Now the rest of the acts of Solomon, first and last, are they not written in the book of Nathan the prophet, and in the prophecy of Abijah the Shilonite, and in the visions of Iddo the seer against Jeroboam the son of Nebat?"

Prophets may have been numerous or few in different ages. At one time, there may have been "no open vision," and at another time, for some cause, the prophets may have "become wind." And it might also often have been perhaps that individuals may have failed of getting their inquiries of the Lord answered; as Saul failed, just before he applied to the woman

at Endor. "When Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by vision nor by prophets." But it would seem as though always "the Spirit of God — the word of the Lord" — the voice had been more or less near and ready for communication, through angel or prophet, vision or dream, or some other authorized oracle, from Abraham to the captivity.

According to the Book of Judges, during a space of a hundred years, apparently there was no experience of a vision, by any one ; but there was a wonderful experience as to angels, at two or three critical seasons. Gideon saw an angel of the Lord, face to face, and talked with him, and had from him one sign and another. And his experience illustrates the Divine action, and the manner in which one man can be reached in one way, and another man in another way, and even the same man by means, both direct and circuitous. Gideon had been addressed and commissioned by an angel and had had the Spirit of the Lord come upon him : and yet it was by a dream, which one man had in the camp, and another man interpreted, that he learned that the hour had come for him and the Spirit, and for "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." There may be various ways, through which the souls of men may be affected, as to their spiritual susceptibility. An age of fierce excitement from battle, and an age of long-continued, contented quiet must necessarily differ as to what manifestations they may be ready for, from the Spirit. The age of Samson or that of Jephthah was not likely to have had the visions of Ezekiel disclosed to it. And whenever people were secretly longing for the licentiousness of Baal, they could hardly have been approachable by the Spirit of the Lord, in any other way than through an indignant prophet.

It was a belief with the Jews that fasting or a simple diet might end in fitting a man for spiritual experiences. And even a prophet would sometimes try to prepare himself for the Spirit, by the soothing effect of music. And so experiences from the Spirit of God, may well be supposed to have been affected by the varying spirit of the centuries. Also, prophets open to the Spirit of the Lord, evidently had that Spirit affect

them, according even to their state by education. The prophecies of Amos have an odor of the country, which is sensible to everybody: and the prophecies of Jeremiah are uttered in imagery, with which he was furnished by his personal experience. And similarly, the epistles of Paul are the penmanship of a man, whose learning had been gained at the feet of Gamaliel, but whose enlightenment had been on a journey to Damascus, from a vision of Christ in glory. And thus it may have been, as between mortals and the world immortal, that at one time, influence from above, may chiefly have been by dreams and visions, and at another time through angels, and at still another time, through prophets, more or less entranced.

But besides the preceding, there were ways of obtaining oracles from the Lord, of which but little is known, and which may have answered, only perhaps at intervals, such as Seraphim, and as Urim and Thummim, and as casting of lots.

And now through these various agencies, with what results were men affected by the Spirit of God? There would seem then to have been scarcely anything human, on which "the word of the Lord" might not have been had. And it would seem to have been obtained much more commonly, than might, at first, be thought. Rebekah, the wife of Isaac, when she was about to become a mother, "went to inquire of the Lord" as to her condition, and was answered by a strange and wonderful prophecy. It is the only occasion recorded, but it cannot probably have been the only time in her life, of her inquiring of the Lord. It is only incidentally that it appears what a place of resort, the house of a prophet may have been sometimes, and on what merely personal matters he may have been approached. "And when they were come to the land of Zuph, Saul said to his servant that was with him, Come, and let us return, lest my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us. And he said unto him, Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honorable man; all that he saith cometh surely to pass: now, let us go thither; peradventure he can show us our way that we should go." And it was only by an accident, that the fame of Elisha



as a healer is known to-day. The Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid : and she waited on Naaman's wife. " And she said unto her mistress, Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria ; for he would recover him of his leprosy." And only in the same incidental manner, is the wide reach of his spiritual hearing or information told of. During a war with the Israelites, the King of Syria was troubled at the discovery of his plans and secrets, and thought that among his servants there must certainly be some traitor. " And one of his servants said, None, my Lord, O King : but Elisha the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy chamber."

In art, in architecture, and in poetry also, the Spirit was inspiration. For work in the tabernacle " the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See I have called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah : and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass." David wished to build a house for the Lord ; but he was forbidden by the Lord, because of his having been a man of bloodshed and war. But he was allowed to make preparations for it, for his son Solomon to make use of. Gold and silver, and iron and timber, David made ready. And along with all this material, he delivered to Solomon building plans, of which the account is very noticeable. " Then David gave to Solomon his son the pattern of the porch, and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the inner parlors thereof, and of the place of the mercy-seat, and the pattern of all that he had by the spirit, of the courts of the house of the Lord, and of all the chambers round about, of the treasuries of the house of God, and of the treasuries of the dedicated things." And still more explicitly as to the plans and patterns, and the way in which he had obtained them, " All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern." And as to that poetry, in which men

have gloried and worshiped so long, "Now these be the last words of David. David the son of Jesse said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet psalmist of Israel said, The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue."

For war also, the aid of the Spirit was promised to the peculiar people. And on going to battle, the priest was to exhort the people and to tell them "The Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you." On one occasion, we read that the Lord said to Moses, "Say unto them, Go not up, neither fight, for I am not among you: lest ye be smitten before your enemies." And on another occasion, it is to be read "And, behold, there came a prophet unto Ahab, King of Israel, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou seen all this great multitude? behold I will deliver it into thy hand, this day: and thou shalt know that I am the Lord." And then the prophet directed him as to his battle array. Samaria was besieged and at the worst extremity from famine. Elisha sat in the house and the elders with him. The king had just lost his faith, and was abjuring the Lord: and a messenger was on his way for the head of the prophet. "Then Elisha said, Hear ye the word of the Lord: Thus saith the Lord, to-morrow, about this time, shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria." And so it happened, because the Syrians deserted their camp. "For the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host: and they said to one another, Lo, the King of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight, and left their tents, and their horses, and their asses, even the camp as it was, and fled for their life."

In a psalm, which is like his autobiography set to music, David says of the Lord, "He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms." And by these words, doubtless, he meant something of what Jephthah felt, when "the Spirit of the Lord came upon him," and like

what Samson experienced, when "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan."

Also, the Spirit, for the Jews, was as a judge. One day, Moses sat in judgment among the people, from the morning to the evening. "And Moses said unto his father-in-law, Because the people come unto me to inquire of God : when they have a matter, they come unto me ; and I judge between one another : and I do make them know the statutes of God, and his laws." Moses needed as a judge to have a successor. Joshua was appointed as being a man in whom was the Spirit. And now how was he to judge, how was he to be guided and directed as to his judgments? "He shall stand before Eleazar the priest, who shall ask counsel for him, after the judgment of Urim before the Lord." And indeed this judgment from God became an institution, to which appeal was made in difficult cases of the highest importance. "Then shalt thou arise and get thee up into the place which the Lord thy God shall choose ; and thou shalt come unto the priests, the Levites, and unto the judge that shall be in those days, and inquire ; and they shall shew thee the sentence of judgment." And refusal to submit to the sentence thus rendered, was a capital offence ; on which judgment was to be executed. "And all the people shall hear and fear, and do no more presumptuously."

Also over the Israelites, the Spirit of the Lord was king ; though commonly the subjects were in rebellion against it, in much the same way, and with much the same results, as at the present time, when men rebel against God, and equivocate with him, and hide themselves from him, as he looks in upon them, and talks with them through their consciences. The Spirit was King of kings, after the Israelites by asking for a king to be set over them, had Saul and his successors ; and after it had been said at the inauguration of Saul, "Ye have this day rejected your God, who himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations, and ye have said unto him, Nay, but set a king over us." Saul was chosen by the Spirit of the Lord, and so was David. And even than in those instances, a still more striking interven-

tion of the Spirit was in connection with Jehu. It began with Elijah at the end of his wonderful experience at the cave of Horeb. "And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus; and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria: and Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel: and Elisha the son of Shaphat of Abel-meholah, shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room." Years passed on. "And Elisha the prophet called one of the children of the prophets, and said unto him, Gird up thy loins, and take this box of oil in thy hand, and go to Ramoth-gilead: and when thou comest thither, look out Jehu the son of Jehoshaphat, the son of Nimshi, and go in, and make him arise up from among his brethren, and carry him to an inner chamber: then take the box of oil, and pour it on his head, and say, Thus saith the Lord, I have anointed thee king over Israel. Then open the door, and flee, and tarry not." After this was done, the first thing said to Jehu was, "Is all well; wherefore came this mad fellow to thee?" But the end of it was that Jehu became king, and the instrument and object, of the fulfillment of other prophecies.

The Spirit of the Lord intervened as to the election and dethronement of kings, and with advice and commands, as to foreign powers; and also, apparently it was accessible to the petitions of the humblest inquirer. Sometimes "the word of the Lord came" to a prophet, wherever he might happen to be, and started him off, with a sudden message, beginning, "Thus saith the Lord," and to be delivered in a market-place perhaps, or at a palace. And sometimes it would be as thus. King Jehoshaphat and Jehoram, the idolatrous King of Israel were in trouble together. "But Jehoshaphat said, Is there not here a prophet of the Lord, that we may inquire of the Lord by him? And one of the King of Israel's servants answered and said, There is Elisha the son of Shaphat, which poured water on the hands of Elijah. And Jehoshaphat said, The word of the Lord is with him. So the King of Israel, and Jehoshaphat, and the King of Edom went down to him. And Elisha said unto the King of Israel, What have I to do

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with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father, and to the prophets of thy mother."

And now, how was it with Elisha at that moment? He was very likely affected in some such manner as Stephen was. He certainly had not needed to take thought beforehand what he should say. Nor could there have been any resisting of the wisdom and spirit, which he spoke with. And not improbably because of the Spirit, his face may have shone like the face of an angel.

Sometimes the Spirit of the Lord expressed itself through a visible angel; as Zechariah writes was his experience. "And the angel that talked with me came again and waked me, as a man that is wakened out of his sleep, and said unto me, What seest thou?" And sometimes the Spirit was "the word of the Lord" in human words, which could, at first for the sound of them, even be taken for the voice of a man. Of this, the experience of Samuel was an instance, before he yet knew the word of the Lord. In the night, hearing himself called by name, once and again, he answered Eli, and went to him. And at the third time of his answering so, "Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child." The Spirit of the Lord spoke through Jeremiah, when he was but a child; and through Elijah, a hairy man girt with a girdle, it confronted Amaziah the king; of whom it is written, "So he died, according to the word of the Lord, which Elijah had spoken."

Not only was Jehovah the Lord God of their worship, for the Jews, anciently, but also he was their king, the commander-in-chief of their armies, their supreme Judge, and was also amongst them inspiration from the highest, as to art and poetry. But indeed against him as king, and perhaps against his influence in all other ways, they were almost continually in rebellion. At the first thought of it, it seems incredible, that a nation or even an individual, could possibly rebel against Jehovah as a king. And for this seeming improbability, men have doubted the Old Testament, as a history; while actually they themselves, more or less, every day, were rebelling against God, and prevaricating with him, in the chamber of conscience, just as the Jews did with God as connected with their temple.

The Old Testament is the history of the Spirit of the Lord, as a fountain-head of influence for men, and supremacy over human rebellion and helplessness. That Spirit, Saul might have, and might have it withdrawn, and Solomon might have and lose it with his becoming foolish. The Israelites, as its subjects might be faithful, or be apostates to Baal; or in their fear of Syria, they might look to Egypt for help. But whether they were dutiful or rebellious; whether they were judged by Deborah the prophetess, or lived prosperously under King Solomon, or were captives by the river of Babylon, there was over them always the supremacy of the Spirit, as it vindicated itself by judgments, and fulfilled upon them the prophecies of its own inspiring, and got itself as to its ends, praised by even the wrath of man.

Jehoram might reign in Samaria, and Jehoshaphat be King of Judah, and Mesha might be King of Moab and be also a great sheep-master; and the King of Syria might war against Israel, and compass Dothan with his army; but it was the Spirit, as it spoke from Elisha, which was the ruler of events. From the prophecies of Balaam to those of Malachi, are a thousand years, but all through, it was from the self-same Spirit, that the judges judged divinely, and the seers had visions, and the prophets prophesied, and the psalmists sang sweetly. "But the word of the Lord was unto them, precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little." And by inheritance in Christ, that word in its development is ours.

And here there are persons, who will be ready to exclaim with one voice, "The Old Testament! The miracles of the Old Testament! Does the man know what he is writing about? Does not he know even about the Book of Genesis? Does he not know of what Ezra the scribe has been suspected of having done? Does he not know what is as good as certain about the Book of Daniel? Baur and De Wette,—has he never even heard of their names? Does he not know about the earlier ~~Israh~~ and the later? Does he not know what theology has done so thoroughly with the Old Testament?"



Truly, the writer is humbly aware of all that. But he thinks also that as to the study of the Scriptures, an instinct for the Spirit, is quite as important as mere lexicology. "Oh, oh!" they exclaim again, "But do you believe in the tower of Babel, and in the whale that swallowed Jonah? Do you believe that ever the sun stood still upon Gibeon? And if you do not believe in those things, what right have you to believe in other things of the same kind?" Perhaps my believing faculty may not be very large; but would that be a good reason for my wishing to have none at all. Because my eyes will not reach the Pyramids, ought I therefore to shut them, as I walk about the streets of Boston? A real believer is a man who believes intelligently and not indiscriminately. And now as to the sun standing still, — have my opponents never heard of figures of speech: and though they often say that it does, yet is there even one of them, who believes that ever the sun does actually rise? And as to Jonah, — is there one of all my opponents who can inform a good Hebraist as to the origin and undoubted meaning of the word which is translated whale? And as to the tower of Babel, has it never occurred to them, as it does occur to me, that perhaps sometime, that tower will be regarded as having been singularly monumental in human history; and that the confusion of tongues may perhaps come, on good reasons, to be accounted as evidence of some great psychical change in human nature, analogous perhaps in the infancy of the race, to the change which takes place with a child, when instinct begins to yield to the growth of reason.

As derived by creation from the Godhead in its unity, it might be expected that religiously and spiritually, there would be analogies, which might correspond with the world geologically. And in the early part of the Book of Genesis, there are what seem like hints of such things. Whether regarded as literal or as symbolical, the narrative as to Adam and Eve and Paradise means something. There is a curious mention of the time concurrently with the birth of Enos, when "men began to call upon the name of the Lord," which would seem to mark some change with man, rather than simply his having

begun to ejaculate devotional words. "And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh : yet his days shall be a hundred and twenty years. There were giants in the earth in those days : and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them : the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown." What this may mean, there is no knowing, at present. But it will probably sometime dawn on some mind, and become apparent, and be like the deciphering of some primeval inscription.

Is it not in analogy ; is it not in recognition of that great law of progress, attendant on the earth's creation, to suppose that its human inhabitants have been under a similar dispensation of advancement by convulsion, and thereby also under a corresponding law as to spiritual assistance ? Jesus was a communication of God, after another manner than Moses was : and so was Moses after another manner than what Abraham knew of. And the terrible miracles from which the Egyptians suffered, and of the like of which, there was some manifestation in the time of Elijah, when the Israelites were succumbing to the devil-worship of their neighbors — these would seem to have been in some kind of keeping with the convulsive forces, by which the earth was rounded and enriched, and made ready for men.

The philosophy of the phrase, "the word of the Lord," is spiritually as much in advance of mere rationalism, as a rationalist himself is in advance of an elephant. What calls itself rationalism, walks and talks by a lamp, which it does not know, has a hundred slides, of two or three of which, there is some experience with a few persons, even in this life. One man discerns acutely as to things within his vision, while yet he is blind to things, which to another man of inferior acuteness are very plain, because of his seeing by a lamp with another slide. What ! shall we go on to all eternity, seeing just as we now see ? But truly we are already in germ, what we shall be to all eternity. And the germinating principle is already active in us, and in some persons is more developed than it is in others, as may very credibly be supposed for many reasons.

Most men have eyes only for material objects, but some men have had eyes for angels, and for seeing in vision. And at this present time, there are persons, who see spirits occasionally, as always there have been such. Spiritual sight is an attribute of all persons, though commonly it exists only as against the world to come. There is the understanding of the natural man ; and there is also a spiritual understanding : and a man may have the one actively, while of the other he may never have had the least opening. To the merely natural man, miracles, and angels, and spirits are necessarily incredible.

The different look, which the Scriptures may have to two persons of the same intelligence, is to be accounted for, very often, by a difference between them, as to spiritual condition, not moral, nor religious, but simply psychical. There are persons, who cannot possibly believe the Scriptures, nor love them, and who never will, until they shall have been baptized in the sea of affliction, and so have had their souls waked up.

"Oh, oh ! but what would that have to do with criticism ?" Much and justly. Because, for lexicology the Spirit has no meaning but only words : and science is no more a judge as to miracles than it is as to the chronology of the Amorites. The appeal of the Scriptures as to credibility, is not to the science of either words or matter, but to the soul of man, learned with all possible learning, and alive through all its faculties.

The Old Testament is its own evidence as to authority, to all persons competent to judge about it, and who also believe in the unity of God, and are well informed as to ancient nations, and as to the religions of primitive tribes and peoples, outside of Christian civilization. For, the Old Testament is the history of the manner in which that happened which is the greatest miracle, of which it has to tell, and by which a whole nation, man, woman, and child, priest, rabbi, and fisherman, became intelligent, persistent, enthusiastic, devoted believers in that doctrine as to the unity of God, of which it has been the distinction of Plato, that he caught a glimpse of it, as of some distant starry truth.

It has been a common confident objection to the credibility of the Old Testament, that it recognizes necromancy as a real thing. And the account of the woman of Endor, has been reckoned sufficient to vitiate the whole history of the Old Testament. But that strange narrative, by every word with which it is worded, authenticates itself to-day, for those who are willing to learn. From Spiritualistic experiences, at the present time, any one can learn, that the Scriptures were written about realities, when they mention Baal and Baalim, and the God of Ekron, and divination by unclean spirits. Nor am I to be deterred from this position, by being asked whether I will support the Bible by reasons drawn from hell. For do not most men believe that even their respective churches are so supported? Baal and his crew, however, are not the only spiritual agencies in the Old Testament, which are made certain by Spiritualism; but even if they were, they would be enough for our present purpose, with a little thinking. Hell and its ways are exactly the opposite of heaven and those ways which lead up to it. Always there is good reasoning from the obverse. And if I am made certain as to the devils, who got themselves worshiped anciently, then also as a thinking creature, I am assisted as to my belief about the prophets of the Lord, and about ministering angels, and the angels that encamp about the righteous. And so it is, to-day, that a man can affirm of his own knowledge, that the scriptures of the Old Testament are true to the facts and powers of the spiritual universe.

There are persons, who profess to be theologians, who are light and derisive as to the Old Testament, and who obstinately and contemptuously harden themselves in their blind leadership of people, by ignoring what might be learned from Eastern travelers, and from the long-continued experiences of the Catholic Church. But the theology which cannot eagerly appropriate facts, instead of eschewing them, is no theology at all.

The Old Testament authenticates itself for all those persons, who have a sense for the perspective of history, good for the length of fourteen hundred years, and who have also

along with that sense, some instinct as to spirit, and its laws and ways.

On the subject of anthropomorphism, both among those who have assailed and those who have defended the phraseology of the Old Testament, the ignorance often has been indescribably great. And on neither side, do the partisans ever seem to have suspected that perhaps the writers of the Scriptures may have written from an understanding, into which they themselves may not have entered. That the law "was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator" is a controlling fact, which it is always necessary to remember as to the Old Testament, and which yet has never been thought of by some of its censors. And so they have been like persons, undertaking with a foot-rule and compass, to measure and criticise the perspective of Raphael's great picture of the Transfiguration. The writers of the Books of Samuel and of the Kings were certainly readers of the Book of Genesis; and therefore whatever words or figures of speech, they may have employed as to what God may have done or said or felt, are manifestly to be understood in some manner, which may be consistent with the sublimity and spirituality of the account, in which creation is said to have begun, when "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

But it will be objected perhaps, "you do then really believe that the Canaanites were slaughtered at the instance of the Lord? And you do believe that the disobedient prophet was killed by a lion in fulfillment of a Divine prediction! And you believe that the Lord sent a pestilence among the people when he was displeased with them!" Well, yes; I do believe all those things. But then I think about them with a better belief than some persons can conceive of. It is certain that the earth is the Lord's, and yet somehow the Canaanites were slaughtered in it. And it would seem probable, that like many another man, a disobedient prophet was killed by a lion. And that a plague wasted the people of Israel two or three times is certain, just as hundreds of pestilences have wasted other nations, whether they were sent or incurred or encountered. But how can a pestilence possibly ever waste men,

without the Divine concurrence, being in some way implicated? "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

Was there necessarily a greater amount of suffering in the world than usual, in those years when a part of it was specially directed? And if a man died a death, which was foretold as well as foreknown by the Lord, should it be hard to be credited as a fact, or be counted for an incredible thing as to the Lord, by us human beings, who, at this moment, have, every one of us, "the sentence of death in ourselves," either by a lion, or a railway-car, or through violence in some other form, or else by disease? We shrink from thinking as to a few individuals, that certain things were divinely done, which yet, a million times over, we say, are the divine Will as to the human race. It is the old reluctance, which can believe in God easily and grandly as the Lord of hosts, but not so readily as being "him with whom we have to do."

It was asked of the Jews, through Moses, "For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for?" And really it is simply for nighness, and not for quality of action, that exactly objection is made to the credibility of Jewish history, as to the Lord. And on the foregoing understanding, nighness is simply and fairly a matter of historical inquiry; and it is not of that utter improbability, which is sometimes lightly supposed.

As to some actions, which purport to have been directed by the Spirit of the Lord, objection has been made, as not having been as merciful as Christianity, or as vigorous as Almightyness might have made them, or as being even of the nature of repentance. But the action of the Spirit among men, is not to be judged of as human actions are; because the everlasting Spirit, is not as the spirits of men are. The spirit of a man, to be its best, must strive to the uttermost: but the Spirit of the Lord to be at its best with men, must temper itself for them as being weak and ignorant, and must adjust itself to those human circumstances which cannot be changed, without changing man himself, to

an extent, which would be almost like annihilation. Nor is the Spirit to be judged of as to its manifestation in time and space, by what men may think it ought to show itself: since the Spirit is unchangeable, because of its being actually of the essence of all possible changes, and of all creations which ever have been, or can be.

The Spirit of the Universe in action, is necessarily manifested for men withinside of their human conditions: and for the Jews, that it might be the better humanized for human apprehension, it even gave "the law by the disposition of angels."

In the Old Testament, instead of the Lord, or the Lord God, or the angel of the Lord doing things, let it be supposed that it was written that the Spirit of Nature favored one race and extirpated another, and that for violation of her laws, she suddenly visited men, with what truly were simple effects, but which apparently were like magical punishments. And let it be supposed besides, that it were found to have been written, that the Spirit of Nature was recognized by the Jews as blasting the fields at one time and blessing them at another, at her will. Would that sound incredibly to-day; and is it not indeed what is actually going on about us, always?

Now the Lord God is the soul of nature. He may be more than that and infinitely more. And he may be the soul of various other natures, than this one, inside the circumference of which we live. But nevertheless, in a sense, God is nature. And now plainly does not nature favor individuals, one above another; and one family more than another; and one nation above other nations, as to strength, or beauty, or intellect, or wealth, or even sometimes, as to all of them combined? The word "luck" is derived from the name of a heathen deity; and is it not still felt, as though by nature some persons were more lucky than others?

For a special purpose, the Lord as regards a particular people, acted avowedly through the forces of nature, but yet not more certainly than he is always acting. Spirit is the God of nature; and also it is animal life with man. Also the Spirit is God Most High, and in the souls of good believing

men, it is the Holy Ghost. And as to whatever spiritual plane, men may choose to live upon, or may be raised to, the words of Christ are true, "With the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." It was from the Spirit, with which his soul was quick, and from his being like the mouth-piece of Divine Necessity, that Hosea at one time said of the Jews, "For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

God as he is known to the seraphs, and is experienced on the seraphic plane, is not God as possibly he could be felt on the human plane, intelligibly and according to human wants, any more than a pious book by William Law could answer religiously such wants as a Kaffir may have. And God, as he is thought of, on steps far lower down, before his throne, than where seraphs and cherubs have their regions, is not ~~God~~ as he would be intelligible to persons living on this earth, and limited as to their capacities of thought, by the narrowness of their experiences, and by prejudices and feelings connected with their cradles, and which they can never get clear of, but along with their bodies. God can possibly have to do with us, only as being ignorant. For if he should approach us, as seraphs, we should never know of him, because of our senses and susceptibility being inferior to the seraphic. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." Yet it reaches this earth through agencies, and perhaps even through angelic intermediations. And certainly as it enters into this world, it is through some particular channel; it is through the mind of a poet, or the apprehension of a philosopher, or during the meditative mood of some religious genius; and so it is through a certain few persons, who, whether they know it or not, are in their time and place, more or less successfully, and more or less faithfully, like ministering Levites, standing before the Lord. And it was through a similar ministration of the Spirit, that the Old Testament was made the long preparatory introduction to the New. Also, of the Gospel, the first believers and preachers, as being Hebrews, were men of hereditary fitness, as being members of a family, whose minds



had been shaped as to apprehension, expectation and belief, by the manner in which their forefathers had been divinely dealt with, during more than a thousand years. And it was from this point of view, that St. Paul wrote to the Galatians, "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ."

And now let another point be considered, connected with the miraculous. The natural eye, it may be, with infinitely various splendors before it, can see only what, by its nature, it is ready to perceive: and so it is with the spiritual eye. The natural eye is fixed as to its constituents, and therefore as to its capability of being strengthened, and its ability of perceiving. But the spiritual eye is not so fixed, because of its being an organ not only for ever-widening fields, but also for states, which may become more and more interior, to all eternity. The eye of the spirit, therefore, when it is open, is probably the eye of that state, in which the spirit is, for a time, by information and faith.

It is one of the primary and deepest truths, as to human nature, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." But a man can see only what he is ready to see. And a Divine communication pressing into the mind of a prophet, has shape and coloring, from the imagery and religious expectations, with which the receiving mind may be furnished. And so it was, that the Father Everlasting, without beginning or end of days, seemed to Daniel, in his vision, as though "the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool." Also, in the first vision of the prophet Ezekiel, there was a manifestation of the Spirit, through which "when the living creatures went, the wheels went with them: and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up. Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went." And of this imagery, it may be, that the original, as Ezekiel saw it, or what is some copy of it, is to be seen to-day, among the sculptures, Assyrian perhaps, which are preserved in the British Museum.

World beyond world, and state within state — this is the

condition by which we live. Are there varieties of report amongst us resulting thence, spiritually? Certainly there are, and there must be : just as in England, a coal-heaver, a mason, a brass-founder, a glass-polisher and an astronomer-royal would vary infinitely about what the heavens may be, or may have to show, though even they may all of them actually have worked together, for the construction of the same observatory.

And if a star can shine differently into different minds, because of their being informed, some more than others and some less ; so may some primal truth of the spiritual world, shining on the minds of men, be apprehended by one person in one way, and by another person in another way. And so it is that for saints in the same spiritual sphere with St. John, "God is love ;" while yet for men, in a lower sphere, wanton against grace, brutish, and rebellious, "Our God is a consuming fire." And that indeed he must be, or else be nothing. And perhaps revelation and the probabilities of human expectation as to the next world, will all be fulfilled in spirits' having the scene about them change with their love of God.

Much difficulty has been felt about the Old Testament, as though it were inconsistent with the impartiality of God ; and as though it were a thing incredible, that God should have had "a chosen people." But now in what manner, and for what end were they chosen? Was it favoritism? But, really that could not be argued from their history, from the pestilences and the famine which they endured, and from the manner in which their sins were visited upon them, and from their captivity in Babylon, and their dispersion by the Romans. And certainly, with the prophets, age after age, "the word of the Lord," as it came, was commonly reproach, indignation, and warning. A chosen people they were ; but they were chosen for the good of others, just as much as for their own. The promise, as it was made to Abraham, at his call, was, "And in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." But why through the Jews, was this blessing to accrue, rather than through any other people? Simply per-

haps because, as it had got to be given through some nation, they were as good for the purpose as any other. Or, it may be, that without being morally either better or worse than other nations, there was in them some constitutional peculiarity, through which they were eligible for a particular purpose. But the use to which God puts a man, is no pleasure for him, unless first his heart be right with God. And if a man be a born poet, it is only with his singing aloud and well and rejoicing others, that he can truly know and feel himself. In what way then have all the families of the earth been blessed through Abraham. They have not all yet been blessed, but are many of them only about to be. But Christ was the blessing predestined. And the Jewish mind, as it was schooled by experience, and solemnized by the Lord, and taught of God, was in the fullness of time, like flesh for "the Word," when it was to dwell among us.

The experiences of the Jewish people, as they are written in the Old Testament, regarded as mental, domestic, political, and spiritual preparation, are what is meant in the epistle to the Hebrews, where Jesus is described as contemplating an entrance into this world, in concurrence with prophecy, to do the will of heaven ; and when he says, as before God, and looking down upon the earth, "A body hast thou prepared for me." And thus it was actually towards us Christians of to-day, that God condescended, when he called Abraham. And it was for us, that the prophets prophesied. And when the psalmists sang, they really sang for us of this age, and more effectively perhaps than even for their own immediate friends. In the Babylonish captivity, it was what might have been our faithlessness, individually, which was chastened ; and it may be, that through the punishment of the Jews, and their "stripes we are healed."

The marvelousness of Jewish history is the glorification of my nature. And whatever the graciousness of God may have been towards Saul, it may avail me to-day in the flesh, as a mere history, more than it ever did him. And that wisdom, of which Solomon was the channel, but which he failed to

appropriate for his own good, has been of some avail for me, through perhaps ten thousand unknown channels.

As to every true poet that ever sung, as to every person of spiritual insight that ever spoke, as to every man that ever God raised up, for an emergency in human affairs, and also as to those nations, who may have been receptive of it in any way, whether in Greece, Italy, or Palestine, the Spirit has been manifested "for every man to profit withal." And it is the explanation and the justification of Jewish history, as to the peculiar people, and the covenants and the fathers and the promises, and the glory, that out of it all "as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all."

It would seem as though there were descent by spirit as well as by blood; and it would appear also as though there were a descent by spirit, in connection with blood. And it would seem too, with living together earnestly, that people strengthen and perpetuate ways of thinking, and even generate a spirit, which for intensity and thoroughness, is like infection for those who come within its reach. And by the manner in which the Jews were secluded from other nations, and through their sympathy with one another as fellow-worshippers, manifestly there was induced an intensity of belief as to the unity of God, which has been like leaven for leavening the whole world. And but for the Old Testament, there never could have been the New, nor ever could the Son of God have been manifested, nor possibly could the Holy Spirit have had its right action on believers.

And now, not unreasonably, it may seem, as though a man of the highest science, and of the truest intuitions, and of the widest information as to history, might say, "When I pray, I pray out of my heart, trusting that the Spirit of God's sending will inform my prayer and quicken me." And at times, also, I am glad to think, as I kneel before "my Father in heaven, that I am looking in the direction of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

Glory to the Lord my God! who knows me better than I know myself, and who, whatever else he may be, is surely better than my goodness! Glory to God! who "created the

heavens and the earth," and because of whose outflowing Spirit, things seen and temporal are but like the dark shadows of things unseen and eternal. Glory to God ! whose word as it goes forth, lights high heaven with splendor, and kindles every seraph, and enlightens every angel, and is an impulse among men, which utters itself more or less effectively in the languages of many lands. Glory to God in the highest ! as that archetypal mind, whence the elements derive their properties, and whence also are evolved the ages as they come and pass ; wherein, too, the first man existed as a thought, before he walked this earth in form ; and without which, no kingdom can rise to its destiny, nor even a sparrow fall to the ground. Glory be to God ! for he makes spirits be his angels, and flaming fire do him service. Glory to God ! "who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets."

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## ON READING MRS. BROWNING'S SONNETS.

BRAVE soul and faithful ! tender heart and strong,  
 That, smitten through and through with miracle  
 Of Him who in the visible world doth dwell,  
 And dwelt in thee to use thee for his song,  
 Didst tremble as it swept thy pulse along  
 With overmastering music's passionate swell,  
 Rending the chords that made it audible, —  
 Yet, patient, kept in tune thy whole life long !  
 Whatever grander strain might break the lute,  
 So thou fail not, — and others after thee, —  
 Thou hast thy gain ; thy toil has borne its fruit :  
 Seeing some glimpse of what thyself didst see,  
 Behold, *we* even strive, who else were mute !

J. C. P.

ANECDOTES, CLERICAL AND RELIGIOUS,  
FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY CRABB  
ROBINSON.

IN the last number, we have seen Mr. Robinson as the companion and friend of many distinguished and notable persons in various ranks of life ; but although so fond of society, and largely dependent for his enjoyment upon this pleasant intercourse of daily life, he yet lived for something better. He had thought deeply upon the important topics of the day, had taken an active part in all progressive movements ; hating intolerance, he was the champion and enthusiastic promoter of all that was liberal. A man of religion too, and feeling its importance over society at large, and particularly its influence in the family circle, he thus writes :—

“A large family party at the Bischoff’s, of which not the least agreeable circumstance was, there was a family religious service : there is something most interesting and amiable in family devotional exercise, when, as in this case, there is nothing austere, or ostentatious. Indeed, everything almost that is done by a family, as such, is good. Religion assumes a forbidding aspect only when it is mingled with impure feelings ; as party animosity, malignant intolerance, and contempt.”

As a curious contrast to this, we give the Duke of Wellington’s idea of family prayer.

“Heard Wordsworth read prayers from ‘Thornton’s Collection’ with remarkable beauty and effect. He told me that the Duke of Wellington, being on a visit, was informed by his host that he had family prayers in the morning. Would he attend ? ‘With great pleasure,’ said the duke. The gentleman read out of this book. ‘What ! you use *fancy* prayers ?’ The duke never came down again. He expected the Church prayers, which Wordsworth uses in the evening.”

Mr. Robinson's interest in theological questions brought him often into contact with the clergy, some of whom were of course in conflict with each other ; and often differences were occurring between them and the laity, thus giving rise not unfrequently to pithy sayings and sharp witticisms, which were quickly recorded by Mr. Robinson. All of them are so good, that it is difficult which to select.

Of the sayings of Robert Hall, here are one or two : —

"Being told that the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain came into the room to say grace, and then went out, he said, 'So, that is being great! His Grace, not choosing to present his own requests to the King of kings, calls in a deputy to take up his messages. A great man indeed!'"

A lady saying she would wait and see, when asked to subscribe, —

"She is watching, not to do good, but to escape from it," said Mr. Hall.

Speaking of some minister, —

"He is so full of everything but religion, one might be tempted to fancy that he had a Sunday soul, which he screws on in due time, and takes off every Monday morning."

Being told that his animation increased with his years, —

"Indeed! then I am like touchwood; the more decayed, the easier fired."

Mr. Robinson, in speaking of a gentleman who was very partial to England and pleased to have the doctor's acquaintance, writes in this manner : —

"We frequently walked together, and he taught me much by the questions he was in the habit of putting to me. On one occasion he was very particular in inquiring what the Unitarians believed. What did Priestley believe? On my mentioning some Orthodox doctrines rejected, he added, 'Did Priestley believe in the resurrection?' 'Yes.' On this, with a very significant expression, he said, 'This reminds me of an anecdote of Ninon de l'Enclos, being asked one day by a Parisian lady whether she believed that St. Denys walked *all* the way to Paris with his head under his arm. "*Pourquoi pas,*" Mademoiselle Ninon said, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*"'"

Allsop's letters about Coleridge he thought to be full of odd things :—

"I asked Clarkson whether he ever thought of the fate of his soul. He said he had no time : he thought only of the slaves in Barbadoes. And he added what was more sarcastic than true, 'Wilberforce cared nothing about the slaves, provided he saved his own soul.'"

One sentence, given as Coleridge's, is worth quoting :—

"By priest, I mean a man who, holding the scourge of power in his right hand, and a Bible translated by authority in the other, doth necessarily cause the Bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces that temper of mind that leads to infidelity ; infidelity, which, judging of revelations by the doctrines and practices of established churches, *knows* God by rejecting Christ."

Here is an anecdote relating to Sydney Smith :—

"To-day, at the Athenæum, Milman quoted Sydney Smith in regard to a capital hit, with the squires in his parish. When any one is charged with Unitarianism, they think it has something to do with *poaching*. 'To be sure, and so it has,' I answered, 'in all true Churchmen's eyes ; for what is poaching, but unqualified sporting, without a license, on the Church's manor ?'"

We cannot resist giving, at length, this most interesting reminiscence of John Wesley. Mr. Robinson thus writes :—

"It was in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley preach in the great round meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister ; and the two held him up, having their hands under his arm-pits. His feeble voice was scarcely audible ; but his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was, for the most part, pantomime, but the pantomime went to my heart. Of the kind, I never saw anything comparable to it in after-life."

Dr. Sadler remarks that he has heard Mr. Robinson tell that more than once at his own table, and with the interest-



ing addition, that, so greatly was the preacher revered, that the people stood in a double line to see him, as he passed through the street on his way to the chapel.

In a letter to his brother, Mr. Robinson gives some more minute details, in these words, concerning John Wesley, that veteran in the service of God :—

“I looked upon him with a respect bordering upon enthusiasm. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn, he arose, and said, ‘It gives me a great pleasure to find you have not lost your singing, — neither men nor women. You have not forgotten a single note ; and I hope, by the assistance of the same God, which enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well.’ A universal ‘amen’ followed. At the end of every head or division of his discourse, he finished by a kind of prayer ; a momentary wish, as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which was always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short. The text I could not hear. After the last prayer, he rose up, and addressed the people on ‘Liberality of Sentiment,’ and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference of opinion. He said, ‘If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep his commandments, we have nothing to object to.’”

This is the liberality of a fervent mind, which has not yet become as common as might have been hoped for.

Paulus was one of the earlier and extreme Rationalists of Germany, who, when a young man, visited England, having corresponded with Geddes. “He also told me, that he saw Dr. Parr, and had received letters from several of the bishops. ‘But,’ he said, ‘your English theologians did not much please me. I found but one man who really interested me, and him I consider one of the most excellent men I ever saw. This was Robert Robinson of Cambridge : with me, he is the beau ideal of a Christian minister. I loved him even for his weakness. With all his peculiarities, he was thoroughly liberal. In his attachment to the Baptists, there was a union of childlike simplicity and kind-heartedness that was quite charming.’”

"Paulus spoke of Priestley as superstitious."

This also is interesting : —

"Heard W. Huntington preach ; the man who puts 'S. S.' (sinner saved) after his name. He had an admirable exterior : his voice is clear and melodious ; his manner singularly easy, and even graceful. His language was very figurative, the images being taken from the ordinary business of life, and especially from the army and navy. He is very colloquial, and has a wonderful Biblical memory : indeed, he is said to know the whole Bible by heart. I noticed, that, though he was frequent in his citations, and always added chapter and verse, he never opened the little book he had in his hand. He is said to resemble Robert Robinson of Cambridge. There was nothing shrewd or original in the sermon to-day, but there was hardly any impropriety. I detected but a single one. Huntington said, 'Take my word for it, my friends, they who act in this way will not be beloved of God, or by anybody else.'"

We here give, in full, what is narrated of the celebrated preacher, Robert Robinson : —

"Robert Robinson of Cambridge, noted in his day, not only as a writer and a preacher, but also as a sayer of good things. 'I can testify,' says H. C. R., 'that half a century ago, in all dissenting circles, the *bon mots* of Robinson formed a staple of after-dinner conversation.'

"When Robinson first occupied the pulpit of the Baptist meeting at Cambridge, he was exposed to annoyances from the younger gownsmen. He succeeded however, in the course of a few years, in effecting a change, and, Mr. Dyer says, became popular with a large class. It was soon after his settlement there, that a wager arose among a party of undergraduates. One of them wagered that he would take his station on the steps of the pulpit, with a large ear-trumpet in his hand, and remain there until the end of the service. Accordingly, he mounted the steps, put the trumpet to his ear, and played his part of a deaf man with all possible gravity. His friends were in the aisle below, tittering at the hoax. The congregation were scandalized ; but the preacher alone seemed

insensible to what was going on. His sermon was on God's mercy, — or, whatever the subject might have been at first, in due time it soon turned to that ; and the preacher proceeded to this effect : ' Not only, my Christian friends, does the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the divine grace ; but, also, there are none so low, so mean, so worthless, as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care. Indeed, I do hope that it may one day be extended to ' — and then, leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, and placing it on the head of the gownsman, finished his sentence — ' to this silly boy ! ' The wager was lost ; for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling bolted."

"A well-known member of the Norfolk Circuit, Hart, afterwards Thorold, related to me, that he once fell in with an elderly officer in the old Cambridge coach to London, who made inquiries concerning Robinson. ' I met him,' said the stranger, ' in this very coach, when I was a young man, and when my tone of conversation was that universal among young officers, and I talked in a very free tone with this Mr. Robinson. I did not take him for a clergyman, though he was dressed in black, for he was by no means solemn. On the contrary, he told several droll stories. But there was one very odd thing about him ; that he continually interlarded his stories with an exclamation, "Bottles and corks!" This seemed so strange, that I could not help at last asking him why he did so, saying they did not seem to improve his stories at all.'

"'Don't they?' said Mr. Robinson. 'I am glad to know that, for I merely used those words by way of experiment.'

"'Experiment!' said I ; 'how do you mean that?'

"'Why, I will tell you. I rather pride myself on storytelling, and wish to make my stories as good as they can be. Now, I observed that you told several very pleasant stories, and that you continually made use of such exclamations as "G—d d—n it," and "B—t me," etc. Now I can't use such words, for they are irreverend towards the Almighty, and, I believe, actually sinful. Therefore I wanted to try whether I could

find words that would answer the purpose as well, and be quite innocent at the same time.'

" 'All this,' said the officer, 'was said in so good-humored a tone, that I could not possibly take offence, though apt enough to do so. The reproof had an effect on me, and very much contributed to my breaking myself of the habit of profane swearing.' "

" On one occasion, a good but not very wise man asking him, in a tone of simplicity and surprise, 'Don't you believe in the Devil?' Robinson answered him in like tone, 'Oh, dear, no! I believe in God: don't you?' "

" Robinson was desirous of repressing the conceit which so often leads the illiterate to become instructors of their brethren; and so on one occasion, in opposition to what seemed to him a disposition to undue interference, he said, 'I have in my pig-sty ten white pigs and one black one. The other morning, as I passed by, I heard the black pig squeaking away lustily, and I thought to myself, That's pig language: I don't understand it, but perhaps it pleases the white ones; they are quiet enough.' "

" Robinson was acrimonious against the supporters of what he deemed the corruptions in the Church and State, and especially intolerant of dullness. Arguing a while with a dull adversary, who had nothing better to allege against Robinson's reasonings than the frequent repetition of 'I do not see that,' — 'You do not see it!' retorted Robinson, — 'do you see this?' taking a card out of his pocket, and writing 'God' upon it. 'Of course I do,' said his opponent: 'what then?' 'Do you see it now?' repeated Robinson, at the same time covering the word with a half-crown piece. 'I suspect not.' "

We will close our extracts with this, relating to F. W. Robertson, with whom Mr. Robinson became acquainted at Brighton, and whose preaching he greatly admired. He presented a copy of his sermons to a friend, from whose letter of acknowledgment we extract the following: "We are tired of the old, and are looking for the new. Time is an element in all human changes. A church is a stepping-stone in the great ladder which men are climbing to answer the

primeval question, What is God? All the systems, from the beginning, are the answers to this question in their generations. When Dr. — proclamed a hell of eternal punishment, that is *his* answer. He thinks it is the gospel; *i. e.*, in *his* gospel, it is his conception of God.

"Dr. Parr was a step in advance. He thought the Unitarians might be saved, but they must be *scorched* first. He delighted in drinking hob-a-nob with a man who was sure to be scorched before he could be fit company for him. The fact is, we conform the gospel to our minds, and not our minds to the gospel. That is Churchdom."

But the times have changed since the days of Dr. Parr. The theological horizon has widened so largely as to be greatly hopeful; for, really, the light with which it is filling is what should be received with anything but fears; and, as Tennyson says, —

"The old order changes, giving place to the new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways."

E. C. M.

## THE CAPITALIST.

WHILE in New York, on occasion of the Conference of Churches last October, our attention was drawn, in two different ways, to a remarkable instance of the power of wealth in the employment of labor. Some thoughts were thus suggested, which have derived further illustration from what has since occurred.

During the visit referred to in New York, we passed every day by a building of great extent, with rows of marble arches towering one above another. It will cover, when completed, an entire square, and present four noble fronts on as many different streets. Within, a host of men and women and youths are employed. It is all the property of one man; one enormous fortune has sufficed to build and to sustain it; and

that fortune is destined, in its owner's mind, to become constantly greater by the trade which will be there carried on. It stands unequalled among the commercial structures of that great city: it is said to be unequalled among those of the whole world.

As we left the church where the meeting of our Conference had been held, we took one from a number of pamphlets that had been left in the pews, evidently that they might attract the attention of those who should assemble. It was entitled, "Capital *versus* Labor," and took for its theme the princely mercantile establishment which has been described. It was spoken of as employing a thousand workwomen within its walls, besides its numerous male attendants, and probably engaging the labor of five thousand when to those within were added those who worked for it without. From this statement the writer of the pamphlet proceeded to characterize the head of this great establishment as one who drew his wealth from the sufferings of the poor. "Merchant prince," it said, "he is sometimes called. And why not? For are there not 'princes of darkness' in the divine (or devil's) economy?" This one brief specimen will suffice to show the style of language and thought. The tract assumed, rather than attempted to prove, that the wealthy capitalist was practically the enemy and the tyrant of the thousands whom he employed. There was little argument, but much declamation. One might suppose that the capitalist in question was entitled to compete with John Allen for the distinction of being "the wickedest man in New York." It was not, however, against one merchant alone that the pamphlet was directed. This one was but selected as presenting a prominent instance of that crime against the human race which the author charged upon the whole class of capitalists. His conclusion was, the necessity of a revolution; not, he said, with arms and blood, but by the oppressed millions of the laboring people exerting the power which the ballot gave them to put an end to the present system. It was not, however, very clearly indicated what system was intended to take its place. It is much easier to pull down than to build up.

We had thus brought before us, from two opposite aspects, one of the great problems which are presented by modern civilization, — the relation between employers and employed. On the one side, we saw the vast and imposing, perhaps the ostentatious, pile ; on the other, we heard the angry protest of the would-be reformer, in which a portion of truth was obscured rather than aided by the extravagance with which it was proclaimed.

The fallacy of the pamphlet was indeed obvious. As we looked on that marble palace, we knew that the thousand workmen and workwomen it might contain derived their support from their occupation there, — a comfortable support, it might be presumed ; for they were free, if dissatisfied, to seek employment elsewhere. If the building itself was vast in extent, costly in material, and elaborate in finish, we knew that every dollar expended in erecting it had gone from the rich man to the poorer, in fair payment for honest labor. Did the host of workmen who thus earned their daily bread have reason to regard the capitalist who employed them as their enemy ? They might not indeed call him their benefactor, for the relation between them was only that of a fair exchange of values ; but it seems perfectly clear that the interests of the employer and the employed were in this instance the same. If in this instance, then we infer that they are the same in other instances. The more the capitalist expends for his own advantage, the more the laborer receives ; and if the former, too greedy for gain, should incur the danger of failure by excessive ventures, whatever evil may result thence to him will come also with ruinous force upon the hundreds or the thousands whom his fall will deprive of their employment. Thus his prosperity is theirs, and they also would be sharers in his adversity.

Among the few attempts in this pamphlet to vindicate by proofs its severe allegations against the capitalist, was this argument, that the merchant is not a producer, as he does not actually bring forward new articles ; that the mere transfer of merchandise from place to place does not add to the amount of value in the world. Hence it was argued that the capitalist

received his enormous profits without rendering the community anything in return. The fallacy here invoked needs but a glance to detect it. The coal that is dug from the mines of Pennsylvania would be of no value to us if there were no means of transporting it to our doors. You call it productive industry which brings that coal up a hundred or a thousand feet from within the earth to the surface. Is the industry less profitable, less deserving of respect and payment, that brings it a hundred or a thousand miles to the dwelling of the consumer? And if it be argued that such transportation is the work, not of the capitalist, but of those whom he employs, the answer is ready, that there must be the directing head no less than the working hand.

The representation then, in the pamphlet of which we have spoken, is unjust ; unjust to the individual, and, what is of more importance, unjust to the class of which he is made the representative.

It is unjust to the individual. The person referred to has been much before the public eye during the year since that pamphlet met our view. Selected by the new administration as a cabinet officer, and objected to on the ground that the situation he was to fill was inconsistent with an interest in mercantile operations, Mr. Stewart offered, while he should hold the office, to surrender that interest, to the amount of millions, for the benefit of the poor. This offer was properly declined ; for it does not become our country to relax the stringency of its laws, either from deference to wealth, or from what may bear, even remotely, the semblance of a pecuniary consideration. Still we doubt not that the offer was made in good faith and from honorable motives. More recently we have heard that the same gentleman, after considering the plan of erecting buildings in New York for the accommodation of working people, has, on maturer thought, purchased a tract of land on Long Island, about twenty-five miles from the city, for the erection of dwellings for city laborers. The land cost, it is said, four hundred thousand dollars, and the buildings will cost millions. We do not care to inquire into his motives beyond what appears. Let it be that he ex-



pects a profit from this investment also. At least, he has thought, in the employment of his wealth, of the good of others, as well as of his own ; and, in thus thinking and thus acting, he has given a noble reply to the social fanaticism that stigmatized him as an enemy of the poor.

But it is not to defend or to praise an individual, of whom we know nothing personally, that we have noticed this pamphlet, and the answer to it which Mr. Stewart's conduct furnishes. The pamphlet was as unjust to the class as to this one capitalist ; and its injustice furnishes the occasion for a few words on the true relation between the employer and the employed. The former is not by his position the oppressor of the latter. He may be tempted to act as such by narrow and imperfect views of his own interest ; but a true perception even of that will lead him to a very different result. And, if he should have the will to tyrannize, his power to do so is limited by the competition of other employers, and by the right of his workmen to go wherever they can find more just or more liberal treatment.

It cannot indeed be denied that the present constitution of society is far from perfect. The difference between rich and poor, — classes nearly identical with those of employers and employed, — though seldom so great in this country as it often is in the Old World, is still such as to produce frequent suffering among the less fortunate, and great temptations to all. The rich are tempted to pride, extravagance, indolence, the forgetfulness of God, and of the brotherhood of their race. The poor are tempted to repining, envy, dishonesty, and self-abandonment to intemperance and kindred vices. Thus on both sides the unequal distribution of property produces great evils. That it produces good also, we must believe, for it has been permitted to exist for ages by the wise and good Creator ; and we can see something of the purpose he had in view, when we contemplate the activity which pervades society, resulting everywhere from the necessity of support or the desire of gain, and when we perceive the orderly and efficient manner in which labor is organized, tracing this order to the relation of employers and employed. The question then

comes to us, how, while we retain the good results of the existing system, can we remove, or at least alleviate, its evils? Discarding the wild and revolutionary ideas of such reformers as would overthrow the structure of society, how shall we, so far as our own influence may extend, make society correspond more fully with the ideal that religion places before us, — a band of brothers and sisters, working together in love and harmony for the common good?

The capitalist is right in employing his ample means: he would be defrauding society were he to hoard those means for his own use alone, instead of permitting them to go forth for the support and encouragement of honest industry. But, if he is truly a Christian, he will avoid needless parade, and will be careful to confine expenditure within the limits of reason. There was a plain, blunt word that our fathers used to designate the transgression of these rules. When any one had erected a building too lofty or too costly, especially if the enterprise led to embarrassment and failure, the building itself was ever after known as his "folly." Thus, in the former days of Boston, the loftiest buildings bore a name that testified of the errors of the past, and gave warning to the enterprises of the future.

But is it the rich alone who can be guilty of extravagance? Ah! the poor man who indulges the appetite for excitement, either in drinking or otherwise, spends a much larger proportion of his earnings than the capitalist does of his income for any corresponding indulgence. Moderation to the wealthy is a duty: to the poor, it is a necessity.

In determining the compensation to be given to labor, the practical rule of this world is, self-interest limited by necessity. The employer will give the least that he can; the workman will demand the most that he can. And this rule, selfish as it seems, has thus far been found to work better than any attempted regulation of the matter by law. But the practical rules of society, though good in their place and for their purpose, do not always come up to the Christian standard. The religious man, whether employer or employed, will seek a higher rule for his own conduct than that which is grounded

only on his own interest. His ideas of justice will not be contented with giving insufficient wages or insufficient work, whatever may be the number of those who encourage him by their example, or the circumstances that render such conduct easy.

And alike beyond self-interest, and beyond the strict demands of justice, comes the Christian law of love, or, as in this application it may best be characterized, of brotherly kindness. It is this alone that can bridge over the gulf which separates rich and poor, break down the wall that pride on the one hand, and envy and suspicion on the other, are so apt to raise between employers and employed. These distinctions, great as they sometimes appear, are recognized by the Christian as only superficial: the human being is the same, whether he live in splendor or in want, whether he labor with his head or with his hands; yes, whether he has or has not enjoyed the advantages of refinement and learning. For we know that the one great distinction in the sight of God is that between the good and the bad, the faithful and the unfaithful, the loving and the hating; and that these distinctions penetrate all the classes of society, so that a man's position in the sight of his fellow-men is far from deciding that which he holds in the sight of his Creator. We are disciples of One who had not where to lay his head; and our teachers next under him were fishermen and tent-makers. In such remembrances we find a better solution for the disturbing problems of modern society than the science of wealth presents on the one hand, or the angry revolutionist proclaims on the other. It is that all, rich and poor, employers and employed, should remember their brotherhood to each other, and give a thought at times to the brotherhood of all with Christ their Master. Then will mutual kindness mark their intercourse; the commands of justice will be enforced by a tenderer feeling; gentle acts of charity will come in to alleviate the burden which poverty is compelled to bear; and, on the other side, if the less fortunate is incited to envy, the temptation will be repelled by the thought that the more prosperous also is a brother.

S. G. B.

## MORE FROM A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

*5th Sabbath.*

A FAIR day: a large and attentive congregation. I exerted all my ingenuity to-day in showing my people that they might work together as disciples of Jesus, though they entertained different opinions, and that a Unitarian clergyman would better satisfy the whole than one of any other denomination. I will give the substance of my discourses, without dividing them into three sermons. It will make a long chapter; but I hope my readers will be able to go through it without weariness and impatience.

Peacemakers are not always thanked for their pains. But to reconcile enemies, and heal divisions, is still a noble work. Jesus blesses peacemakers, and tells us they shall be called the sons of God. I am not seeking your parish. It is a matter of the greatest indifference with me whether I become your pastor or not. I think I could live happily with you; and I trust I can live happily remote from you.

This is an old, a large parish, and the only one in town. Who would not grieve to see it divided? This is the house where your fathers worshiped. During almost a century, you have been one society, one flock. Now you are without a shepherd; and though you still remain together, yet you are not agreed in sentiment. The creed of your church is Calvinistic; but some of you are Unitarians, some Trinitarians, some Universalists, some Restorationists, and some are Baptists, and some Methodists, and many are I know not what. And each wants a minister of his own denomination, and no one wishes to have a preacher whose faith varies from his own. And what will you do? You cannot all be exactly suited. You can support one clergyman without a burthensome tax on any. But you cannot build half a dozen churches, and maintain so many pastors. You lack pecuniary means. And, would you do it, your societies would be small and poor, and would probably be rival if not belligerent societies.

Religion and virtue would not prosper. There would be much envy, jealousy, and worldly competition ; and but little sympathy, brotherly love, and charity. You would regard one another with an evil eye, and unkind feelings and thoughts. Social and kindred ties would be broken. But I cannot enumerate the evils which will be likely to grow out of your division. May you have the prudence to prevent them by your concord and union !

You all profess to make the Scriptures your authority, rule, and guide, in matters of faith and practice. Throw aside your separate creeds, then, and make the Bible your only creed.

You all believe that there is but one God. Might you not give up the doctrines of the trinity, or so retain it that it shall not engender strife and division ? The unity of God is a plain doctrine, and taught so frequently in the Scriptures, that all sects have found and acknowledged it. God is the creator, and moral governor of the universe. He is the source of all light, truth, holiness, and goodness.

If you would let me make the Bible my standard, directory, and rule, I would endeavor to understand it, and assist you in doing the same. I would teach you its doctrines ; I would enforce its duties ; and I would address to your hopes and fears its motives. But, if you confined me to your creed, my task would be attended with great difficulties. I might not be able to discover all the doctrines of your creed in the Bible : and then I must either depart from the creed, and cleave to the word of God ; or I must forsake the Bible, and adhere to your creed. This most surely you would not counsel me to do. Nor would you have me pervert or wrest Scripture ; *i. e.*, to use passages of Scripture as proofs of doctrines while I know, or partly believe, that they were never designed to favor such doctrines. You know that every sect brings Scripture-proof for all its peculiar notions. A wrong use must often be made of Scripture, either through ignorance or design. Rum-drinkers, warriors, slaveholders, quote Scripture ! And has not Satan done the same ? Take heed !

As I shall be limited by no creed, I will endeavor to give you the true meaning of the word of God. If I find the

Trinity, Calvinism, non-Unitarianism, then I will teach them ; and, if I cannot find them in that holy volume, I will not teach them. I will not be wise above what is written, nor teach, for doctrines, the traditions and inventions of men.

The doctrines which I shall probably omit to teach will be doctrines, which you, though you retain them in your creed, more generally practically omit or reject. Though you have framed a creed, yet you do appeal to the Bible as the highest authority, and so do I.

You call yourselves Trinitarians. And yet you generally think of God, the Father, as the creator, governor, and righteous disposer of all things. It is he who made all things. His providence takes care of all things : his bounty supplies the wants of all creatures. It is by his grace and mercy that we are saved. When you pray, you address your prayers to the Father, in the name of or through the Son. This I presume is your way generally ; and it is mine. Except where the Orthodox have a liturgy in their prayers and devotions, they are generally Unitarians. They seldom offer prayers immediately to Christ, or to the Holy Spirit.

You generally think of the Saviour as a being distinct from or subordinate to the Father ; as the Son of God, the Redeemer, the Mediator between God and man. And so do I. I regard him, as, except the Father, the most glorious and exalted being in the universe, and as perfectly qualified for his high and important office. The difference between us is rather speculative than practical. We both believe that he is the true and living way to the Father, and an all-sufficient Saviour. You say that he is God ; but still I think you admit the supremacy of the Father. You say that he had two natures. The Bible is silent about that doctrine, and so should we be. But though you sometimes speak of Christ as having a double nature, yet I presume you generally think of him as one person, one being ; as having but one soul, one will, one mind, one nature. You believe this person, whom you call Christ, died ; Jesus Christ, the Saviour, the Son of God, died. You do not believe that God died. You do not believe that a part of the Deity died. God is indivisible as well as eternal.

I presume, that, when you contemplate a suffering, dying, rising, and exalted Saviour, your views are generally similar to mine, notwithstanding your creed. You believe that he came into the world to save sinners ; to bring, to reconcile us to God ; and so do I. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation. You profess to believe that he paid our debt ; that our sins are imputed to him, and his righteousness imputed to us. And yet you believe that God so loved the world, that he sent his Son into it ; and that we are saved by the grace and mercy of God. Now, if God inflicted all the punishment which we deserved, on Christ, where is his love, his grace, and mercy ? But you do not regard him as merely a Sovereign : you think of him as your Father ; as gracious and merciful, abundant in goodness and compassion. Christ died for us ; not because God was implacable, but because he was kind, and not willing that any should perish. The Calvinistic view of God is, that he has no love, no goodness, no grace, no mercy : it seems to divest him of every moral attribute, and to ascribe every lovely quality to Christ. But, notwithstanding your creed, you think of God as your Father.

You profess to believe that Christ died only for the elect. And yet, if I stated to you the doctrine of predestination in conjunction with election and reprobation, I presume you would disown it as an article of your faith. You do, mentally and practically, deny it continually. In your feelings, thoughts, words, actions, you virtually deny it. You do not believe that man is a mere machine. You believe him to be a moral and an accountable being. It is impossible to get rid of the impression and persuasion that he is free ; that he is capable of virtue and vice. If the doctrine of predestination was true, there could be no praise nor blame, no virtue nor vice.

Though you are Calvinists, you do not believe that any infants are lost, nor any who die before they are capable of a moral action. I desire to know, then, what becomes of your predestination, election, reprobation, and total depravity. Consider it well ! Then, all young children, all idiots, all who are taken out of the world before they had committed any actual sin, must be accounted as belonging to the elect

But I will not pursue this subject. On mature reflection, you will find that in reality you differ not so widely from me as you had imagined.

You would have me carry the gospel to all, and call upon every sinner to repent. You would have me address sinners, just as though they could and ought to do something ; and that, if they were not converted and saved, it was their own fault.

You profess to believe that the Holy Spirit is a person ; and yet I dare say that you seldom think of it as such. You think of it as God in operation ; the spirit of God, an emanation or influence from the Father. You pray not to the Holy Spirit, but to the Father, and beseech him to give you this spirit. Our difference here, as elsewhere, is about speculative opinion. The Scriptures contain no prayers offered to the Holy Ghost as a distinct person or being. And those Christians, generally, who worship without a liturgy, seldom pray to the Spirit. They may be Trinitarians in faith, but they are Unitarians in worship. All denominations of Christians acknowledge it to be right to pray to the Father, and through the Son as mediator.

Your doctrine of total depravity I need not dwell on a moment, as it differs not essentially from my doctrine of native purity and innocence.

Nor is there any material difference in our views relating to repentance, conversion, faith, and good works. And our views of the Christian character, of the virtues and graces which compose it, I suppose are the same. In these things I mean to be as Orthodox as any person in Christendom. Christ is the standard and pattern.

The chief objection, which those of you who are Orthodox, would bring against my services, no doubt would be, that I did not go far enough. The fault would be, not about what I did say, but about what I omitted. Now, I have been endeavoring to show you that those things which I should omit are very generally omitted by yourselves, and by many of your preachers. We often hear the Orthodox pray and preach, and gain no evidence from their prayers and sermons that



they differ in their sentiments from us. I never heard a sermon in defense of predestination, election, reprobation, in my life. I never heard the doctrine of reprobation distinctly recognized, in a discourse from the desk, but once. The Orthodox generally would not endure their peculiar tenets if they were faithfully, plainly, and frequently preached. Those doctrines which distinguish you from me are more generally kept out of sight, or taught loosely and obscurely. And what are the inferences to be deduced from these things? Your preachers do not really believe these doctrines; or they entertain doubts about them; or they think that these doctrines are of not sufficient importance to be plainly and often insisted on; or they are restrained through a servile fear of man. They know that those peculiar opinions are not popular; are not grateful even to those who are Orthodox in name. Many have a way of seeming to teach Calvinism, while they teach it not; and they seem to teach the doctrine of the trinity, while they teach it not. The great mass of the Orthodox, I will venture to say, are neither Trinitarians nor Calvinists, except in name and creed. Their feelings, thoughts, language, are more generally Unitarian.

But there is another class of my hearers who will think, not that I do not go far enough, but that I go too far. I am not a Universalist, nor even a Restorationist; but many of my hearers are. And how can they be reconciled to my preaching? I shall not inculcate their favorite notions. If they believe these doctrines are true and important, I know not how I can satisfy them. But perhaps many of them are not firmly persuaded of their truth and importance. I beg them to examine themselves and their faith, and the grounds and reasons of their faith. If they become a part of my flock, I shall treat them just as kindly as though they agreed with me in every point. I shall not denounce them. I shall not contend with them. I will do all I can to bring them to Christ; and, if I can't convince them that they are in an error, they shall enjoy their opinions unmolested by me. If they will not be affected by motives addressed to their fears, I will make earnest appeals to their hopes.

I will speak to them of the goodness of God, of the love and compassion of Jesus, of the joys of the holy life, of the felicities of heaven. If they will not be driven, I will be content if I may draw them, and draw them with cords of love. I shall be earnest to bring them to God. I trust they will not object to my seeking to inspire them with virtuous and pious sentiments. And I shall endeavor to operate upon you all through gentle and persuasive means. If you can be won by mild measures, I shall gladly dispense with all seeming severity and harshness.

But there are a large number of you who are sinners. There are Orthodox sinners, Unitarian sinners, and Universalist sinners. And I shall labor ardently, earnestly, incessantly, for their conversion, sanctification, and salvation. If they have expected that a Unitarian would not care for their souls, or that he would encourage them in the belief that they need give themselves no anxiety and trouble about their spiritual condition and welfare, I hope I shall undeceive them.

Should you settle a Calvinist, your parish will be rent asunder. You will soon become two, if not three, distinct bands. You will not all submit to Orthodoxy, nor will you all submit to Universalism. With a Unitarian, you would be more united, more free, and, I trust, better edified. While each enjoyed his private opinions, all could assemble here to worship God, and commemorate the death of Jesus. We would avoid those things which do but gender strife and discord, and make it our great aim to be disciples and followers of Christ.

I am well aware that this counsel would not be commended by some. Many would advise each party of you to defend and maintain their cause, — not to yield nor condescend. If, after serious and prayerful consideration, you find that you cannot conscientiously settle one who will not subscribe to all your articles of faith, why then you must be divided and subdivided. And, after all, there will be found, no doubt, in each of your societies, differences in faith, just as there are now; and neither of your pastors will entirely satisfy the whole of his little flock.

After all your divisions, many of you will be obliged to

exercise moderation, patience, and charity, or else enjoy no social advantages. Would it not be wise to exercise this patience and charity now? Perhaps it may be hard for some of you to believe that I am not selfish in this thing. But, in truth, I am pleading your cause rather than my own. It is your welfare that I am seeking. May God give you wisdom to guide you in the way of peace and prosperity, and of eternal life and glory!

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BACA.

BY S. D. ROBBINS.

THROUGH Baca's vale my way is cast, —  
 Its thorns my feet have trod ;  
 But I have found the well at last,  
 And quench my thirst in God.  
 My roof is but an humble home  
 Hid in the wilderness ;  
 But o'er me springs the eternal dome,  
 For he my dwelling is.  
 My raiment rude and lowly seems,  
 All travel-stained and old ;  
 But with his brightest morning beams  
 He doth my soul enfold.  
 How scantily is my table spread !  
 With tears my cup o'erflows ;  
 But he is still my daily bread, —  
 No want my spirit knows.  
 Hard is the stony pillow-bed :  
 How broken is my rest !  
 On him I lean my aching head,  
 And sleep upon his breast.  
 For faith can make the desert bloom ;  
 And, through the vistas dim,  
 Love sees, in sunlight or in gloom,  
 All pathways lead to him.

## CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIETY.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

CHRISTIANITY is the gift of God to human society. The seed is the word of God, but the field is the world. In the highest and largest sense, that only is the Christian faith which Christians hold together, and which is confessed by each because it is confessed by all. In the highest and largest sense, that only is the Christian hope which is nourished in the sunlight and the storms of our every-day experience, and which is good for each because it is good for all. That only is charity, the grace of graces, which lives its life and attains to its transcendent quality and measure, where Jew and Gentile, bond and free, male and female, wise and ignorant, rich and poor, wait to be made one in Christ Jesus. Without human society in its largest sense, not a select and separated company of men and women, but human society, as it is found in our homes and our streets and our market-places, we can never know the whole meaning and the unspeakable gift of the gospel of Christ. It is the salvation of each so far as it is the salvation of all, so far as each is a member of a true communion and fellowship. The creed in which the whole heart speaks, and which contains not the least syllable that can give the lips pause, is no private interpretation, coming by the will of man; it is not what you believe and what I believe: it is the confession into which the world has been brought together, and which it could not have had save through living a common life. The hope by which, spite of all our discouragements, we are saved, comes into the light only in the world, only where the hopeful and the hopeless are united in a common lot. Christian love is still a mystery, hidden from ages and generations, even from those called Christian, until it is revealed as the wisdom which alone can resolve the problems of society, as the only author of peace, and pledge of concord, and mediator between man and man. I believe that we can render the highest service

at once to Christianity and to society by studying them together, by insisting upon treating the gospel as pre-eminently a social good, by a steady refusal to stop short in any grace, however sweet, which it may impart to our loneliness. Indeed there can be no fullness of the blessing which is in Christ apart from humanity. The religion of Jesus is the religion of humanity. It is likened to the sunlight, which lies broad and deep and inexhaustible over all the earth, crowning the hill-tops and searching the valleys. We must go out from our dwellings if we would bathe in it. It shines for all the world. There may be light in your house, but it is not the splendor of the golden day that is poured all around your house, and upon every path that leads to it, and upon the fields in which it nestles. We must not take our Bibles and our experiences, and our prayer-books and our hymns and songs, and go aside with them, trying to learn what by these helps God will do for our own souls. We must stay where we are, and, taking the body which has been provided for us, and of which we are parts, strive to animate every member of it with the spirit of our religion. In our search after Christian truth, we want to find, beyond all things, what he who knew what was in man spake to all men, what all men can believe, cannot choose but believe, — what is written upon their minds and hearts as by the finger of God. We do not find it by solitary study; we do not find it by summoning councils, even those called œcumenical, as claiming to embrace the whole inhabited earth: parts of it we gain in this way, fragments of doctrine, lifeless, because they are fragments, barren because they are broken off from the parent tree, opinions more or less sound, confessions more or less rich, but not *the* one faith, which, if a man decline to receive it, witnesses against his true and pure humanity, as Jesus images and interprets it, its need of God, its persuasion of God's fatherly love and care, its cry to be forgiven, its hunger for immortality. To this faith we can only come together, in mutual respect, one mind for another, believing that we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth; that, though each man may have his own interpretation of the faith, his

own reading of the divine symbol, the faith can be but one, divinely simple, the mind of Christ in all minds. The way to miss this truth is to separate, to nurse antagonisms, to have each your own psalm and your own doctrine, almost a private religion of your own: the way to find this truth is to dwell together in the unity of the Spirit. The creed which is held by only one man, or by a handful of men, is either very untrue, or very unimportant. The wants of the soul which our Saviour satisfies are universal. That is bread which the hungry multitude will feed upon. Philosophy and theology can have no higher office than to interpret the creed of plain Christian people, that illumined and glorified common sense. We do not know what the gospel is until it is preached to every creature; and, in response to the great word, the heart of humanity proclaims Jesus Christ to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

And if you would know how Christianity ever abides in our world as a grand and blessed hope, you must try to accept and believe in it as a hope for all men, a hope which is all the more truly hope because it is not seen; a hope which is all the more truly hope because it includes those who were without hope and without God in the world; a hope which is all the more truly hope because it reaches beyond those concerning whom we could have no reasonable anxiety to some who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, or at least seem to us to be so encompassed. Let Christ be brought near to the heart of man, — man, as he lives, not out of the world, but in the world, in contact and fellowship and sympathy with his kind, — and there is born a hope so large and so unfailing that to realize it becomes the glad employment of the longest life and the most untiring energy. And the more we understand that our Saviour seeks to bless men as they dwell together, the more impossible is it for us to cherish any hope for ourselves apart from the great hope for all; we feel that there can be no complete happiness for us so long as one piece of silver is hidden or one sheep wanders. Our hope ceases to be a private anticipation, and becomes a throb of the great heart in man, prophesying a perfect redemption.

And, once more, so long as we regard Christianity as too fine for our world's common and daily uses, and hesitate to bring the great power of the gospel to aid us in reconciling the strifes and adjusting the conflicting interests of society ; so long as we insist upon regarding our Lord only as the deliverer of the individual soul, lifting us into a recluse and mystic quietness, or at best as the Saviour of men and women in churches and religious communities, and not as the author and the finisher of a genuine human redemption, — we shall never know what the love of Christ is : we shall never see it in a world which we give up now to barbarism, — in the relations of employer and employed, of rich and poor, of cultivated and uncultivated ; our tremendous social problems will remain unsolved ; we shall love one another in name, and bite and destroy one another in deed ; we shall be brothers and sisters on Sunday, and not very brotherly and sisterly then, and all the week we shall pursue our selfish ends, and strive to protect ourselves against one another, and be clamoring for our rights, and banding together in guilds and leagues and classes, enacting laws, instead of practicing charities. There is love enough in Christ to change even this world of fierce antagonisms into a kingdom of love, only let it be brought to bear where it is needed, instead of sighing itself away in the old sweetnesses and sanctities of speech : let it be that new commandment which the Saviour gives unto us to-day, to make love the law of our human intercourse, so that no man shall need to demand of us his rights, whether of honor or courtesy, or place in the state, or sympathy, or wages for service, because our love will have anticipated exaction and taken the sting out of defiance, and foreclosed passionate debate, and made us brethren, not only in the conference-room, but in the market-place and workshop. Our world is struggling along with all sorts of questions, only happy when it does not actually come to blows, and to cutting one another's throats, each striving to get the largest part of what so often proves to be only a heap of shells, and all because we will not see that, if Christianity means anything, it means Christian society, men and women living in the world in the great love of Christ. Do you want

a religious novelty? Are you weary of the old ministrations? Do you find it harder with each repetition to be thrilled with the old rhetoric, warmed by the old psalmody, stimulated by the old ordinance? Behold, here is a new thing, so new that most will pronounce it impracticable, will look for no help from our religion whilst they hurry on with their labor questions and their suffrage questions, and find continually that in remedying one mischief they have fallen into another and greater! Why this is the Church which men tell us is dead, but which at best is only in its infancy, — human society, animated and controlled by divine love, love which rejoices to serve, which reigns by serving, and lives by dying. This is the Church: faint types of it there have been and are in one and another company of more or less faithful men and women, larger, smaller, known too often by their peculiar way of thinking, or by some ceremonial usages, rather than by any peculiar way of living; but the real Church is humanity, lifted by the power of God in Christ into a love altogether transcendent, and yet altogether practical: and wherever this Church shall be established, for all men of all classes and conditions to be gathered into its worshiping and working assemblies shall be as natural as for all men to breathe the same atmosphere, to drink from the same fountains, to behold the same sun, to eat the same bread. “That they all may be one,” prayed Jesus, “that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.” Is it strange that the world, so long as there is but a shadow of unity amongst the people called Christians, can hardly believe in the Master of Christians? Let Christians be brethren indeed, brethren all the time and in all things, and they will have small need to press the Master’s claim to Messiahship. Can we not almost hear the Lord begging this perplexed age, staggering along under the weight of its very prosperity, to take him into its faith, that there may be more truly than ever a living Church in the world; that as they who were first called saints were presently called Christians, so they who are now called Christians may presently be called saints, and the kingdom of righteousness draw nearer with each dawning day? Not only here and there a soul, but a community of



souls waits to be redeemed. Not here and there a choice flower, not here and there a little precious fruit, shall content the Lord of the vineyard. His field is the world, and his reapers are the angels that go forth through all the earth to gather in the great harvest.

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## A CHILD'S HYMN.

In the hour of still devotion,  
 Lo ! my Father's face I see :  
 Thrills my heart with warm emotion, —  
 God hath shown himself to me.

Wherefore to this lowly creature  
 Hath the glorious vision come,  
 Lighting up my earthly nature  
 With the glory of the sun ?

Wherefore, mid this vast creation,  
 Mighty heavens and rolling sea,  
 Earth with her immortal creatures, —  
 Wherefore has it come to me ?

Few my years, and full of error,  
 Even to this feeble sight :  
 Ah ! how low must be my station  
 In thy presence, Source of Light !

Sunshine strikes the opening blossom, —  
 Lo ! it bursts a perfect flower :  
 Lo, O God ! on thee depending,  
 Waits my soul's unfolding power,

## THE HELPFULNESS OF CHILDREN.

THE importance of the family relation in the providential guidance of the race is discernible not more in the influence of the parents upon the children than of the children upon the parents.

We look back with gratitude upon the controlling love and wisdom, the moral constancy and the unwearied sacrifice, of the two faithful souls who, by divine direction, brought us from unconsciousness into the clear convictions and established principles of early manhood. But, proceeding farther along in life, we find that we have still another influence in store for us, — still another cause for gratitude, — in a new help to the formation of character. We, also, become parents.

Whatever remains in us still abstract and unappropriated, our children come to make concrete and real. We tread over again the path of life with a more certain step, a firmer feeling of the old familiar ways, for the sake of the little feeble feet by our side, and the little hand in ours. What we learned by indirection, what things have become a part of our mental and moral property by such unnoticed processes that we have never fairly investigated them and never fairly ratified them, — these things we begin to learn anew, with a more positive assurance, and a truer significance, taught by the affections. The old symbols have a deeper meaning. The world is real. Creation is still fresh. The games we knew, the ditties we sung, the book-truths we puzzled over, spring a march upon us at every turn, as if to admonish us that we cannot travel away from ourselves, and that there is no such thing as growing old in a universe where God lives again in every child. And then the great mystery of life and of our own physical being once more dawns upon us, with all its tremulous suggestiveness, as if we stood again looking from the vacant background of childhood into the enveloping and thrilling uncertainty in which the great world around us moved, and of which we, in our own selves, were so soon to

form a part. It is at such a time that we truly seek to grasp, with pure hearts, the meaning of that delicate and sacred mystery; and in the interpretation of it to our own children, how deeply are we moved to say, in the words of Jesus, "For their sakes I sanctify myself"!

For it is not only in the confirmation of knowledge, but far more in the confirmation of principle and the strengthening of character, that we must gratefully acknowledge the children's influence. With them by our sides, no question of duty becomes trivial or unimportant. The simplicity of the fundamental law, lost sight of in the consideration of general principles, and in the more external relations of worldly life, is made visibly and tangibly evident. The larger obedience of manhood — the freedom given to impulse, the acting from the liberty of the spirit rather than from patient uniformity of principle — is chastened by the instant and constant presence of imitative and absorbing hearts, to whom every day's minutiae are the great lessons in morals, and for whom we, in our turn, would leave the remembrance of a steadfast, reliable, and consistent character. What man has not been sustained in faithfulness to his higher aims, and aided against temptation, by a conviction of the intimate relation subsisting between his moral probity and the happiness of his family? What man has not felt how largely the subtile and indefinable home atmosphere of peace, purity, and content, depends on his own maintenance of himself? To whom, when approaching that home in the darkness, has not the light in the window been the star by which he has vowed a sacred vow of continence and chastity?

So it is that the children help us to grow more patient, more steadfast, more reliable, more tender and gentle, purer and more human. They bring us new lessons in knowledge, new strength in morals, and new baptism from on high.

For when the early implicitness of our religious love and faith, with its daily and hourly communings and strivings for the Father's smile, has become modified, in maturer years, to a less upward-looking obedience, — when prayer has become less frequent, as from a conviction that God desires our works

rather than our words, when we walk less as seeing him who is invisible than his laws which are visible, — then are we recalled and blessed by the deep desire that the young soul, upon leaving its infant formulas of prayer, shall fail not, by all that is sacred, to know for itself that intimate communion with the Father which is the essence of religion.

Those who, from any cause, have grown out of contact and acquaintance with children, are far from knowing themselves thoroughly. More wise, more learned, they may seem to be ; but they have yet to learn their weakness in the midst of their strength, yet to be plied with questions they cannot answer, yet to be taught that there is a sphere of real life as profound as anything they have yet fathomed.

The very period of a family's life which is marked by the physical cares and attentions surrounding the advent of the children has a divine influence which is felt in no later season. When there are no more babes, when the children are all passed into the stage of intellectual rather than physical education, there may be more reflective quiet in the home, a more sedate and orderly passing of the days ; and when this experience comes after a faithful ministration to those earlier demands, its calm is felt to be deserved, and can be enjoyed with satisfaction.

But let not those who live in homes made up of adults look upon the scenes of maternity and infancy as disagreeable necessities. Blessed, beyond our knowledge, are those days of household confusion, of daily and nightly vigils and sacrifices, of pains and anxieties, of entire absorption in the pettiest wants of the physical being, to the exclusion of all higher thought and feeling ! Blessed the days of swathing and nursing, of care only for flesh and blood and their common needs ! Not anchorite nor nun ever so entered within the holy of holies, or touched so nearly the divine presence.

By reviving the past, and making it ever new, by bringing divine purity and human warmth into the present, do the children bless us ; and not less by making the future real. They perpetuate existence. Without them, we are shadows. They give purpose to our labors, fruit to our beginnings. In them

we shall abide upon the earth. They give a value to what is done permanently and well.

When we consider how even the material advantages and conveniences of our daily life were wrought for us by the patient painstaking of parents and grandparents, and still more, how every gain of self-control and virtue by them was made permanent and enduring for us who came after them, what an incentive is it to faithfulness on our part, that our gain may be our children's, and so on for the years to come ! How it helps us to understand the strange comfort and courage that came to the old Hebrews from the promise that in their faithfulness should their seed be blessed, to children's children, and those that should be born from them !

J. C. P.

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## REFLECTIONS.

Sparks of truth are often struck out by the collision of opposite prejudices.

It is difficult for us to compare ourselves fairly with others, because our own tastes and opinions furnish the standard by which we estimate theirs.

The young suffer because they do not know their danger ; and the old, because they do know it.

A French proverb says, " A man who would be young when he is old must be old when he is young.

We lose much of the good which Providence offers us because we are not willing to pay the price of it.

Things become rare because they are not valued, and then become valued because they are rare.

Undeserved distinction makes ill-desert conspicuous.

▲

The old live with the dead.

The weakness of youth is the strength of old age.

The old forget new facts partly because their memories are stored with old ones.

“The exception proves the rule,” is a loose way of saying that an exception implies the existence of a rule.

Although life is a struggle with inward tendencies and outward circumstances, and every man's head is bound, like the Saviour's, with a crown of thorns, still the connection of good with goodness is immutable, and moral progress is salvation.

Revelation guides reason, but does not supersede it.

The use of learning is to nourish the mind, not to be paraded like dainties in the windows of an eating-house.

Learning is the half-way house to wisdom.

Ignorance makes fools confident, and wise men cautious.

The aged are prudent, partly because of their experience, and partly because prudent persons are the ones most likely to live to old age.

It is not the wise and the good and the brave  
Who ride on the top of the popular wave :  
The froth may be lashed into furious commotion,  
But silent and calm are the depths of the ocean.

Man is the good or bad angel of the brute.

E. W.

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“EXAMINE yourself whether you wish to be rich or to be happy ; and if you wish to be rich, know that it neither is a blessing, nor is it altogether in your own power ; but if to be happy, know that it both *is* a blessing, and is in your own power, — since the former is but a temporary loan of fortune, but the gift of happiness depends upon the will.”

THE MONTH.

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SEPTEMBER in our cities is the month of returns. As we pass through the streets in the evenings, we find one house after another sending out a cheering light, whilst the column of religious intelligence announces that one and another pastor will preach in his own pulpit. The "Liberal Christian" gives us, in the contributions of two correspondents, a very good exhibition of the pros and cons of ministerial and parochial vacations. The views of the two writers seem upon the surface to be antagonistic, but perhaps they are not so wide apart in their thought after all. If we look upon the Sunday service chiefly as a preaching institution, there must be a long vacation for the preacher at least, and for the congregation also, unless they can hear another voice: even so the hearers must needs be gathered from a number of churches, simply because the worshipers are so largely absent. Let the most earnest and faithful pastor remain with his little remnant of a congregation through July and August, —preaching, as the custom was but a few years since, twice each Sunday, —and he will be greatly dispirited and unfitted for his autumn duties. There should be at all events an exchange of pulpits, and if five churches will more than hold the whole, why open fifteen, or even twenty? There should be an exchange of pulpits; and, as we can have very little of this in the winter, why not have a great deal of it in the summer? So far as the church exists, not merely to keep alive the Christian tradition or to present Christian truth, but for all kinds of Christian ministries to the sick, the sorrowful, the poor, the tempted, it is perfectly true and very important truth that provision should be made for the punctual rendering of these services, provisions as scrupulous and methodical as the physicians make for the wants of their patients. It is a shame when a bereaved family is compelled to send here and there and everywhere to find an officiating clergyman for some sad

**O**ffice. It is a shame when the poor of a congregation are allowed to suffer because the missionary of the church is out of reach. We feel, indeed, that it has been rather hard upon Chicago to take away both the Colliers in the same summer ; but we hope that there will be no opposition to a free interchange of Eastern and Western ministers. It was hardly wise, perhaps, to shut up two South-End churches during the summer months : we suppose our friends in that quarter would not have done such a thing if they had learned, like the down-town people, to be patient with what they call in the rural districts " a thin meetin' ; " but one church would have held all. It is not fair to those who remain in town to close the doors because there is no longer a crowd ; but if the thing to be done is to preach to fifty persons in a house that will hold nine hundred, all we have to say is, that we do not wish to do it at any price. We extract from the " Liberal Christian " a few sentences upon this topic, first by Robert Collyer, and second by Rev. Open Doors : —

" **VACATIONS NEEDED.** — The cure for pulpit dyspepsia is the tonic of a good long vacation ; a month at least, and two if it can be managed. Churches should insist on their right to this as well as ministers. No more sermons now, they should say, until after dog-days, or, at any rate, no more from the familiar and well-beloved source. Then nature and all her good angels will do the rest ; and the Holy Spirit will come and brood over us under apple-trees, and in pine woods, on the mountains, and by the sea, in green lanes, and on wild downs, and the Lord's Christ will whisper again, Now sleep on and take your rest ; for if we sleep, we shall do well when it is misery to stay awake."

" **VACATIONS INJURIOUS.** — It will require a very strong character in a minister to demand a couple of months' vacation, during which his church must be closed, and he is hundreds of miles away, lounging among the mountains or at the seaside, while some of his parishioners are sick and dying, and all are liable to the crowding events of this mortal life. The plea of hard work will hardly avail many years to justify that. Men in other professions, who have a great strain put



upon their mental and moral energies, have to content themselves with something less than two months', or even two weeks', vacation. If a man's idea of the ministry is that it is a lectureship, resting through the summer is quite intelligible, since the hot season is not altogether convenient and pleasant for the listening to and the delivery of lectures. For one who looks upon the Church as other than a lyceum, and the pulpit as more than a mere platform; who regards it as the house of God; as the place where the weak and weary souls of men find refreshment, strength, and encouragement; where men are lifted above the world by bending together before the Infinite, in glad and lowly worship; who beholds in it a witness of the unseen and eternal,—a minister who takes this view of his calling will be hard pressed on the score of fatigue, and even of health, before he will consent to have the house of God shut that may be the gate of heaven to many souls.

“Hardly any denomination, certainly no influential denomination, has gone so far in the reduction of church meetings as we have done. In very few of our churches is there anything but the Sunday services; and on that day, in not a few, there is only one service. In addition to that, the closing for a month or two certainly reduces the matter to about its lowest terms. When a church is closed, the people generally must go either where they are not at home, or go nowhere. In not a few, the interest in the church dies out while the doors are closed. Some are drawn away into churches whose doors are ever open to welcome all comers. Not unfrequently the Sunday school is suspended. The institution is, in fact, essentially idle. Its work stops. When the door is closed, threads are broken that will never be united again.”

— RE-ORGANIZING OUR CHARITIES. — September was the month for this most needful work. At all events, we want to be beforehand with the frosts and snows and stormy winds. Beyond all, let the churches one and all be up and doing, working individually, working together. Church relief is the very best relief, open to fewer objections than any other

method. The world is alive as never before to the imperative demand for every kind of Christian work in our great cities. "The Living Church" calls attention, in the following excellent paragraph, to a very serious defect in our modes of relieving poverty, a defect which only Christianity can cure : —

"But our present efforts for the relief of want are not only superficial : they are, too often, merely *mechanical*. It is not our purpose to speak disparagingly of any organized effort for ameliorating the evils of poverty among us, no matter what may be its defects. We cheerfully acknowledge that organized institutions, and associations for charitable purposes, have a sphere peculiarly their own, within which they can do a work which cannot be done so well, if at all, in any other way. But to undertake the relief of the manifold forms of want that exist in a great city, with only such instrumentalities, is like exploring the shallows of an inland stream with a 'seventy-four' line-of-battle ship. An association or an institution rarely finds its way into the obscurity of individual indigence, as does private and *unofficial* benevolence. The tendency of all 'hired philanthropy' is to routine, if not to harshness ; and the moment one goes to work by rules which are, perhaps justly enough, framed to discriminate between meritorious penury and imposture, he is in danger of being deceived by what is plausible, while he repels innocent and undeserved poverty. In other words, in order to the intelligent relief of want, there is needed, what official charity has no time for, an intimate and observant acquaintance with it. But how much of such an acquaintance is there in our great cities, — nay, how many persons are there, to whom the idea of such acquaintance does not appear alike absurd and impracticable ? There are thousands and tens of thousands of good men and women in the land, who consider their obligations to those less prosperous than themselves abundantly discharged when they have made an 'annual subscription,' and read their own names in an 'Annual Report.' Over against that declaration of St. James, which announces '*visiting the fatherless and widow*' to be an essential condition of pure and undefiled religion, they put so many entries in a

check-book, as fulfilling that condition. No wonder that, on the one hand, religion runs thin, if it does not threaten to run out, among us ; and that, on the other, our pauperism grows with the metallic and unsympathetic charity that it feeds upon. We do not, indeed, want a philanthropy which is mere sentimentalism, or mere individual enthusiasm, unregulated by rules, and wholly independent of organized association ; but we do want that, of which, in our great cities, there is at present painfully little, some direct intercourse between the objects of charity and those whose gifts are employed to relieve it. If machinery can help us in opening the heart and hand and pocket of the giver immediately, and without intervention, to the receiver, then it is doing a useful and blessed work. But, when its influence is to keep the benefactor and beneficiary steadily apart, it is only harming and wronging both."

— "STORMY WINDS FULFILLING HIS PLEASURE." — The 10th of the month will be remembered for a tremendous gale. We happened to be where we could feel the full force of it. When it was over, and we looked about amongst the wrecks, the thought, that the Creator of the world and the Father of spirits, who places us in the world, and causes the winds to blow so mightily upon us and our works, loves strong things, came home very vividly. Said our village carpenter, of a house he had built during the last year for a friend, "It did not start in the least ;" and that house is on one of the most exposed points of our sea-girt peninsula. When you build, bear in mind the time when the rain will descend and the floods will come and the winds will blow : bear it in mind, whether you are building a house or laying the foundations of a character for the life everlasting. This is one of "the moral uses of dark things," to make men of us, to make us thorough in what we do. Tug away, wind, — you can't start that joint! It was bound together in honest times, or by an honest man in evil times, by one who could find an employer willing to pay for good work. Yes, they fulfill God's pleasure, wild as they are, and fearful. See it in that bronzed face of patience

and courage which has met so many storms, carried the ship safely through, or guided the traveler over the wild mountains, justifying the wisdom and love that sends us into a world which seems scarcely in order to receive us, or likely to be for ages to come.

— HON. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN was a man in whose death we have lost one of the very few who are fit to be president of our country. His persistent refusal to be clamored and bullied into joining hands with those who, law or no law, were resolved to impeach President Johnson, endeared him to thoughtful and candid men of all parties. It was refreshing in these days of partisanship to read his wise and truly catholic speeches. He belonged, with the exception of grave moral defects, which we are persuaded he did not share, to a class of men who were more numerous once than they now are; men who were statesmen rather than politicians; men of genuine culture, wide views, and sincere patriotism. He was *not* in the market for every new political scheme, ready to trim his sails for the popular breeze. He was a man of whom Maine may well be proud, and from whom our young civilians may well take example.

— THE HUMBOLDT CELEBRATION has been the marked event of the month: we have been rejoiced to know that Agassiz vindicated his teacher and friend from the absurdity of maintaining, even indirectly, that "He who formed the ear doth not hear, that He who fashioned the eye doth not see," that at the heart of this universe is only an unconscious intelligence, working in blindness, and that there is no Law-giver and primary Originator of all things. When Agassiz speaks of "the continued agency of natural causes," why does he set in antagonism "the agency of a Supreme Power"? Is not God present, save when, as we say, he "intervenes"? There is an immense deal of confusion as to this matter on the part of both religionists and scientists, and only this confusion makes them seem to differ. We are glad to set

down the following positive words of our great adopted naturalist :—

“There are those who affirm that, inasmuch as force and matter are found to be a sufficient ground for so many physical phenomena, we are justified in assuming that the whole universe, including organic life, has no further origin. To these, I venture to say, Humboldt did not belong. He had too logical a mind to assume that a harmoniously combined whole could be the result of accidental occurrences. In the few instances where, in his works, he uses the name of God, it appears plainly that he believes in a Creator as the law-giver and primary originator of all things. There are two passages in his writings especially significant in this respect. In the second volume of the *Cosmos*, when speaking of the impression man receives from the contemplation of the physical world, he called nature ‘God’s majestic realm.’ *Gottes erhabenes Reich*. In his allusion to the fearful catastrophe of Caraccas, destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, the critical inquirer may even infer that Humboldt believed in a special Providence. For he says, with much feeling, ‘Our friends are no more ; the house we lived in is a pile of ruins ; the city I have described no longer exists. The day had been very hot, the air was calm, the sky without a cloud. It was Holy Thursday ; the people were mostly assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to foreshadow the threatening misfortune. Suddenly, at four o’clock in the afternoon, the bells, which were struck mute that day, began to toll. It was the hand of God, and not the hand of man, which rang that funeral dirge.’ In his own words : *Es war Gottes, nicht Menschenhand die hier zum Grabgelaute zwang.*”

—THE OFFERTORY.—In reply to our inquiry, “How do you propose to sustain your costly church in Chicago?” we were glad to hear Robert Collyer reply, “We mean to take up a contribution at every service, and so supplement our low charges for the pews.” We wish that the practice might be universal. The contribution-box, we are glad to notice, is getting into the churches more and more as a regular institu-

tion. It is astonishing how soon the people become accustomed to it, how soon they begin to look for it as a part of the worship, and what a relief it is to those who cannot give much and so do not care to write their names upon a subscription paper, and yet earnestly wish to cast something into the treasury. We seriously believe that a regular collection would go a great way towards deepening the interest in religious institutions.

— REV. MR. HEPWORTH. — As we go to press, our friend, Mr. Hepworth, takes his leave of Boston, being about to preach, by invitation of his brother clergymen, in the Boston Theatre, offered for the purpose by Mr. Booth. It will be a fit leave-taking ; for Mr. Hepworth's name will ever be gratefully recalled in connection with what has become historic as theatre preaching, an earnest effort on the part of Christians to be found in the gospel of those who do not seek the gospel, and who, in the circumstances, can hardly be expected to seek it. Mr. Hepworth has labored in great faith and with great success in Boston. May the blessing of God ever attend him !

— THE MUSICAL CONVENTION. — Amongst the good results which, it is hoped, may come of the Jubilee of last June, we thankfully record a more intelligent interest in church music. There is need. At present the improved musical education of our community only creates a demand for better church choirs, and congregations are tempted to live in this particular beyond their means ; whilst the singers become a race of nomads, wanderers from choir to choir, as the call is louder or at least more silver-toned. Somehow a part of this increased musical culture should get down into the congregation ; and those who can sing should be encouraged to sing by meetings for the purpose, which would have the great added advantage of bringing together in a natural way those who cannot get particularly interested in any of the various forms of parish work. There is no need of any antagonism between choir singing and congregational singing. There are fine spiritual

effects which can be reached only by a trained choir of rich voices, effects fully equal, to say the least, to any that can flow from the sermon. There are hymns that should be sung by a single voice. Who cares to hear "Jesus, lover of my soul," shouted by a whole congregation? On the other hand, there are grand chorals in which the faith, hope, and love of the whole people should find voice. There is no need of antagonism because the congregation is not what a congregation should be, and the choir is not what a choir should be, unless choir and congregation are one, the relation altogether friendly and of the household. We are glad to know that Mr. Eugene Thayer is to give organ recitals in the house of worship of First Church on successive Saturday afternoons, during this autumn. Mr. Thayer will have the advantage of the very superior organ which has just been set up in that church by the distinguished builder of the Music Hall organ; and whilst his playing will afford to all who choose to come a pure and profitable entertainment, we may hope that the result will be an improved taste as to organ music. We extract the following significant passages from the records of the doings of the Musical Convention held in Boston during the last days of September. But first a word from one who is not content with the way in which the Convention was officered, and asks, —

"WHAT IS SUNG IN OUR CHURCHES? — The gentlemen named as the government of the National Musical Convention are all worthy and excellent gentlemen, whom every one must respect; and some of them would be perfectly admirable as the ornamental head of a musical society, where they are expected to influence individuals to contribute money.

"But what do they know of the wants of music and musicians? Do they know of the withering influence of the countless bad music-books, sacred and secular, which flood the country and almost hopelessly demoralize the public taste? Do they know of the pestilential atmosphere carried into our very homes by the low slang, concert-saloon songs, issued by myriads from sheet-music publishing houses? Do they know

when the Grande Duchesse or Faust selections are sung as praise to God in their churches?"

"THE ORGAN IN THE CHURCH. — The lecturer divided his remarks into two parts: the organ in the church and in the concert-room. In the concert-room mere mechanical skill seemed to be all that the audience required. This the lecturer very properly opposed, as the only result is mere astonishment. He thought, to all true musicians, this desire for display was simply sickening. It was not music but mechanics, and so long as organists cater to this desire for effect, just so long will the musical taste of the people be lowered. The lecturer was entirely opposed to all this, and hoped that all those organists would so far respect themselves as to refuse to play for mere display and effect. He also spoke very strongly against the so-called orchestral effects so much in fashion nowadays. The organ was not built for this purpose, and could not be so used. The only point of semblance between the orchestra and organ is in mere tone, color, and in nothing else. No composer of orchestral music would ever attempt such music on the organ, nor should our concert-organists cater to a poor taste by giving such music. The lecturer thought there was a plenty of good organ music, and such only should be played.

"He next considered the organ in church. He thought many organists were at fault in forgetting that the church had an architecture of its own, and should have a music of its own. To the objection that the people generally could not understand the higher styles of organ music, the lecturer replied, that neither did they understand painting or architecture, and yet no one would think of giving them up for such a poor reason. The lecture throughout was full of the earnest expressions of a real organist, and his remarks will no doubt do a great deal of good in correcting the present wrong view of organ music."



## RANDOM READINGS.

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HENRY JAMES.

MR. JAMES is a firm believer in the Divine Humanity, — that the Supreme Divinity is man as well as God, and that this is the only doctrine of the Lord that meets the necessities of the human heart. He cautions the movers of the new crusade against a negative attitude of mind on questions of such intellectual pith and moment ; and thinks that a deity refined and removed from human interests and sufferings can have no permanent recognition among men. The following extract from his late work will show Mr. James's vigor of style and treatment : —

“I find myself incapable, for my own part, of honoring the pretension of any deity to my allegiance, who insists upon standing eternally aloof from my own nature, and by that fact confesses himself personally incommensurate and unsympathetic with my basest, most sensuous, and controlling personal necessities. It is an easy enough thing to find a holiday God, who is all too selfish to be touched with the infirmities of his own creatures, — a God, who has, for example, naught to do but receive assiduous court for a work of creation done myriads of ages ago, and which is reputed to have cost him in the doing neither pains nor patience, neither affection nor thought, but simply the utterance of a dramatic word ; and who is willing, accordingly, to accept our decorous Sunday homage in ample quittance of obligations so unconsciously incurred on our part, so lightly rendered and so penuriously sanctioned on his. Every sect, every nation, every family, almost, offers some pet idol of this description to your worship. But I am free to confess that I have long outgrown this loutish conception of a deity. I can no longer bring myself to adore a characteristic activity in the God of my worship which falls below the secular average of human character. In fact, what I crave with all my heart and understanding, what my flesh and bones cry out for is, — no longer a Sunday, but a week-day divinity, a working God, grimy with the dust and sweat of our most carnal appetites and passions, and bent not for an instant in inflating our worthless, pietistic righteousness, but upon the patient, toilsome, thorough cleansing of our physical and moral ex-

istence from the odious defilement it has contracted, until we each and all present, at last, in body and mind, the deathless effigy of his own uncreated loveliness. And no clear revelation do I get of such a God outside the personality of Jesus Christ. It would be gross affectation, then, in me at least, to doubt that he, whom all men, in the exact measure of their own veracious manhood, acknowledge and adore *as supreme among* men, will always continue to smile at the simulated homage — at the purely voluntary or calculated deference — which is paid to any unknown or unrevealed and transcendental deus, who is yet too superb to subside into the dimensions of his sacred human worth."

#### "THE ADVANCE" AND THE BEECHERS.

"THE ADVANCE," published at Chicago, is the organ of Congregational Orthodoxy at the West. It is catholic in spirit, and we rejoice to hear of its prosperity and enlarging circulation. It is just starting under new auspices with a weekly publication of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons. It has able articles, interspersed with others which are spicy and anecdotal, and it always breathes a spirit both cheerful and devout. Its reminiscences of Dr. Lyman Beecher present the stern old theologian in some new lights and shades. His love of the *fiddle*, as he called it, shows how much the hardest theology needs the rebound of cheerful amusement, and how the old ministers of this theology kept their minds in healthful mood.

"LOVE OF MUSIC. — Dr. Beecher was as fond of music as he was of children. He was no poet nor artist, but he loved the music of a violin and knew how to make it. That Beecher violin! How the good Doctor would stir and strain it! And how unlike David's harp of "solemn sound," — provided Watts was truthful! Beecher's violin knew little about doleful hymns and funereal dirges. It appealed to the fingers and toes, and swept over the nerve centres with soul-stirring aspiration and yet with a mighty power of repose.

"Coming to the family altar one evening, after hard study, the Doctor found the current of his thoughts too strong for control. It kept right on with the train of his sermon in hand. 'Go bring me my *fiddle*,' said he to one of the family, who were in waiting for devotions. The fiddle was brought; and the Doctor evoked such strains that the spell was broken and the mind and heart prepared for family worship.

"Dr. Beecher never lost his relish for the music of the viol. Nor

did he forget how to play it. In his retirement at Brooklyn, a stranger friend called to see him. The call was one of mingled curiosity and reverential admiration. Before leaving, the stranger hesitatingly referred to the common report about the Doctor's being a good violinist, and asked the favor of a specimen tune or two. The Doctor readily acquiesced, and handled the bow as of olden time. 'There,' said he, winding up with a grandiloquent flourish, 'what do you think now?' His lone, rapt auditor was dumbfounded."

#### WILLIAM BLAKE,

The eccentric painter, flourished just before the time of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He wrote some poems which have all the dewy freshness of the Lake School. His works are rare and costly. There is an elegant work, in two volumes, containing his biography and poems, of which there is only a London edition. We do not remember to have seen extracted the following exquisite poem from his "Songs of Innocence," written some time before 1789:—

#### THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the Southern wild,  
And I am black ; but, oh ! my soul is white :  
White as an angel is the English child ;  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree ;  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,  
And, pointing to the East, began to say,—

'Look on the rising sun : ' there God does live,  
And gives his light, and gives his heat away ;  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;  
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face  
Are but a cloud, and like shady grove.

'For, when our souls have learned the heat to bear,  
The cloud will vanish : we shall hear his voice,  
Saying, "Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."'

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me ;  
 And thus I say to little English boy :  
 When I from black, and he from white, cloud free,  
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy, —

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
 To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;  
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

### GENERAL DEBILITY

Is perhaps the most destructive of all the generals that war upon our wasted humanity. The author of the "Mental Cure," noticed on another page, devotes a chapter to this enemy, of which a great many men, and a greater number of women, become captives : —

"Let us look at the phenomena exhibited by that pathological condition called *general debility*. These words are in common use to express a state of the system with which every medical practitioner frequently meets. A very large fraction of chronic diseases, at least three-fourths, come under this general designation. There seems to be but little, and sometimes no organic disease, but only a general weakness in the action of all the organs, a lack of vital force everywhere, a negative state of the body. The favorite prescriptions for it include quinine, protoxide of iron, and various tonics and stimulants. But drugs have no adaptation to such a state of things. A more subtle chemistry must be brought to the aid of the enfeebled and sensitive organism. Strength is not in the body, the muscles are not a force. These are only the instruments of a spiritual force. We have seen a girl, weak, pale, and apparently possessing but little muscular power, who, when under the excitement of a certain form of hysteria, would exhibit almost gigantic physical strength, requiring the force of two men to hold her. After coming out of these attacks, she did not seem greatly exhausted, not more than ordinarily followed a walk of half a mile. This almost superhuman power, this Titanic force, was not in her physical system. It was not a property of the bodily organism : it was purely a mental state, and the augmented muscular strength was the resultant of increased mental force. What we improperly call physical strength is always in the mind. The body has no strength but that of gravity and cohesion, which belong in common to all solids and fluids.

"But what is that mental condition which makes one strong? A

consciousness of strength, of what we call physical power, if not synonymous with health, is closely allied to it, and is correlative of it. Ling based his movement-cure upon the truth, that perfect health and physical power were convertible terms. But what goes to make up the spiritual state, that is the cause of muscular force ; the opposite of that which underlies general debility. In this there is a lack of mental force, — of will-energy. Neither the muscular nor the nervous tissue is diseased. In paralysis there is a softening of the nerves of motion, and they become imperfect conductors of the will-force. Nothing of this kind is found in general debility. The lack of mental force may be, and often is, the result of discouragement ; a state of mind made up of a want of faith, an inactive or inverted condition of the organ of hope, and a negative action of the sentiment of self-esteem. It is the office of this latter faculty to give us the sense of our personal identity, our peculiar individuality, and to cause us to feel a respect for it, and to place a proper value upon it. It inspires us with the feeling of self-reliance and of freedom, which is favorable to the manifestations of muscular force and virtuous activity. It gives that confidence in the use of our powers which is necessary to success in every department of human labor, and to the efficient discharge of the functions of every office. Its office seems to be to add force to all our volitions. It imparts a positive influence to the mind and gives the power of controlling both ourselves and others. The lack of this quality causes a negative condition of the mind, which, by influx into the body, weakens the tone of all muscular action. What we call self-esteem, for the want of a better name, has much to do with physical strength. The persons most remarkable for muscular power exhibit a large and active development of it. The part of the brain, where all voluntary motions originate, is in close proximity to it, being situated at a middle point between firmness and self-esteem. This part of the cerebrum supplies the necessary stimulus to the diaphragm and all the voluntary muscles. It is the seat of the will, the self-determining power of the mind. Surrounding it are the organs whose office it is to give energy to our volitions, as faith, firmness, self-esteem, and continuity. When these organs are in a normal condition there is seldom found a state of general debility. A judicious magnetic treatment of this part of the brain accomplishes wonders in restoring the strength of the patient. When a person has the feeling, "I am strong ; I can do a great thing ; I can do what man has ever done," it is an excitement of the sentiment of faith, firm

ness and self-esteem, and the increased vital action of their cerebral organs extends instantly to the organ of voluntary motion. Under the stimulus of these feelings, the body spontaneously assumes an erect attitude, and the person exhibits the conscious dignity of his manhood. The shoulders are drawn back, the chest enlarged, and the breathing is deep and full. Whatever mental state will increase the amount of respiratory action will increase the strength. And nature has provided that when we are about to exert great muscular force and feel adequate to it, whether it be lifting or striking, we shall precede the effort with a deep inspiration. Let any one try the experiment. The more one breathes, other things being equal, the stronger he is. The size of the lungs, indicated by breadth between the shoulders, and deepness and fullness of the chest, is the measure of a person's muscular force. The less one breathes the weaker he is. In swooning, which is accompanied with a loss of all voluntary motion, there is only a suspended respiration. On recovering, or rather the cause of restoration to consciousness and muscular power is, a deep breath is drawn, and with it comes back the lost physical force. The best restoratives are magnetism of the part of the brain that is the seat of the will, and alternate pressure of the abdominal muscles and the chest to create an artificial breathing, as is done in cases of drowning or asphyxia. This is often successful in a few minutes. We have thus restored a patient in one minute. In cases of general debility, there is always feeble respiration ; in fact, it is physiologically a partial and chronic swooning. The breathing is short and quick, and the pulse correspondingly feeble and rapid, for nature maintains a rhythmic harmony between the heart and lungs.

"All depressing mental states, as we have before shown, are attended with an imperfect respiration, the lungs only being called into action, and no movement being communicated to the abdominal muscles. The muscular membrane called the diaphragm, separating between the thoracic and abdominal cavities, whose contraction supplies the respiratory force, loses its nervous power and its convexity. It must be restored to a healthy tone, and its contractility increased, for its action is prior to all muscular motions and voluntary exhibitions of physical force. But there is no medicinal compound in the endless list of pharmaceutical preparations that can effect this change. There must be a return to a natural respiration, a normal breathing, which must not be a momentary exercise, but become an habitual bodily state."

## LOOKING FROM OPPOSITE STAND-POINTS.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM, in Mr. Marshall's lecture, is the divine order of the universe, and Protestantism is the chaos of hell. The lecture was delivered at Loyola College, Baltimore, and an intelligent hearer says of it, "We have heard many lectures, including Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, and Bayard Taylor; but never has it been our happiness to listen to Mr. Marshall's equal." We must give a specimen of this incomparable production. It is towards the close, where the lecturer shows that only Catholics can go to heaven. The view is from —

## THE PARTISAN STAND-POINT.

"WITH respect to Catholics, it is evident that, in passing from the Church on earth to the Church in heaven, no change need come upon *them*, except that which is implied in passing from the state of grace to the state of glory. They will be *one* there, as they have been one here. For *them* the miracle of supernatural Unity is already worked. That mark of God's hand is already upon them. That sign of God's election is already graven upon their foreheads. Faith indeed will be replaced by sight, but this will be no real change, because what they *see* in the next world will be what they have *believed* in this. The same *Sacramental King*, to borrow an expression of Father Faber, whom here they have worshiped upon the Altar, will there be their everlasting portion. The same gracious Madonna, who has so often consoled them in the trials of this life, will introduce her own children to the glories of the next. They will not in that hour have to "buy oil" for *their* lamps, for they are already kindled at the lamp of the sanctuary. No wedding robe will have to be provided for *them*, for they received it long ago at the baptismal font, and have washed away its stains in the tribunal of penance. The faces of the Saints and Angels will not be strange to *them*, for have they not been familiar with them from infancy as friends, companions, and benefactors? And being thus, even in this world, of the household of faith, and the family of God, not only no shadow of change need pass upon *them*; but to vary in one iota from what they now believe and practise would simply cut them off from the Communion of Saints, and be the most overwhelming disaster which could befall them."

Henry James, a man of unusual philosophic insight and human breadth, has a few ringing sentences on the same subject, given from —

## THE PHILOSOPHIC STAND-POINT.

"Roman Catholicism, regarding Christ's work as insufficient to reunite man with God, or, what is the same thing, utterly blind to the great spiritual redemption he had accomplished, proceeded to crucify him spiritually by interposing the priestly viaticum as of indispensable obligation. No man could draw near to God whom holy Church had not blessed ; and any man might draw near, unhindered by any leaven of devilry, however active, whom she had blessed. This was the simplest form of the error, and in a spiritual, though not secular point of view, the most harmless. For still some reverence was spiritually saved to man. The difference between the believer's lot and that of others was not a difference *in himself*; it was the difference of Church and no Church. The reason why one man went to heaven, and another to hell, was, not that one spiritually received the gospel, and the other rejected it ; but, that the former had been blessed by the Church, the latter not. I presume there could have been no great harm in this statement, provided a true notion of the Church had obtained, as importing the regenerate life of man. But such was not the prevalent notion. The Church meant the visible corporation whose head dwelt at Rome, in the person, possibly, of some remorseless libertine, while its inferior members were made up of the swarming monks and friars, whose filthy frocks consecrated more vice and idleness than went unwhipped anywhere else in the universe."

## SEVERAL THINGS.

**DREAD OF DEATH.** It is estimated on good authority, that since the appearance of cholera in British India in 1867, eighteen millions of human beings have fallen victims to it in Europe, Asia, and America, of which one million have died from the effects of fear.

**TWENTY-FIVE BARRELS** of pure air are required in a single night for one person. A gas-burner consumes as much pure air as eleven men in the same time ; an ordinary stove as much as twenty-five men.

**DUMOULIN**, dying, with three of the most distinguished physicians about him, said, "I leave three physicians much greater than myself."

"Who are they ?"

"Water, Exercise, and Diet."

"I FIRE A GREAT QUANTITY OF SHOT," said a doctor of large



practice and high reputation, "and it would be strange if some of them did not hit the mark." A Chinese Mandarin will call in twelve physicians, take the prescription of each, mix and down with it. We laugh at the Celestial, and perhaps send for the doctor who fires "the greatest quantity of shot," both in the same stage of medical barbarism, and both firing equally in the dark.

SUPPOSE MRS. STOWE'S STORY ABOUT BYRON TO BE TRUE, what was the use of telling it after both parties were dead and gone? This—the truth of history, and the vindication of a friend's memory; to show that such crime can have no hiding-place; that sin, with whatever splendid surroundings, will look blacker and blacker down the long line of posterity as its mask falls off.

*If it be true.* But the public does not know that as yet. Mrs. Stowe believed it on the authority of Lady Byron, and Lady Byron believed it on the authority of Byron himself, probably. But we would not believe Byron under oath when talking about himself, especially when accusing himself of something specially monstrous. He delighted in that sort of Satanic egotism, and if he found it tormented his wife, he would indulge it the more.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER was called upon to prescribe to a merchant, a high liver, retired from business.

"Sir," said he, "you are a merchant, and possess an entire knowledge of trade; but did you ever know an instance in which the imports exceeded the exports, where there was not a glut in the market. Eat less, sir, and exercise more."

THE AUTHOR OF MENTAL CURE says he can prescribe for patients when miles away; that he brings his mind *en rapport* with their minds, and thus learns their symptoms, and in the same way acts upon their minds, and through their minds upon their bodies. He says in this way he has *willed* a patient miles off into a profuse perspiration! Commend us to that method of sweating rather than herb tea, or even the Turkish bath, with the thermometer at 120° Fahrenheit.

AMONG THE GOOD THINGS in "Good Health," are three articles in successive numbers, on the eye, which all who have eyes ought to read. They correct some popular mistakes, and convey a great deal of information in a plain and popular way. Towards the close, the writer says, "Never put an eye-stone into the eye. Never put on

leeches near the eye, but on the temple just in front of the hair.  
*Never poultice the eye.* Remember —

“A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ;  
 For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.”

DOES BRAIN-WORK SHORTEN LIFE? No, says “Good Health,” for the statistics of twenty-five years show that the average age of professional men is greater than that of merchants, financiers, mechanics in shops, or any other class, except farmers and mechanics working in the open air. Professional men live fifty years, and farmers sixty-four years.

FRANK AND HONEST is the action of the Toledo society, long a beneficiary of the American Unitarian Association, who have renounced the name of both Christian and Unitarian, and asked to have their name expunged from the printed list of Unitarian societies. Well would it be for all concerned for every Free Religious society in Christian guise to throw off the disguise and do the same.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Secret of Swedenborg*, by HENRY JAMES, published by Fields, Osgood & Co., will tax the reader more severely than Robert Browning's poems, or the most advanced problems in Conic Sections. We fear, indeed, that the Secret of Swedenborg is in quite as safe keeping as it was before Mr. James wrote. But the reader may be sure of his reward in reading James, whether he understand him at once or not. He is among the first of living essayists, if not the first, so far as glimpses of the highest truths, and a style of masculine vigor with shades of wonderful beauty, are a recommendation.

That the great seer would acknowledge as legitimate all Mr. James's expositions of his theology, we very much doubt, though a careful second reading may convince us otherwise. While dealing tremendous blows against modern pantheism, Mr. James seems to us to shave the borders of its abyss wonderfully close. He is also both annihilationist and fatalist, unless his language does injustice to his thought ; in respect to fatalism, however, getting abundant warrant from Swedenborg. But his exposition of the philosophy of

creation, in the double process of descent and ascent, involving a philosophy of nature, is masterly, and deserves the profoundest study. The book contains truth enough to balance a whole modern library, though it contained all the philosophers from Kant to John Stuart Mill. s.

*The Mental Cure.* Illustrating the influence of the mind on the body, both in health and disease, and the psychological method of treatment. By REV. W. T. EVANS. H. H. & T. W. Carter.

Most heartily do we recommend this book without accepting all its doctrines. But if the reader would know how fearfully and wonderfully made he is, what subtile organisms he is made up of, from the most gross and external, to the finest and internal that connect him with a spiritual world; how bad passions and bad states of mind are sure to breed corresponding morbid conditions of the body, let him read and study this book. He will see how shallow and poor are our common methods of cure, and he will hardly fail to be convinced that in the new times, when we come to see that man has really a soul as well as a body, and how they are connected, the whole system of medical jurisprudence will be revolutionized. (See the Random Readings.) s.

"*Good Health*," the new Monthly Journal of physical and mental culture, is as full of good things as it can hold. It is only two dollars a year, and will save you ten times that money in doctor's bills, if you take it and mind its counsels.

*Order and Chaos*, a Lecture delivered at Loyola College, Baltimore, by T. W. M. MARSHALL, ESQ., is an eloquent defense of Roman Catholicism.

*In Heaven we Know Our Own ; or, Solace for the Suffering.* Translated from the French, with the permission and approval of the author, REV. FATHER BLOT, S. J. By a Lady. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 126 Nassau Street, 1869.

This little book has an interest as presenting the views which are entertained by Roman Catholics upon the recognition of friends in our future state. We cannot say, however, that it has had much effect in deepening or enlightening our own convictions upon the subject. The matter is too high for us, and the messages from one

and another saint which are to be found in this volume have not lifted us into the heavenly places. What Paul saw, it was not lawful for him to utter, — perhaps because the words would have been wasted on us if he had uttered them. Somehow what professes to come to us from beyond the barrier that divides our two worlds does not edify. E.

*Sermons Preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London.* By the REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M. A., Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1869.

These sermons are as religious in their spirit as they are broad in their conception and application of Christianity; thoroughly practical, without any underestimating of the faith out of which works must proceed. We have thus far found nothing in them which can be called eloquence; but the statements of truth are vigorous, clear, and courageous; and whilst there is no coquetting with popular errors and prejudices, the preacher makes it plain that his aim is fulfillment, not destruction, — to increase faith, not to lessen it, and rather to bring us into the way of the Spirit in these days, than to discredit any work of the Spirit in former days. E.

*George Eliot's Novels.* Author's Household Edition. In Five Volumes. Fields, Osgood & Co.

Three of the volumes have already appeared at this present writing. It is too late to say anything of the power which these novels display. A popular edition of them was greatly needed. We were at first inclined to ask, why not have had the book cost a trifle more in order that there might have been a more liberal margin? but our copies have been so eagerly read that they already open better, and the edition commends itself as very manageable and attractive. E.

*Hospital Sketches, and Lamp and Fireside Stories.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

Miss Alcott has gained an enviable reputation as a spirited and large-hearted writer, of pure taste and elevated aims. Her books are widely read and eagerly welcomed. We have seen a portion of these sketches in another form, and are glad to see them again with the additions of the present volume. E.

*England and Rome. Three Letters to a Pervert.* By the REV. JOHN W. BURGESS, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Boston, 135 Washington Street. 1869.

Only perverts of a very feeble order will be likely to be influenced by a book of this description, which tells the intelligent Roman Catholic nothing that he did not know already, and is arrogant enough in its tone to have proceeded from a hierarch of the hierarchs.

E.

*The New Testament, Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf.*  
By GEORGE R. NOYES, D. D. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1869.

We have already called attention to this excellent work. We wish to do so again, because a careful translation of the New Testament from the text of the best manuscripts is a commentary upon the New Testament of the most satisfactory kind, especially when it comes from a scholar whose scholarship is of the highest order, and who does not allow his work as a translator to be affected by his doctrinal theology. Dr. Noyes was not only a very ripe and good scholar, but he was as conscientious and candid as he was scholarly, not much inclined, perhaps, to dwell with the mysteries, but very revering, and a hearty believer in the revelation by Jesus Christ. We find a few phrases modernized, which we should have left in the antique or *quasi*-antique garb, phrases which seemed to us perfectly intelligible as they stood; but the book is far superior in this respect to any other work of the kind that we know, and is a valuable heritage from our lamented scholar.

E.

*The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.  
Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

Once as Lowell Lectures, and again as papers in the "Atlantic Monthly," these essays have come into the light. They are worthy to be a volume. Unlike much which is written to be listened to as discourse, these lectures will be read with great interest and profit; and as to reading anything in the volumes of an old magazine, even though it be as good as the "Atlantic," or even the "Religious Monthly," no one ever does it. We put aside the numbers of a periodical and move them about from house to house, and finally send them to Mr. Sibley or burn them: read them we do not; life is n't long enough. Let all that is worth preserving in this way pass into a fresh, clean, compact, manageable volume, like this of Mr. Whipple's, and send your back numbers to the paper-maker, unless, being an editor, you want a file.

E.

# THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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## THE PARENT AND CHILD.

A SERMON. BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. — I. SAMUEL iii. 13.

It was in the days of the judges of Israel, while yet the lamp of the divine presence burned in the temple, and lighted the steps of the youthful Samuel in the ways of virtue and piety, that this solemn message came to the aged Eli, himself a priest and judge in the land, threatening evil to him and his house, because he neglected to bring up his sons in the faithful discipline of sobriety and obedience. Yet this seems to have been his only fault ; for he was, in his general character, a good and religious man. And his sons, doubtless, received the education due to the children of a person so distinguished. It was only the element of right discipline at *home* that was wanting. It was the father's easiness and indulgence, that wrought his children's ruin. And even *he* did not neglect to give them good counsels ; for " he said unto them, Why do ye such things ? For I hear of your evil dealings by all this people. Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear." But " he restrained them not : " he did not make them obey. And the threatened calamity fell upon them, —

fell upon the whole house. The day came when a messenger arrived from a battle with the Philistines, and said to Eli, "Israel hath fled before the Philistines, and there hath been a great slaughter among the people ; and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phineas, are dead ; and the ark of God is taken." And the old man himself fell dead at the word. And so it is ever in the world, and ever will be, that, under the decadence of family discipline, parent and child, family and country, all sink to ruin.

You might have expected, from this introduction, that I was about to speak of this decadence of discipline. I am willing, indeed, to point to it as one of the alarming facts of our time ; but I shall speak of it only incidentally, in some larger discourse upon the general relation of parent and child. And my purpose, therefore, is not to keep precisely to the story of Eli, nor very strictly to make an application of it : it will rather give me the hint to some general observations which I wish to make, upon parental care and the filial return. I am sensible of the magnitude and delicacy of the subject : and therefore I would rather hint things to you, in general, than lay them down *ex cathedra*, and in detail, — more proper, perhaps, for books or treatises. There are, however, two leading thoughts, which will give a direction to what it is my mind to say. The one is, that the parent, and not somebody else, is the real educator of his child : the other is, that the child is as much a debtor to his parent, as if he were not his child, — as if it were some other person who had adopted him and trained him for life.

The parent then, and not somebody else, — not the master or teacher, — mainly educates his child. There are exceptions, but this is the law. It was Eli who was called in question for the misconduct of his sons.

What *is* education ? It is that mass of influences that forms the character. Now, it is not mainly masters or teachers, books or lessons, nor even parental counsels or exhortations, which do that ; but the mind, the manners, the spirit, that inward life at home, which is breathed out into all around.

We have not yet got over a kind of superstitious respect

for the book. Once a costly manuscript, and afterwards the product of the wonder-working press, the book has acquired, I think, a factitious importance with us. The time was, when everything in *print*, was deemed to be *true*. And still, what is in print, if not true, is invested with an artificial consideration. Hence lessons read in books, and recited from them, have usurped almost the whole idea of education. Nay; and the mechanical scholar, who studies without analyzing them, commits them to memory without understanding, and recites them equally without mistake and without reflection, is accounted a great proficient; and, though this burthen of "words, words," is dropped at the school-house door when the pupil leaves it, he is considered as carrying away a fine education. The child, we say — that is the constant phrase — goes to *school* to be educated; and we forget that he is infinitely more educated at home; that home penetrates and possesses him more than the school, even when he is *at* school. We say that *we* are disqualified from educating him, — we can't teach languages and philosophy, — and we forget that we do far more deeply educate him. We give much money for his training; but we fail, perhaps, to give thought, and attention and time to it.

Of course I do not mean to undervalue the education of the schools. It needs to be carried much farther, and to penetrate much deeper: this especially is what it wants now, — to be more thorough. But there is something that goes far beyond this, and does far more to mold the mind and heart. The commanding power over the youthful mind, is character. The book from which it will take its deepest lessons, is the book of observation. The studies that never tire, are the events that are taking place every day in the circle of childhood's pursuits and pleasures. The schools where there are *no* dull learners, are gathered around our own firesides. And the masters — yes, the masters of the mind — are parents.

We are always making a grand mistake — in fact I think there is none greater made in life — in the comparison of direct with indirect, of visible with invisible, influences. There is a thing in every house which we seem never to think of;



the greatest, the most remarkable thing in it, — plate and gold, pictures and statues, are nothing in the comparison: it is *character*, that quick, keen, penetrating influence that molds and sways everything around it.

“Education, it is often observed,” says Mrs. Barbauld, “is an expensive thing. It is so,” she adds; “but the paying for lessons, is a small part of the cost. If you would go to the price of having your son a worthy man, you must be so yourself.” This consideration not only carries us beyond school-lessons, but beyond all other lessons. A man may deliver precepts from morning to night; he may become a sort of perpetual domestic lecturer; and — not to say that it is not likely to do much good any way — it will certainly be of no avail if his life and spirit run counter to his teaching. His manners will speak louder than his words. His tastes, principles, preferences, dislikes, and aims, will have more influence than all the fine precepts that ever were written or uttered.

Let us consider this a moment. A parent wishes his child to be frank, ingenuous, and true-hearted, and always to speak the truth. So doubtless he exhorts him. “Above all things,” he says, “my child, tell the truth.” But does he always tell the truth himself? Is his very character truth? and is his whole course a manly sincerity? Does he use no concealment for the purpose of managing his child, and put on no appearances to mislead others? Is he *not* one who urges his company to stay, and shows that he is glad when they are gone? Is he *not* one who minces his speech, and ever cuts and trims it to suit occasions? Is he a man from whose lips truth breaks out with uncalculating sincerity? If not, his character, spite of all protestations to the contrary, must weigh heavily in the wrong scale.

Or he wishes his child to be manly and high-minded in character, to be too intellectual and noble to value men for anything but their worth. It is perhaps a favorite adage with him, “Worth makes the man; and want of it, the fellow:” and he says, “Remember that, my child.” But how can he look for the desired effect to follow, if he is always, by his own manners, paying homage to wealth and distinction; if he is

always speaking with an air of deference of people of condition ; or, what amounts to the same thing, if he is often speaking of the same persons with a tone of studied complaint and disparagement, thereby giving them the same undue importance.

It were easy to extend the detail, but it is not necessary perhaps. Gentleness only can be expected to make the child gentle. Passionate correction will not produce true submission. An out-breathed reverence and piety, that fill the house with their incense, can alone imbue the household with that spirit. Our wild religious excitements spring from a defect here. The want of early nurture it is, that prepares for later extravagance. It is left to a stranger to do the work of the parent, though doubtless it is better that it be done so than never done. And so a reverent, determined, self-governed spirit only, can govern others. The true governor must himself be obedient. Laxity produces laxity, and a harsh and capricious severity leads to wildness. A staid and serious discipline never sent out such precocious monsters in the shape of children, as we see in the streets of many of our cities and villages,—ay, and in place above the street. How often, on passing a group of little boys, do you hear an oath, or meet with some incivility, or a rush that makes you find it convenient to get out of the way ! Our easiness and indulgence are like Eli's, and will bring upon us some like catastrophe, if they are not exchanged for the firm hand of discipline.

Nay, so vital is everything in the household, that even negations there become positive ; and parental neglect and reserve may be almost as fatal, as bad temper or bad conduct.

There are not wanting instances where such forbidding reserve, or mere isolation, has infused an ingredient into the cup of young life, that has had power, like some chemical compounds, to chill and freeze. Here, perhaps, is the greatest peril of our eager, engrossing business-life, or studious-life. Parents do not spend the *time* with their children that they formerly did ; and to *one* of their parents, at least, children are liable to grow up as strangers in their own house. I

have heard men say, in some of our great cities, that "they should not *know* their children, if it were not for Sunday." In short, I am satisfied that many parents must look more at home than they have done ; more to the improvement of home ; more to the happiness, the cheerfulness of home, than they have done, — if they would make their home or their children what they wish. And it is a mental emancipation that is wanted quite as much as a change of habits. A man may not be at home even when his body is there, — his mind may be far away with his business or his studies ; his brow may be bent, his very heart sunk, in anxious revery ; and how is such mind or heart to shed around it the expanding warmth in which youth joyously basks or freely moves ? Depend upon it, we shall find that this excessive absorption in business or study will never do. We shall reap as we have sown, — a harvest we little think of. No nation, no community, ever flourished long, whose children were not trained in the ways of reverence, of obedience, of fidelity to virtue and to heaven.

But this remark leads me to consider parental influence, not only as greater than school-lessons and all other mere teaching, but as rising above everything else, in its power over the character and welfare of the future. Men are *made* parents — put in that *relation*, that they should exert this grand influence ; and their solicitude, the greatest felt on earth, is a signal argument for fidelity.

There are certain signs in every family — I think I know them — that prefigure the destiny of its children. It is not being rich or poor, being high or low, that writes the story of the future. It is often said that great *wealth* is sure to bring decline or decay upon the second or third generation that possess it : but that is not certain, or need not be, though it is too likely to be true. And why is a large fortune so perilous ? Because it nurtures the ease, indolence, and self-indulgence, which, if not strictly guarded against, must be fatal. But the absolute evil does not lie in any condition. It is the care or the neglect, the strictness or laxity, the high principles or the low maxims, that rule over a family, which determine the future condition. Look through the world and the

history of the world, and ask from whence its great and shining men have usually come ; its richest men, its most learned scholars, its most eminent authors or actors and statesmen. From the bosom of plain, good nurture, of virtuous and reverent discipline, of simple and honest tastes and habits ; from walls written over with lessons of duty, industry, sanctity ; from the holy altars of truth and piety, they have come. Some revered sire, some strong-hearted, devoted mother, watched the tree—ay, and watered it with tears of prayer—that now towers so high, and waves its branches in the sight of millions, and scatters its germinating seeds all over the land.

I spoke just now of the tendencies of the present competition and urgency in business, to the *neglect* of our children, of their society and education. But one kind of neglect, there, cannot be. No indifference can there be, to their future fortunes. We live in them that are to come after us. What anxious questionings pursue them into that unknown future ? What shall it be ? we are fain to ask ; but we know not. A mingled tissue doubtless ; light and shade, joy and sorrow : but in what order and proportion, none can tell ; events unlooked for, things trying, and perhaps strange, beyond all human foresight. What questionings indeed hover around the cradle of that mysterious future ! “ Shall it be well with thee, my child ? ” the parent asks. “ Shall it be ill ? O God, forbid ! but *shall* it be ill with thee ? Shall this, sweet face of infancy which I now gaze upon—all pure and gentle now—shall it yet be distorted with fierce passions, or bloated with hideous excess ? Shall this clasping hand of infantile and innocent affection, yet become familiar with deeds of dishonor ? Shall this very frame which I press to my heart, to shield it from every harm,—O, Heaven ! shall it yet be racked with agony ? Shall it tremble with fear ? Shall it be bowed down with grief or with shame ? Shall it yet be crushed to the dust with some nameless calamity ? ” We know not, we ask in vain.

What then can we do in this dread uncertainty,—what can we do, as we look to all the fearful possibilities and perils of

the future, — but garner up that priceless treasure in the soul, but set up that stable interest in the mind, which shall stand it in stead when all things else change? When the vicissitudes and perils of future life, come upon those thou lovest, *thou* perhaps will not be there, to guide, to strengthen, to comfort them. Alone they must do and bear and suffer. Unraveled will be the mysterious web of mortal sympathies that bound thee; silent the tongue that once spoke counsel to them; closed the eye whose affectionate glance was the star that guided them: they will be alone. But thy fair example, the cheering presence of thy good life, may be there. Thy well-remembered prayer may visit that coming hour, and breathe its blessing, and bear its answer, in the heart of thy child. What a sacred ministration shall this be, even like that of ministering angels, when thou art dead!

But it is time that I should turn, to say a few words of the corresponding relation.

And here I suppose that no one who ever thought of it for one moment, would ask me to say less, concerning the filial obligation, than that it is the strongest of all earthly bonds. Beneath the reverential devotion that we owe to the Supreme Parent, there can be nothing to compare with it. The obligation is not weaker for being filial: it is, for that very reason, the strongest of all obligations. And yet I desire it may be considered whether its being filial, does not tend to weaken the sense of it.

It is a caution, at least, which for my own part I have thought worthy to be cherished. I have feared that we are liable the less to feel what we owe to our parents, because they *are* our parents. That great and beautiful disinterestedness, by which their very being is merged in ours, cheats us out of its very beauty and charm. Children are apt to feel as if they were *entitled* to all the care that is bestowed upon them. They have experienced this care from infancy; and they come to look upon it as a right, as something that so belongs to them that they scarcely owe any correspondent duties. It is so much a matter of course that they should be fed and clothed and watched over, that they are liable to lose all due

consideration of the kindness and care and expense that are lavished upon them. Indeed, how impossible is it that a child should ever understand what he owes to a parent, till he has himself sustained this relation ?

But that which the youth cannot understand, which certainly he is liable not to appreciate, let him consider : let him respect and reverence it. I speak not this for the sake of his parents, but for his own sake. *Their* last thought towards him, is probably one of exaction. For his own sake then, for the sake of the beautiful decorum and attractive modesty of youth, let him *reverence* the love which he cannot understand. No memory of his can ever go back to the many days when he was wrapped in the cloud of helpless infancy, and when he was watched over by a tenderness and solicitude as incessant as the breathings of life. No thought of his can ever penetrate the depth of that affection and that prayer, which have been poured out upon his childhood. No imagination of his can ever realize, till he feels it, that indescribable and almost unaccountable emotion, that mystery of love, which identifies a parent's very existence with that of his children ; which transfers his very life to them ; like the fabled desert bird, —

“ Whose beak  
Unlocks within the living stream,  
To still its famished nestling's scream,  
Nor mourns a life transferred to them.”

Indeed this is scarcely figure when applied to a mother's love. The life-blood *is* often drawn from the very heart, in the early care of childhood. I have marked how it departed, drop by drop, from the wasting frame and the pale cheek ; and I have said, as I looked upon it, “ If there be any earthly shrine for human veneration, it is there.” Reverence, then, the love which you cannot understand : “ Honor thy father and thy mother.”

Honor them with obedience. The growing insubordination and presumption of the young among us, is a sign so unnatural, so terrible, that, if I did not *see* its evil tendencies, I should instinctively *feel* that it foreboded some great disaster.

This coming of age at seventeen or eighteen, and setting up to lead society, or, in the everyday questions that arise, to act independently, and do what one pleases, is a violation of the primal bond of all *good* society. But the disobedience which we too often witness, the disobedience of a *child*, is especially a wrong, an offense to all fitness of things, painful even to the most ordinary moral sense to contemplate. I feel, when I witness it, as if I were in the presence of some great wickedness. And, when it goes on into life, think what it is; what a wrong to decency, to justice, to all obligation. Why, a *stranger* could not take charge of us, voluntarily supplying all our wants, providing food and raiment, dwelling and education for us, during a course of years, but we should feel that we could never be too attentive to his wishes. And let me add that a reluctant, enforced, sullen, and passionate submission is not obedience.

Perhaps I have said enough; and I would not that any young mind should be wearied with exhortation by *me*. And it is with no pulpit authority and no pulpit tone that I speak; but with a manly concern, with frank earnestness, just as I would speak to you in the street or by the fireside. And, so speaking, I feel that there is one thing further, which I must not omit, beyond reverence, beyond obedience; and that is, as the only satisfactory return to be made to our parents, a virtuous and honorable life. This, to their feelings, will repay the mighty debt; and, without this, nothing can. Let your life then, permit me to say, let your reputation, give joy to those who have watched over you from your infancy, with this one hope, that you *would* thus reward their care.

The thought of having pained any human being, must, to a generous mind, be full of affliction. But if you must be a cause of grief to any unhappy being on earth; if you must somewhere strike a cruel blow, — in mercy to *yourself*, strike any but a parricidal blow. Inflict any sting but that which is sharper than a serpent's tooth, — filial ingratitude. Break not thy mother's heart by thy follies and vices. Bring not thy father's gray hairs with sorrow down to the grave. Beware, for thy own sake. Save thyself from that curse of curses, — a

mother's anguish, a father's lamentation that ever thou wast born. Let not the voice that has cherished and caressed thee yet break out in bitterness like David's, saying, "O my son, my son! would to God I had died for thee! Would that thou thyself hadst died in the day of infancy, — the day of innocence!" Ah! believe me, my young friend, there never can go up to heaven, an accusing cry more terrible for thee than this. Never let it ascend from a broken-hearted parent. But let the voice that has encouraged and cheered you and guided you into life — let that voice still say, at your noble, generous, and virtuous conduct, — still say, while good deeds surround your name like a diadem of honor, — "It is well, my son! my child! it is well: blessings upon thee, my son! my noble child! blessings from the Father of all be upon thee forever!"

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## EVENING SONG.

GENTLY in the golden west  
Sinks the glorious sun to rest:  
Earth is hushed to soft repose,  
While the sky in splendor glows.

Thus in glory and in peace  
May our daily labors cease,  
As yon gorgeous western sun  
When his daily course is run!

And when sets life's latest sun,  
And our course of years is run,  
Earth we'll leave in peace and love,  
Finding glory there above.



## CHURCH ORGANS, CHURCH CHOIRS, AND CHURCH CHORALS.\*

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

WHEN the heart of man speaks to God, speech becomes song. If we cannot so speak for ourselves, others must speak for us. Our reverence, our devout thankfulness, our penitence, our faith, hope, and love, can be said only when they are sung. The Gentiles had their hymns to the gods, the children of the promises lifted their psalms to the God of gods, and, when the Father of angels and of men bringeth his well-beloved into the world, songs of angels wait upon his appearing, the holy mother magnifies the Lord in a hymn of joy, and Christianity is, from first to last, a service of tuneful praise. So the Roman magistrate reports to the Roman emperor of the assemblies of Christian worshipers, for which the people in his province were rapidly forsaking the temples of the ancient gods, that they sang hymns to Christ. It is but an eccentricity which can find no delight and no help in the songs of the sanctuary. So far from ruling out melody from the church, as a few extremists have done, I should be ready to say that the best part of spoken Christianity is what can be breathed out in numbers. The hymn-books will outlast the catechisms. If you wish to have your creed live, you must get it sung in the churches. The hymn-book is the best of liturgies. Is any doubtful, let him sing psalms; and, as the heart utters itself in praise or litany, faith shall take the place of doubt, and we shall believe more than we can see, more than we can define, more than we defend with the weapons of our logic. Moreover our praises and our litanies and our prophesyings demand more than the human

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\* These few words were suggested by the first use of a new German Organ in First Church, Boston. They met with a hearty response from choir and congregation, and may perhaps be of service to those who are striving to improve our church-music.

voice, wonderful and best instrument though it be. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. "Praise the Lord with the harp, sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings." Let the skillful artist, using in God's service the wisdom which God hath given him, gather all pipes and harps into one many-voiced organ, that the air of the sanctuary may vibrate in unison with the deepest emotions of man's heart, reverence, which stands veiled before the mystery of Divine Being; penitence, casting itself upon the mercy of God in Christ; faith, hope, and charity, struggling to express in earthly sounds their heavenly dreams and visions. Far back in the Christian ages, — even as far back, it is said, as the days of St. Augustine, — you will find the church-organ, in its rudiments at least. Christianity demanded it, and it came; in compass and completeness answering to the noble cathedrals which grew into majesty and beauty, we can hardly tell how. There have been times, indeed, when serious and discerning persons looked upon the instrument with anxiety and suspicion, as threatening the simplicity and sincerity of Christian worship; and there have been times when a zeal not according to knowledge has moved men to destroy and cast it out from the house of prayer: but it is soon found that the Christianity which will make no melody can be as formal and unfruitful as any, and that to silence the voices of the organ is by no means to make audible the voices of the spirit. We may have the accompaniments of worship without the worship; but this should only admonish us to use earnestly and wisely what was meant to be a help. "Organ" is but the Greek name for "instrument." The organ is the instrument. Well may it take this name to itself, to the exclusion of all other instruments. How wondrously does it speak to our sense of the unsearchable mystery of our life in God! How joyfully do the multitude of its voices praise the Lord for us! With what tenderness and sweetness, as from human lips, does it entreat us in our sadness to be comforted! And how, with jubilant tones, doth it prophesy of the kingdom of truth and love for which our weary world waits! Let it minister in all these ways to

our heart of hearts. Let it do the work for which it is so admirably fitted.

A few words about the way after which the organ can best be made to render divine service, and upon the function of the church choir, and their relation to the other worshipers, may be seasonable.

1. The organ must not be a private luxury. Its excellence must be an invitation to the multitude. Not as when sweet notes steal out upon the air of the street from some private dwelling, and we should not dream of entering, this voice must peal out what is written upon the portals of the house of prayer. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." Come into the shelter of the altar, and let your hearts flow together and be uplifted together upon the waves of holy sound, and confess the one Lord and the one faith, and be baptized into the one spirit. It must not be the fault of the congregation if the organ does not minister freely and frequently in services of prayer and praise to as many as the walls of this house can contain. It will do men good to come and sing and pray together, though the preacher's lesson should be of the shortest, especially if he has already had an opportunity to deliver the week's message. Not looking every man on his own things, but every man on the things of another, let the organ be dedicated; giving to all who will come, of every condition, the best, what costs something, and not the merest leavings of Christian feasts.

2. Again, in the church service, organ and choir must not be allowed to silence all voices of praise from the congregation. There is no occasion for the antagonism which exists between the advocates of choirs and of congregational singing. There is a place for both methods. In the worship of one of the old Hebrew sects, the opening service of song was rendered by the most gifted singer of the congregation, who was followed by the whole body of worshipers arranged into two choirs, — the one of men, the other of women, — whilst the whole company of worshipers joined to lift the final psalm. There are moral and spiritual effects from sacred song, which can be reached only when a few gifted and well-trained sing-

ers lift their voices together: sometimes one voice will best make its way to the heart without any companionship. Provided the music be genuine church-music, it cannot possibly be too rich and refined: it will help, and not hinder, all else in the ministrations that is really helpful, it will prepare the heart of the worshiper to pray, and open the hearer's ear. It is an aid which the preacher may well covet. But, beside this, in every public service of religion there should be a provision for song from the whole congregation, praising together, as they pray together. Whatever may be said of the deficiencies of congregational singing, of its tendency to die down to a few voices, and those not the most melodious, of the limitations to which it is necessarily subject, of the inevitable sacrifice of sweetness and delicacy to mere volume of sound, there can be no possible objection to it as a part of the service of praise: nay, it would seem that all who can sing must be somehow, and to some extent, permitted and encouraged to sing. It is a right which the congregation should not renounce. How else can they free their hearts? How else can they come into one spirit? How else can they testify against the fatal notion of a worship by substitution? In a portion of the psalms and hymns, the organ and the choir should only lead the people; and on this account, as on every other account, the choir should be part and parcel of the congregation, ministering and ministered unto, dwelling with them in friendliest relations, finding in the church a religious home, to which they come, not as public functionaries, but as worshipers, to contribute most essentially to the means of religious enjoyment and religious edification. Ministers and congregations complain of choirs: choirs have quite as much cause to complain of congregations and ministers, that they are at no adequate pains to graft them into the church, and make them know and feel that their efforts to be a true voice of the people, in their glad and solemn service, are gratefully recognized. If *all* the singing of our worship cannot be done by *all* the congregation, and until some of us are more gifted than we are now, this is out of the question: *none* of the singing should be done by any who are *not* of the congregation,

or who at least are kept from Christian fellowship by any indifference or coldness on the part of Christians. Let us be one household through a genuine interest in one another ; and, though there be diversities of gifts and varieties of function, let us be animated and bound together by one spirit, and they who bring the psalm shall be esteemed and honored as well as they who bring the doctrine.

It is on all hands acknowledged to be a perplexing subject, this of music in our churches, — as perplexing quite as the subject of preaching in our churches ; and in the one case as in the other, simply because the popular demand has outgrown the supply, because what contented our fathers does not content us, because every congregation must have a cathedral for its place of prayer, a Bossuet for its preacher, and for its choir a *maestro* and a *prima donna*. Of course such huge demands lead us into endless difficulties, calling for much patience, good sense, forbearance, charity ; but, after all, abiding and sufficient relief can come only as we strive to be more and more conformed to the idea and spirit of Christian worship. There is no law but the law of spiritual life which can make us free. The spirit, only let it abound, will correct all that is faulty in method, and bring in a fashion of its own, and displace with genuine sentiment all that is merely sensational, and drive all mere hucksters out of the temple of God, and no part of the worship shall be more genuine than the service of song.

And in these times, which in the light of Christianity are felt to be so exacting, we have work to do for God, that calls for the utmost fervor of spirit. We gather here, not merely to enjoy the emotions of the hour, — emotions that will be roused with more and more difficulty with each fresh appeal, — we come to be inspired for service, which what is called divine service only symbolizes and prepares us for ; we want to take to our homes, and out into our world, the devotion, the tenderness, the sweet and pure humanity, — in a word, the Christianity, — of the house of God. May we soar as we sing ! and, when we come back to earth from the seventh heaven of aspiration, may we bring the heavenly with us in treasures of faith, hope, and love, for these daily uses !

## THE RELIGION OF RECREATION AND AMUSEMENT.

BY REV. C. PALFREY, D. D.

RECREATION and amusement are a necessity of our nature. Both body and mind require them. We need, as a relaxation from a long continuance of serious occupation, not only rest, but play, — a pleasing diversion ; something that is neither work nor rest, — an agreeable activity of mind and body. Neither our bodily nor our mental powers will bear a continual strain. In order to maintain their efficiency at its highest point, it is necessary that they should be occasionally relaxed. The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity. By too long persistence in labor, the hand loses its dexterity, and the mind its interest and alacrity in its work. Both need a diversion, a turning aside, something that shall engage, without tasking, the attention, and shall cause the serious occupation to be forgotten for a while : then we shall return to it with fresh vigor. If we have a work to do, within a given time of any considerable extent, the most economical disposition we can make of the time, will be to devote a portion of it to relaxation.

To say that this need of recreation is a part of the constitution of our nature, is to say, in other words, that it is an appointment of God. It must, therefore, be recognized and considered. Like every other propensity of our nature, the appetite for amusement was given, not to be stifled or rooted out, but to be regulated. We may assume that there are circumstances and limitations under which the indulgence of it is innocent and lawful and desirable ; and we may expect to find that means have been provided for its gratification. It is our business to ascertain what these means, circumstances, and limitations are. Here is a question in which right and wrong are concerned. It is the office of religion and morality to determine such questions. Let not those who speak in the name of religion and morality, the teachers and guides of the young, evade this duty, or superciliously pass by the whole

subject as beneath their notice. Neither let it be assumed that the strictest and severest rules that can be laid down are the safest and best, and that, because the tendency to pleasure is so strong, the only way to bring it to the right point is to lay upon it excessive restrictions, which are not expected to be literally obeyed. That would be dealing deceitfully with that sacred principle of our nature, conscience. What we want is the exact truth in this matter. Let the line between right and wrong amusements be drawn with all faithfulness and discrimination, and then let everything excluded by that line be scrupulously avoided as sin ; and let the enjoyments it includes be freely partaken of, without scruple or misgiving, as gifts of the good providence of God, with gratitude to him and prayer for his blessing upon it.

I would endeavor to assist a young inquirer in settling this important moral question : and I would remark, first of all, that the very question implies that recreation is sought only as an occasional relaxation from serious employment, and that it occupies a comparatively small portion of time, the bulk of which is given to grave occupation. Rest implies previous labor. Relaxation presupposes long-continued work. There can be no refreshment except from the weariness of past toil. A man, therefore, who lives what is called a life of pleasure, who makes amusement his business, who has no useful end, no earnest purpose to live for, but spends his whole time in fluttering about from one idle excitement to another, has nothing to do with this question. He is in a false position in regard to the whole matter. He never earns a right to recreation. All his amusements are wrong. Every man ought to have a serviceable occupation, in which he should labor diligently, and make himself useful, and leave the world somewhat better for his having lived in it. If the necessity of such labor is not laid upon him by his condition, he ought to lay it upon himself. He should choose a sphere of useful activity, in which he should task his faculties for the good of his fellow-men. It is only in relation to such an earnest and industrious life that the question of recreation and amusement can be properly considered.

Recreation and amusement, then, are to be enjoyed under moral restrictions. First, they must be pure and innocent. They must minister to no depraved inclination or propensity. They must be such as leave no stain upon the soul, such as can be looked back upon without shame or remorse, such as he who partakes of them would be willing to have known by his purest friend. All pleasures that cannot abide that test are to be utterly renounced and shunned. No fashion can sanction them. The practice of what may be considered the highest classes of society cannot make them respectable. No mere moderation in the use of them can justify them. No measure of them is innocent. They are not to be regulated, but prohibited. I lay them, therefore, entirely out of the account. Let it be understood that what I have to say farther has no reference to them.

We come, then, to a large class of cases, in which amusements unexceptionable in themselves become wrong by the excess to which they are carried, or the circumstances with which they have been unnecessarily connected. The frequency with which it is resorted to, and the large portions of time given to it, may make an amusement wrong that might otherwise be innocent. A young man who can be enticed from his occupation by any invitation to amusement that happens to meet him, and is accustomed to spend considerable portions of time in it, and whose thoughts and inclinations are thus constantly divided between business and pleasure, cannot thrive. If he is in the employment of another, he cannot do all his duty to his employer, to whom he owes the best service of his time and faculty. If he is his own master, he in like manner wrongs himself. The business will not prosper that is liable to such frequent interruption, and which is carried on with half a heart. And, above all, he will fail in that which is emphatically the great business of life, the end to which all that is commonly called business is but the means, — the formation of a good and manly character. He cannot be relied upon by himself or others. He will not become the sort of man who can choose a good end, and resolutely persist in it through difficulty and temptation, till it is successfully



accomplished. He becomes dissipated ; perhaps not in the ordinary acceptance of the word ; it is commonly used to signify addictedness to pleasures that are criminal in their nature, and work a speedy ruin of body and soul, — but it properly describes the state of one whose energies are dissipated ; scattered abroad, that is, by excessive indulgence in amusements of a less fatal sort. The loins of such a man's spirit are never girded for strenuous action. He is a weak and frivolous man.

The expense of an amusement is often an important consideration in determining whether it is right or wrong. In this point of view, an amusement may be right for one person that would be wrong for another. The question, can I afford it, must be answered by every man for himself, in reference to his own circumstances. It is every one's duty to make a wise appropriation of his means of living ; to provide first for important and necessary purposes ; if possible, to lay up something for the future ; above all things, to keep out of debt. To this end, he should deliberately fix upon such a scale of living as he can properly maintain, and should settle with himself what innocent pleasures come fairly within his reach, and to them resolutely restrict himself, and be content with the limits Providence has drawn around him, and not vainly strive to live upon a richer man's plan. And he may the more readily reconcile himself to the limitations of his circumstances, when he considers that the most refreshing pleasures, those that most truly answer the purpose of recreation, are the least expensive, and can often be had for nothing. The case of a young man who goes from a quiet village to a great city, where, removed from the moral restraints and sober enjoyments of home, he meets on every hand the places and the means of fascinating and exciting diversions, calls for serious consideration. How many, in such circumstances, have made speedy shipwreck of virtue ! How many have sunk rapidly into the depth of sensual excess ! and how many, for the sake of enjoying pleasures they could not afford, have been led, by little and little, to rob their employers, till at last their fraud is detected, their reputation for integrity is gone,

and they are consigned to irretrievable shame and ruin. Certainly a moral guide should have something more to say to young men so situated, than the stern prohibition, touch not, taste not, handle not. Here is this natural youthful craving, which ought to be gratified in some form, which God has provided the means of gratifying: should it not be recognized, allowed, and directed? Would not a Christian association, or a Christian church, be doing an important part of its Master's work, which should make some provision for this purpose; which should furnish safe places and innocent amusements, and make them easily accessible to all who are exposed to the temptations of guilty pleasure?

Then an amusement perfectly innocent in itself, may become wrong, by the circumstances with which it is needlessly connected. This topic can be best illustrated by considering it in reference to some popular amusements. Dramatic compositions have ever been classed among the highest efforts of genius. The study of the best works of this kind is a part of a liberal education. To hear such a composition from the lips of an accomplished reader, is a delightful entertainment. Still greater is that delight, when the characters are separately personated, with appropriate scenery and costume. Then the imaginary scenes and characters live before the eye. Such representation is one of the most pleasing of the fine arts. The gratification it affords is among the most refined pleasures of taste. Such is the ideal theatre. How different often is the actual theatre. Scenes are exhibited, characters personated, sentiments uttered, that set forth sensual sin in alluring forms, and insidiously pander to the lowest passions. To such evil purposes is it sometimes perverted. It is not necessary to visit it, to be assured of that fact. One who never appears within its walls, has a right to assert it. It is a matter of common fame. They who provide such entertainments take too much pains to make their attractions known, to leave it in any degree of doubt. It is obtruded upon the notice of every one who walks the streets of our cities. It is proclaimed at every corner, by advertisements in which the allurements of these exhibitions are displayed in glaring pic-

tures. Now the question arises, cannot the pure and legitimate enjoyment of dramatic representation be had, without these evils? If it cannot, certainly it had better be given up. It has no sufficient compensation to offer for them. But it is obvious that it has no natural and necessary connection with them. Certainly it is possible to have a theatre in which all the performances should be perfectly unexceptionable; to which the most scrupulous parent could take his children, without a fear that his daughters would see or hear anything that should raise a blush, or that his sons would meet, either within or around its doors, a temptation to vice; and all could enjoy a high entertainment of imagination and taste, without danger of moral pollution. If the sober, thoughtful, religious portion of the community, recognizing the need of amusements for the young; and the peculiar fascinations of this amusement, and seriously addressing themselves to the task of providing for them the means of innocently enjoying it, should demand such a theatre as I have imagined, and should pledge to it their countenance and patronage, it would come into existence, and would contribute incalculably to the promotion of good morals.

Motion to the rhythm of music, which is simply a definition of dancing, is an instinctive impulse. The practice of it is a natural and innocent amusement. It is difficult to imagine any moral blame that can be attached to it. It can become wrong, only by excess in the use of it, or by some perversion of its legitimate purpose; by the mode in which it is practised, or the circumstances with which it is surrounded. And it is liable to abuse and excess; it may be practised in an objectionable manner; it may be accompanied by circumstances that involve moral danger. All these things are to be considered. Let an amusement thus harmless in itself be kept pure and right in practice. It should be scrupulously kept within the bounds of modesty and decorum. It should be jealously guarded against the slightest transgression of that imperative limitation. What first brought the amusement into disrepute, was a deviation from the line of rectitude in that direction. This is one of those perversions of which

it is susceptible, but into which it is by no means necessary that it should fall. Is it said that in our community there is no need of this caution? It is to be hoped so. But rumors are abroad, that, in our large cities, and in what are considered the highest circles of fashion, modes of dancing are coming into use, which are exceedingly objectionable in a moral point of view, and which are borrowed from places in the old world from which the pure daughters of our country would not knowingly take their fashions. It is to be hoped that these rumors are exaggerated; but, when we consider the mighty power of fashion to make the most odious things look beautiful, and how surely and quickly fashions, once set in the great centres, penetrate to the remotest corners of the land, it seems not untimely or superfluous, to utter a caution to keep this mode of recreation as pure and innocent as the gambols of childhood from which it took its origin.

Another matter with which this amusement is sometimes needlessly complicated, is that of dress. There is no necessary connection between them. Why should it be assumed that this recreation can be enjoyed only in elaborate and costly apparel? Why should expenses be incurred for this purpose, which those who have to meet them can, perhaps, ill afford? Why should toilsome and anxious days be consumed in preparation for what should be a simple pleasure? Why should so much more thought and care be bestowed upon the mere decoration of the person, than the object deserves, or is good for those who bestow them? Why should not this natural and healthy recreation, as it was meant and ought to be, be taken as opportunities happen to present themselves in social gatherings, or, at least, without laborious preparation, or efforts for personal display? Then it might be more frequently enjoyed, and would better answer its purpose.

This amusement becomes injurious in another way, by being pursued at unreasonable hours, and by being too long protracted. There is no reason why it may not be sufficiently enjoyed, and all the accustomed hours be given to rest. There is no good reason why there should be "no sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet." There is no necessity of turning

night into day for the sake of this amusement, no excuse for risking health by exposure to the chilling damps of midnight or early dawn, perhaps in insufficient clothing, after the excitement, weariness, and exhaustion of the ball-room. Pleasure thus pursued becomes a toil. It ceases to answer the purposes of recreation. Instead of preparing body and mind to return with renewed alacrity to accustomed work and business, it unfits both for serious occupation. Instead of being a refreshment, it needs to be rested from.

The question may perhaps have suggested itself, whether, considering the manifold dangers with which these recreations are encompassed, it would not be easier to prohibit them altogether, than to allow them, and at the same time attempt to guard them against these dangers. Easier it would undoubtedly be for the moral teacher and guide to take that position in words, but not easier to procure conformity to it in the practice of the young. It would be evading an important duty; and, considering the necessity of recreations of some sort, this course is beset with moral dangers. This absolute prohibition would not, and ought not to be obeyed; and the youthful seekers of pleasure would be left without direction, to the devices of their own hearts; worse than that, they would be often left in the habitual violation of their own consciences, by indulgence in what they have been taught to regard as sin. I cannot sufficiently wonder at the conduct of parents, who teach their children that this or that amusement is sinful, and yet, in conformity with fashion, or in compliance with the children's importunity, allow them to join in it. One of two things they ought to do: either to say, this is sin and you must have nothing to do with it; or to say, honestly, it is innocent and right in itself, and, with due moderation and in proper circumstances, you may partake of it freely and thankfully.

Much might be done towards keeping the young within the limits of rectitude and moderation in their recreations, by the presence of their parents and elders. Separation between the old and the young in meetings for social enjoyment, is spoken of as a peculiarity of our American society. It is to be regretted for the sake of both parties. Both would be

benefited by enjoying themselves together. And especially is it desirable that a commingling of different ages for this purpose should take place at home ; that parents should direct, promote, and partake of their children's recreations ; that children should never be driven abroad for entertainment ; that home should be the most agreeable place they know of. To this end, those who have the care of youth might well study amusement as a science, so as to be provided with a copious variety of sports and games, suited to various ages, and to exercise agreeably dexterity, skill, ingenuity, imagination, taste, and intellect.

The young are accustomed to hear their period of life spoken of, when the world is new to them, and all their susceptibilities of pleasure are keen and strong, as peculiarly the season of enjoyment ; and they are naturally disposed to adopt that opinion. But it would be a great mistake to understand by it, that they have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves ; that as yet they have no call to thoughtfulness, to a sense of responsibility, to earnest life. No moral and rational being is in that condition from the moment he becomes capable of reflection. There are indeed reasons why the young especially need serious consideration. The right use of the early period of life has an important bearing upon their whole future, in this world and in the next. In this endless existence on which they have entered, no words can describe the importance of beginning right ; of giving to all good principles and purposes the force that belongs to the habits earliest formed ; of directing the glowing affections of youth to the worthiest objects ; of employing their youthful activity in the service of God and man ; of consecrating their ideal hopes to the attainment of true excellence. If a young person have made a deliberate and fixed choice of the highest purposes of living, the whole subject that has been here discussed, will naturally assume in his view its just proportions, and will appear to him in its true relations to other departments of life. He will be in a condition to solve for himself many of the questions that have been discussed, and will carry in his own heart a standard of judgment, that will qualify him to be a law to himself.

ON  
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW.

THE New Testament is no detached piece of history ; and the documents of which it is composed, have other connections than simply with one another. Its title as the New presupposes the Old Testament : and throughout it is alive with the spirit and phraseology of Isaiah and Jeremiah and David and Elijah and Moses. And just as a government may for continuity and spirit be the same government, throughout many generations of ministers and subjects connected with it, so was the era of the New Testament, a continuation of the line of ages, which dates from Abraham.

At the birth of Jesus, there was present a continuity of custom, thought, and hope, which began as all the Jews of the time, gloried in believing, "with the faith of Abraham, who is the father of us all." At that time, for everybody, everywhere, with the exception of a Roman garrison, it was for everything the law of Moses. The smoke of the morning and of the evening sacrifice went up from Mount Moriah, over Jerusalem, just as it had been commanded in the desert. The foundations of the temple were what Solomon had laid. And as the priests chanted their psalms, often it was in the words of David and of a thousand years before. The prophets indeed were dead, but in every synagogue, on every Sabbath, still they were to be heard, speaking from their books. And outside of Judea, in Rome probably, and in Corinth, and in many other places, there was a state of things, like what was pleaded as a fact, in a conference of the earliest Christians about the Gentiles, and which is thus written of, in the Book of Acts ; "Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day." And throughout Palestine, all the localities, loudly as they speak to-day, yet spoke

still more impressively, eighteen hundred years ago, of Samson, Samuel, Saul, David, Solomon, Elijah and Elisha. And at that time, no doubt, there were places, which seemed, as though still glowing with the presence of Isaiah, or mourning along with the spirit of Jeremiah, and as though still fresh from the footsteps of Hosea and Amos, or as though made holy by the life of Malachi, the last of the prophets. Nor, as it would seem, at that time, had the voice of prophecy been quite suspended, because with his annual entry into the holy of holies, in the temple, it was believed that the high priest for the year, became prophetic for some one purpose. And indeed, at that period, all the land of Judea, was alive with habitations, of what the angel of the Lord had been; and of what judgments had been incurred, and what hopes had been imparted from the Lord; and of what miracles had been wrought, at one place and another, and what visions, also, and dreams had been vouchsafed to one man and another. By its nature, time past in Judea, for effect had become prophetic of a future wonderful and miraculous.

The Old Testament was the soul of the Jewish people. It was what they thought from, what they prayed by, and what they trusted to. The God of Abraham and of Isaac, and of Jacob was the God they looked to, and towards whom their souls were open. Historically, they were the Lord's people, but not therefore spiritually, all of them, and altogether; for it was then, as it is to-day, when Christians pray for that coming, which would destroy many of them with its brightness. And so it was, that at the commencement of our era, every mountain and valley and city from Beersheba to Lebanon, every fisherman on the lake of Galilee, and at Jerusalem every member of the Sanhedrim, and every man in the market-place, Scribes and Pharisees all, and every worshiper also, that went up into the temple to pray, was alive with the spirit of the past, and with hopes accruing from it.

From the termination of the Old Testament to the commencement of the New, there was a space of four hundred years, which however was not without its documents, which are to be found in the Apocrypha. During this interval, the



Jews had become more and more a peculiar people, so as indeed to have hold of a right belief, many of them, in a most unrighteous spirit. And indeed they had become, and they were what they were, a mere earthen vessel, wherein was held aloft and before the whole world, the golden, heavenly, eternal truth of the unity of God.

The day, which Jesus Christ said that Abraham had rejoiced at foreseeing, was coming. And for many and perhaps a thousand converging reasons before the throne of God, "now the fullness of the time was come." These are the first verses of the Gospel according to St. Mark. "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the son of God: as it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare my way before thee. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make her paths straight. John did baptize in the wilderness and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins. And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey; and preached, saying, —

And here now on the instant, starts up our modern skepticism and exclaims, "Written in the prophets, the old prophets! That is a very good beginning certainly! But preaching in the wilderness! A popular preacher keeping to the wilderness — that is too ridiculous. And who was John? who was his father? Oh, Zacharias, indeed! But who then was the Scribe that registered his birth? For, is it pretended, that the Jews had registers of births, among them? Preaching the baptism of repentance! What an audacious undertaking! Why was he to preach in that way, rather than anybody else? And then for his food, locusts and wild honey! Did anybody ever hear of such a diet? But, no doubt, he was secretly supplied from the city with something better than that; was not he?" And to this, answer is proper thus: "No, he was not, probably. Go away, poor child of self-conceit and misfortune, go away. What have you to do with the time and

scene and spirit, which we are trying to realize? Get away into the fields, and find, if you can, the prodigal son; and far away from the flippancies and fashions of the day, think with yourself till you come to yourself, and feel yourself to be a living soul with the feelings, responsibilities and belongings of a soul immortal." Reason in its majesty ought to be welcome everywhere; and it has a place, indeed, immediately under the throne of the Most High. But what has mere pertness to do at the gate of the holy of holies? It can really do nothing there, except incur penal blindness; as the Syrians did at Dothan, when they reached out their hands for the life of the prophet Elisha.

At the birth of Jesus Christ, it was as St. Paul wrote to the Galatians, because "the fullness of the time was come." And not improbably, it was for the whole world, a more complete fullness of time than what Paul of himself could ever have thought. Because, as to the providential agencies concerned with a great crisis in human affairs, the chief actors in it may personally know no more than any other people of the time. For, persons may close together for a settlement of their differences, by collision, fight or otherwise, and yet be merely the representatives of forces, external to themselves, and of the potency of which, they may be quite unaware. A great crisis like "the fullness of the time" is to be known of by men thoroughly, only from some watch-tower commanding the stream of time. And so it is possible, that Paul as to the fullness of time, wrote by the Spirit, more truly than he himself knew of.

Four hundred years previously, Plato had written, that in his view, there was no hope of deliverance for mankind, from the vile slough, into which they had fallen, but through the intervention of that Power, by which they had been created. And as appears also, from classical authors, there was, about the commencement of our era, in the Roman empire, a strange, wandering, prophetic sense abroad, that there was a crisis rising, as to human affairs. In describing the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, it is said by Tacitus in his heathen way, "Omens had happened, for averting which, there is no

rite practiced by a people, who are opposed to all religion, though actually very superstitious. Troops were seen to meet in the sky, and arms to glisten, and the temple was suddenly illuminated by light from the clouds. The doors of the inner temple were suddenly thrown open, and a voice more than human was heard saying that the gods were going. These things frightened some people. But most persons were thereby more fully persuaded, that what was contained in the ancient writings of the priests was coming true, that the East was about to be magnified, and people from Judea about to rise to power." And Suetonius writes to the same effect and says, "A certain ancient and persistent notion had overspread the East, that by Fate, people from Judea would become supreme." And in the same way, Josephus wrote, after the fall of Jerusalem, that what had emboldened the Jews, to resist the Romans, was an uncertain oracle contained in their sacred books, that some of them, about that time, would rule the world. Very singular indeed was that expectant state of the public mind, which there was, among both the Jews and the heathen, during that century, in which Jesus Christ was born. No doubt, the world had grown ripe for a great change, and was also conscious of that ripeness, through the best intellects of the age.

Greece had yielded its best as to intellectual preparation, for the world. And Rome had subordinated all nations to itself, from Britain to the borders of Persia, and by permeation, had made them like one people, and had tied them together with roads, opening in every direction, from the Forum. The Gentiles had been working for an end beyond their thought, and had unconsciously been fulfilling ancient prophecy, and preparing the world for the new doctrine that should proclaim the brotherhood of man. Rome had unconsciously been making ready with its work, and Judea, without knowing it, had been producing the man, against, "the fullness of the time," and the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and

hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Probably, it was as the earth answers to heaven, electrically; but any way, so it was, that the world, at its best, was as though expectant, about the time when Christ was manifested. This state of expectation may perhaps have been from what Plato had said, or it may have merely been occasioned by some Sibylline prophecy, such as every now and then got wandering about the world and exciting men's minds; or it may have been caused simply by the shadow of a great event, forthcoming from the gates of destiny. There is an eclogue of Virgil, which has always had a fascination for some minds, as seeming like what might have been written from inspiration at Jerusalem. And certainly it is a strange, singular poem; for it is in the spirit of Isaiah, rather than like the Muse of Theocritus. And it is as though in some high mood, while Virgil was thinking to express his best wishes for the newly born child of a friend, he had actually been caught by the spirit of prophecy, and been lifted up like Ezekiel, and been made to shape his words, as though for a Messiah just born. And if any one should think that so this may have been, he might maintain his belief by many analogies, and instances. For, through being possessed and over-mastered by a mighty spirit, often a man has said grandly what he never thought, and been even like Balaam, who blessed sublimely, while wishing only to curse. But, however that may have been, there was, at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, a prophetic sense abroad of something great about to happen, and not in Judea only. And so it was, "now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king" that the words of Haggai came true, which had been uttered five hundred years before, not out of his own mind but by the spirit of prophecy. "And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts."

And here abruptly our modern captiousness calls out,

"Somewhat indefinite that, is it not? If there was to be a prophecy, why was it not accompanied by the names of persons and places, and by exact dates, and by the names of the kings or emperors, that were to be?" To which the answer is, "The end of that course of thought is, that you can have nothing to do with God Almighty, unless he will show himself in a court constituted after human methods, and be examined and cross-examined as to his right to own human creatures and to deal with them. Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Potsherd of earth, is that the temper, in which you can even treat with your fellow-potsherds? Or is that the spirit, in which men of the least success have ever contemplated the earth, geologically? Also, what, necessarily has Spirit foretelling its course, to do with names; for, what has the mere name of a man to do with the spirit of an age?"

This matter of prophecy is not for a man, whose mind has been narrowed to the mere methods of science, nor yet for a bigot of the Talmud, nor yet for a bigot of any Christian kind, because really it is the affair of human nature at its highest and truest. And indeed it is a subject for men not of mathematics merely, but of poetry and intuition, and of wide learning as well as modern sharpness; and who also have had personal experience of the Spirit, as dealing with them, for sin, and redemption and hope. And for such men, the Old Testament is one long grand prophecy as to the "desire of all nations," and the manner of his coming.

The people of Israel were a chosen people; were they? They were; but yet not to the exclusion or detriment of other nations; because, through the choice of them, divinely, all other nations were to be blessed, and to know the Lord, and have a Messiah, and receive the Spirit.

The beginning of Christianity was not at Bethlehem, nor yet at Nazareth; and it was indeed, very long before Cæsar Augustus became emperor: for it was when there was "preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed." And if it were as Paul writes, that it pleased God "to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen," it was because, first, as he

says, God "separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace." And before the words, God, Father, faith, and Spirit could have their right meanings, as spoken by the apostles, it was necessary, that they should have been used in joy and sorrow, and hope and fear, by one generation after another, and by Moses as a law-giver, and by David as a Psalmist, and by the prophets, one after another, in their various messages of love, or anger, or direction, or encouragement.

There is not an age of the ancient Church, but lives to-day, by its influence, in every member of the Church of God. If faith avails me to-day, for righteousness or a hereafter, it is because I am "blessed with faithful Abraham." The heathen are the majority in the world, as yet, and according to them, "there be gods many, and lords many." And "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." And that everything is God, is what a student is liable to think, if he forgets himself, as a finite limited creature, with whom sometimes inquiry must grow microscopic as it grows intense, and therefore must report less and less of the infinite and eternal. And if my soul has in it provision against its times of trial and agony, it is because of something in me, which is like an instinct ; it is because of spirit by descent ; it is because of an inherited feeling, from ages long before the commencement of our era, as to the God of heaven and earth, being the God of persons, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. And it is because of great souls, that were before Christ, because of the manner in which David agonized, and had his spirit drawn, that myself I can exclaim and plead, "O God, thou art my God."

Jesus said to the Jews, in the temple, on an occasion when he was charged, somewhat indiscriminately, with being a Samaritan and also with having a devil, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day : and he saw it, and was glad." This prophetic view of the future, had been a grace vouchsafed to Abraham by the Spirit ; and apparently also it was through the Spirit, that Jesus was enabled to speak of it.

The Spirit of the Lord, as it legislated for the Jews, ancient-

ly, was making ready for that wonderful liberty, wherewith Christ was to make the whole world free. The Spirit, through the prophets and through the agency of nature taught and guided the people of Israel, and warned and punished them, and cheered and blessed them, not for the sake of them, as individuals, merely or mainly, but because they were to be a people, "of whom as concerning the flesh, Christ" was to come. The Spirit, as it ruled the Jews, foretold in its action, the future of the Gentiles. These words were from the Spirit, through Isaiah, nearly eight hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ. "And it shall come to pass in the last day, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The vision is not yet as to accomplishment, on the subject of war: but it is not therefore the less wonderful for any man, who has an eye for history, and the workings of the human spirit, and for those many other signs of the times, which are to be discerned to-day, besides what glitter from the points of bayonets. Ten or twelve generations had lived and died in the knowledge of the preceding prophecy, when through Malachi, the Spirit predicted as to its own course, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts. But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?" This anticipation of the Spirit was what, four hundred years later, was to be continued as a lamentation of the Spirit, by the utterance of Jesus

Christ, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! Behold your house is left unto you desolate." As to the preceding prophecies, the Spirit justified itself. For, to Jerusalem, it happened, just as was said by Jesus Christ, as he looked at it, from the Mount of Olives. And we Christians all, do we not worship in a temple, which though not made with hands, has yet for its porch and entrance, that house of God upon the mountain, which Isaiah knew of ? And are we not Christians, because of what the Jews were anciently ?

They were almost the last words of the last of the prophets, "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." They had been pondered by the Jews for four hundred years. And so on his appearance, John was asked if he were the Christ, and if not the Christ, then if he were Elias. Both which things he denied. That the Christ was near him, he felt, but apparently without being certain as to who it was. "And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him. And I knew him not : but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God."

But it is asked, "Why was that particular person chosen rather than anybody else ; and why was Christ manifested at that particular time, rather than a hundred years earlier or later ?" But it might as well be questioned, as to why Milton should have been more of a poet, than all other men of his generation ; and as to why some plant should flower certainly, and yet only once in a hundred years.

"When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." The Jewish people were ripe for his production ; and all nations were awaiting him, as



their desire. And for the fullness of the time, it was as though the whole world were folded about by eternity, with forces and tendencies converging for a crisis. The air felt as though it had grown prophetic ; and men were "waiting for the consolation of Israel," as Simeon did before it was revealed to him about the Lord's Christ. And indeed nature now was about to let in "a multitude of the heavenly host" for praising God, within the hearing of mortals : and about to be ready also for admitting inside of its walls more than twelve legions of angels, should Jesus pray for them to the Father.

For "the fullness of the time," other conditions may have contributed, besides those which are deducible from prophecy and history. The philosophy of what is called a Revival of Religion might perhaps be made to yield some information on this subject. Indeed, historically, it is evident, that there are times of what the Scriptures call refreshing from the Lord. And to philosophers, who even have been irreligious, it has seemed as though at certain emergencies, there certainly were a force, extraneous to men, individually, which quickened and whirled them, and disposed of them by a will of its own, independent and irresistible.

And perhaps, also, we mortals may be spiritually affected, for numbness or quickness, by conditions dependent on even the particular quarter of the universe, wherein our earth may happen to be carrying us. It is common experience that we are dull or lively, with the state of the atmosphere, and especially as to electricity. Also, at present, we are borne, annually, through showers of what are called falling stars, but of which, anciently, there would seem to have been no knowledge. Men "are fearfully and wonderfully made ;" and as being possibly children of God, they are the creatures not of a Commonwealth simply, nor a continent, nor even of a planet, but are natives of the universe. And a grand and worthy saying was that of Paul, as to the coming of Christ, and sounding like what he might have been taught of God — "The fullness of the time was come."

But why did not everybody know it, when the time was

come? But further yet than that, why has not everybody since Adam, known all that the heavens have been proclaiming: and why do so few people know even to-day what the best astronomers have caught? John the Baptist could scarcely believe in himself. He knew that he was the "voice of one crying in the wilderness;" but he did not know that he was Elias. As indeed how could he know that at a time, when all that he knew of the one behind him was, that himself he was not worthy to take off his shoes. By the Spirit, afterwards, he was shown that the Christ was Jesus. And Jesus subsequently was enabled to say of him, "This is Elias which was for to come." Truths from the highest are not readily subordinated by the earthly understanding: and the monitions of the Spirit are but slowly translated into the dialect of common life.

Of the preceding remark, there is some illustration even in the life of Jesus. When the Spirit came upon him, in John's sight, there had to be a reception of it and appropriation. And Jesus did not on the instant, begin to teach on the riverside, nor look round for the nearest sick person to heal. "And immediately the spirit driveth him into the wilderness. And he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him." This was not unlike what happened to Ezekiel, when the word of the Lord first came to him. "So the spirit lifted me up and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit; but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me." For solitude and fasting, Jesus was, for the time, like some prophet of the Old Testament. But not even once would he seem to have been a subject of that ecstasy, which was characteristic of the prophets. Nor even would he seem to have had what was a common experience with Daniel. "And I Daniel fainted, and was sick certain days; afterward I rose up, and did the king's business; and I was astonished at the vision, but none understood it." But still apparently, Jesus was not, on the instant, both as to body and mind, absolutely congruent with the Spirit, which had come upon him. And indeed long afterwards, the Son

of Man prayed in regard to his suffering greatness as the Son of God, "Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me : nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

And so when Jesus was "led up of the Spirit, into the wilderness," it was that he might be tempted, as indeed he could not but be ; it was that he might manifest his temper, while growing suddenly out of the condition of a humble Nazarene, into something even greater perhaps than "the nature of angels ;" it was that he might commence his Messiahship with overcoming Satan, at his greatest advantage ; and it was, that in quiet and apart from the world, he might have his soul quicken, and fill, and strengthen with that Spirit, which was becoming his without measure.

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## LETTER FROM HENRY JAMES.

MY DEAR MR. SEARS:—

I ought to be contented with the very generous appreciation you bestow upon my recent book ; and yet, as I desire to stand well with your readers, I cannot help asking your permission to show them, in very few words, that I am not, as you somewhat suspect, either a pantheist or an annihilationist or a fatalist.

What is the intellectual root of Pantheism? A disbelief in creation ; this disbelief itself being grounded in a sensuous judgment of nature. That is to say, sense stamps nature as absolute ; and, inasmuch as what is absolute cannot be created, the intelligence controlled by sense has no difficulty whatever in disposing of the traditional dogma of creation. Every such intelligence, accordingly, *takes nature for granted*, as the starting-point of its inquiries, and has no subsequent concern but to show, that, while nature's shifting forms are relative and finite, nature's self is substantially infinite and eternal ; that is, divine. In other words, the pantheist sets out with an ontological assumption which is itself incapable of proof, being in fact a gross begging of the whole question in dispute ; and upon that logical quicksand, or unverified basis, proceeds to establish his

dogmatic pretensions. Now, the "Secret of Swedenborg" is a systematic refutation of this ontologic assumption on the part of the pantheist (and scientific naturalist as well), inasmuch as it proves nature to be no rational reality, but a mere correspondence or shadow of the spiritual universe — the universe of the human mind — stamped upon a sensibly organized intelligence. The doctrine of nature, disclosed in my book, is, that nature is only an *incident* of God's spiritual creation, which is Man, and has absolutely no function but to give man that *quasi* or phenomenal existence to his own consciousness, which is implied in the subsequent evolution of the very real or spiritual being he has in God. In short, I show nature to be an exact shadow or obscuration of the creative substance operated by the created form, and yet exquisitely accommodated, as such shadow or obscuration, to the needs of our still finite or groveling spiritual intelligence. How absurd, then, to call me a pantheist, or charge me with deifying nature! Would it be proper in me to boast of your spiritual acquaintance, or even claim that I personally knew you, because I happened to possess your photograph? Yet this would not be near so densely illogical a claim as the other.

And why, pray, should you call me an annihilationist? I do not see how man, either universally or individually, is ever going to be annihilated save by the previous annihilation of his Creator. If man were something in himself, and apart from God, then I could conceive of his being annihilated without any detriment to the divine existence. But he is, by the hypothesis of his creation, absolutely void of being in himself, and possesses it exclusively in God; so that he can never undergo any loss of being in himself, or directly, but only indirectly, or in his creative source. Neither do I see how nature is ever going to be annihilated without a previous annihilation of man, since nature confesses itself to be the same abject implication merely of man that man himself is of God. In order that anything should become nothing, it must first of all have been something; for it is inconceivable that nothing should ever be reduced to nothing, since it already *is* nothing. And inasmuch as I have shown that man is something only by God, and nature something only by man, how shall we conceive of either one or the other of these somethings becoming nothing, save by the previous annihilation of that whereby alone it is anything? When you go away from your looking-glass, your shadow, of course, follows you, or deserts its customary theatre of exhibition. But you would not say thereupon that the harmless thing was annihilated, — *i.e.*, underwent

any loss of substance or being,—would you? For it never pretended to any being or substance in itself, but always confessed itself a mere optical phenomenon, or appearance to sense, *conditioned upon your personality*. In a word, its total life, being, or consciousness, was never in itself, but always in you. And therefore, so long as you anywhere exist and perambulate as a veracious natural substance, it also must somewhere exist and perambulate as an inevitable or most righteous mockery of that substance. For this is the distinction between natural and spiritual substance, that the latter casts no shadow,—*i.e.*, implies no evil,—while the former does.

Fatalism seems to me a like irrelevant imputation. God forbid indeed that I should be such an ass as to deny morality, since this would be to deny my own burdened and groaning consciousness. No: I simply deny that our moral consciousness affords any just measure, any adequate augury, of our spiritual destiny. This, however, is just what it invariably pretends to do. It pretends to supply an absolute and by no means a merely provisional base to our spiritual evolution. Yet it has never been anything but a most temporary concession or permission of the creative providence to us, designed to tide us over the long chaos of our social incoherence and immaturity, or to last only so long as the solidarity of man with man in nature should remain an unquickened truth of experience. Hence I maintain that our moral consciousness has absolutely no right—underived of course from our own crass ignorance of providential laws—spiritually *to individualize us from our fellows*, since it is in truth what alone naturally *identifies us with them*. Selfhood, freedom, moral power, is the distinctive badge of human *nature*; that is to say, it is what alone identifies man with his kind, and what alone differentiates him therefore from the animal. Clearly then, on the one hand, I by no means invalidate the *moral* postulate in experience,—which is the feeling we have of our own unalterable *identity*,—but on the contrary immensely aggrandize it, by thus lifting it out of specific into generic proportions. And just as little, on the other hand, do I enfeeble the *spiritual* postulate in experience—which is the sentiment we feel of our own *individuality*—when I prove that it is thus firmly rooted in the fixed earth of our moral *nature*, only that it may the more freely grow and flower in that heaven of *culture* which is reserved to the possibilities of our approaching social and æsthetic consciousness.

I hope this rectification will not exceed your space; and I remain in any event, my dear Mr. Sears,

Yours most truly,

Cambridge, Oct. 9.

HENRY JAMES.

## SYMBOLISM IN RELIGION.

BY REV. C. C. SHACKFORD.

ALL image-worship, or idolatry, springs from symbolism. The idol or image is originally a symbol, or outward embodiment of a spiritual idea. The most hideous savage idol is but a perversion of what was originally intended to convey an impression of the divine attributes. And so, also, ceremonial rites and formal services of religion are derived from the same element of symbolic expression. It is essential for us to understand what an important part this great fact of symbolism plays in all developments of religion and religious doctrine. There is nothing that so reveals man's spiritual nature, and shows his true power to be in the ideal and the divine, as that power by which he transmutes the things of earth into a basis for higher and unseen verities, and unceasingly makes for himself, out of the objects of sense, a foundation and support for the divine and everlasting. And to trace also the corruption and perversion of symbols is full of instruction. Unmeaning as they may look to us, images, among a rude and uncultivated people, are a substitute for words. The great, incomprehensible mystery of life, of creation, of power, and of change, presses upon the spirit of man ; and he seeks to express his feeling, and give it an outward embodiment. He instinctively feels that there *is* a life-giving, an infinite power back of all the changing phenomena of time and sense ; and, if he had the gift of letters, he would write such words as All-seeing, Creative, Preserver, Destroyer, Rewarder, etc. But he cannot write, for letters have not yet been invented to stand for ideas.

Hence he resorts to nature for significant symbols. He sees in certain animals the predominance of some attribute, which makes that animal represent to him the quality as applied to the unknown being we call God.

One animal sees in the dark ; one has a peculiar watchfulness over its young ; one is swift ; another is strong ; and so,

from time to time, each living thing becomes the symbol or representative image of some spiritual attribute or quality of the infinite and eternal Mind. So also with the inanimate world, and the human organs and limbs: a multiplication of eyes signifies omniscience; of hands and arms, omnipotence; of ears, wisdom; etc.

Thus we may well suppose, that, as a Brahman once said to a Jesuit missionary, there are many among all idolatrous peoples "who do not worship a number of gods in the extravagant manner Christians imagine, but who, in the multitude of images, adore one divine Essence only." Yet the great majority have, without doubt, ceased to look upon these objects as mere symbols and representations, and attach to the objects themselves a superstitious veneration. They worship, as having an essential and intrinsic power, what their fathers regarded only as expressive symbols. What so expressive symbol as the sun of the creating, life-giving, preserving, and animating first principle, is given in nature? It scatters the darkness, and quickens all the germs of the natural world. Its beams enliven and bless, and ripen all the products of the earth, and awake the sluggish powers of the animal creation. Therefore the worship of the sun was one of the most universal forms of idolatry. The Persian, Egyptian, Chaldean, Greek, Scandinavian, and Mexican worshiped the sun. At one time it was adored as the symbol of the great creating and redeeming, at another of the destroying and avenging, power.

As the early and simple antiquity looked out upon the surrounding nature, it saw the great fact of active and passive elements, and the need of their conjunction in order to the manifestation of life. The active or vivifying principle was represented by the sun: the passive or recipient, by the moon or earth. Hence all the male deities of the different nations can be resolved into the sun as a primeval symbol, and all female into the moon. All below the lunar sphere was considered to be the region of effects,—the passive, recipient sphere; while all above was the region of causes and immutable principles of production. Hence the common

expression, "this sublunary sphere." The male deities can be all reduced to the sun as symbol, and express activity, generating power, productive vitality ; while the female embody the corresponding passive faculties, under different names, such as Isis, Venus, Diana, Hecate, Ceres, Latona, etc. The sun and the moon — these are considered the two first and almost universal symbols of the great divine mystery of life and creation.

And, in the old cosmogonies, a very striking symbol is the egg. From the shapeless mass of seemingly inert matter is produced, before the human eye, the phenomenon of the emerging of form. The creation is almost begun anew. This symbol of the egg figures largely in the Orphic cosmogony.

In the Egyptian symbolism, the *scarabæus* is a prominent object, representing the first great cause, the principle of reproduction, inasmuch as it was believed to unite both male and female properties in itself, and to have the power of self-production.

But the ever-recurring symbol in Egypt and the East, generally, is the lotus, or water-lily. Payne Knight says of this plant, that "it grows in the water, and amongst its broad leaves puts forth a flower, in the centre of which is formed its seed-vessel, shaped like a bell or inverted cone, and punctured on the top with little cavities or cells, in which the seeds grow. The orifice of these cells being too small to let the seeds drop out when ripe, they shoot forth into new plants where they are formed ; the bulb of the vessel serving as a matrix to nourish them, until large enough to burst it open, and release themselves, after which, like other aquatic plants, they take root wherever the current deposits them. The plant, therefore, being thus productive of itself, and vegetating from its own matrix, without being fostered in the earth, was naturally adopted as the symbol of the productive power." Hence the often recurring symbol in Egypt and India of the goddess, lotus-crowned or seated upon a lotus, or holding it in the right hand.

We call such an image as this an idol ; but it is simply the use of picture or form, instead of the written word. We, by



the use of letters and words, describe the attributes of the creative power. We say that He is all-existing, eternal, all-wise, just, and loving. But how shall this be expressed by those who have the innate faculty and desire of representing to themselves a description of their idea, and yet have no written language, no arbitrary literal signs? Evidently it must be done by symbols taken from nature. Such objects as seem to embody some peculiar attribute will be taken to stand for that. The realm of nature is full of such symbols. The sun, the moon, the star, the serpent, the palm, the lotus, even the cat and the crocodile, are thus taken from their mere natural use, and, as it were, consecrated in the service of the God.

They acquire, by association, a sacred character. The images continually recur in the temples, upon the walls, and are set up in holy places; and by degrees the meaning and symbolic intent are forgotten, and the multitude, disposed to literal and sensuous views, think of nothing else except the formal worship of the object presented to the senses.

We can readily account, therefore, for the obscuration of simple views of the divine character, and for the corruption of pure monotheism into the most sensual polytheism. In fact, we see everywhere idolaters around us now; those, namely, who worship the sign instead of the reality signified, the show instead of substance, the sensuous outside instead of the inner and divine soul.

We are apt to look abroad to other lands and other times for samples of idolaters. We go to the Canaanites, the Perisites, and the Hittites, to the Sandwich Islands and to Africa. But the essential, spiritual fact is everywhere; here in America, and in what is called the Christian Church, as well as in old Palestine, and in Greece and Rome.

Idolatry is, technically speaking, to adore, or to set up as objects of worship, the images and external representations of God; yet the possession of images and external representatives of the Deity is not necessarily a real idolatry.

Says Laing, the historian of the Scandinavians, "Idolatry is the result of a struggle of the human mind to attain fixed

ideas in religion. It is universal at a certain stage of the development of the intellectual powers of man, because that stage is as necessary to be passed through as infancy in the individual, or barbarism in a society of human beings. Idolatry is an attempt to individualize the conception of Almighty Power, — to make it more easy for the mind to dwell upon and entertain some present conception of that Power. Idols should be considered by the Christian philosopher as the imperfect words of a much purer religious sentiment than our churchmen generally suppose, — words different, indeed, from spoken or written words, but intended to convey the same conception, and used with the same sentiment by the most ignorant idolater as the most poetic imagery and most eloquent language of our pulpit orator.

“But the pagan, you say, takes the signs for the things they represent, and worships them as such. So do we: we worship our signs, our words. Let any man examine himself, and he will find himself a mere word-worshiper: he will find words, without ideas or meaning in his mind, venerated, made idols of, — idols different from those carved in wood or stone only by being stamped with printer’s ink on white paper.”

He is no idolater, then, who regards *eidola* or idols as only symbols, and who uses them as a sort of language by which to embody his idea. But he who has nothing back of the image, embodiment, expression, or word, *is* an idolater. There are many idolaters calling themselves Unitarians, Trinitarians, Episcopalians, Mormons, Methodists, Mohammedans. They worship some consecrated terminology or form: they exalt, as essentially divine and saving, some mechanical theory, or some external rite, originally adopted as an expressive symbol, but long since dead and divorced from all reality and all spiritual meaning.

Every religious rite or ceremony, as well as every idolatrous image, is the outward and symbolic expression of the religious consciousness of a people. It is the development of a people’s state, and forms a part of the national life. But, inasmuch as a symbol is susceptible of a great variety of applications, it is understood and used differently, according as the feeling

and consciousness change. A fanciful use of the symbol becomes fixed into a literal statement, and out of it is woven a definite creed.

Take, for instance, the earliest symbolic rites recorded in the Bible: "Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel also brought of the firstlings of his flock." Now, if we could enter in the religious consciousness of these persons, we should know exactly what these offerings meant. Each succeeding age will interpret them according to its own state. Most probably there was, at the basis of these offerings, a spirit of innocent sympathy and grateful acknowledgment. There is no evidence that there was in the consciousness any element of a sense of sin, or any thought of propitiation. But, as the idea of God changed, more and more, from that of a loving and beneficent Deity to that of a jealous and angry potentate, the symbol of offering up the choicest of one's possessions out of a free and loving heart became perverted into the idea of a sacrifice to secure the favor, and to avert the wrath, of the superior powers. And, as the idea of the Deity became further sensualized and degraded, the different gods were said literally to satisfy their appetites upon the meat and the wine and the sweet odors. A divine and spiritual satisfaction in the holy thoughts and pure aspirings of human souls, expressed by the symbol of delight in accepting the offerings of lambs, doves, and pure incense, becomes, in its last perversion, a delight in eating the fleshly meat, and drinking the liquid wine, and inhaling the steaming odors. And so sacrifices became, at last, mere bribes to the gods. And some superstitious soul, in the extremity of its dread, casting round for the most precious object to be offered up, drags before the altar a beloved child; and so, as the culminating perversion, human sacrifices became established. There is an awful logic of development which marches onward continually to the unfolding of all legitimate results.

Take, as another instance, the symbol of prayer. Prayer, when outwardly expressed, is a symbol. All true prayer is the offering-up of the finite to the infinite. This offering is

symbolized by kneeling, or by prostration, or by uplifted hands, as before earthly potentates. Hence the outward symbol gradually becomes petrified, and deemed essential to the inward fact. And when, in some mere external and formal person, the inward and outward become divorced and estranged from each other, the essential virtue of prayer is made to consist in the posture, the form of words, the prescribed outward ritual. He can conceive of no prayer but that alone. Take that away, and you leave him almost, as it were, without a religion, and without a God. Therefore the mere formalist is always the most bitter opponent of all change. He identifies all spiritual life with his own expression of it, and deems that, and that alone, essential for all, if there is to be any longer devotion and prayer.

So also worship itself is a significant symbol. There is a great reality symbolized in our common worship; this, namely, that we offer up, to the Creator of our being and the inspirer of our souls, that being and those souls, that they may be possessed by his wisdom, and made receptive of his love. There is no greater sacrifice that can be made by the human creature than itself. And this sacrifice is symbolized by altar and cross, by victim and priest. The essential reality is the spirit's own resignation of itself to the divine. All outward forms, all words and services, are but symbols of this. And the history of every religion is the illustration of a progressive perversion of the symbol into a reality, of the mere outward sign to be itself the thing signified. Hence victims bleed; hence man offers up his own life and the life of his dearest child; hence he recurs to the sacrifice of Christ, and builds up a formal service of altar, priest, and victim. It is forgotten that all these are but symbols, and that the essential thing is the individual will, the man's own mind, heart, body, and spirit, which he himself is to consecrate to the highest, the true, and the good.

Accordingly we find that every real reform in religion commences in the separation of the outward from the inward, the symbol from the idea. The zealous worshiper rejects all these which have become to him unmeaning forms. He breaks

down the altars, and, like the early Friends and Methodists, he is for an entire simplicity and purity of spiritual worship. He recognizes the reality symbolized, and wars against the mere outward emblems. But as man is a soul in a body corresponding to it in its organs and members, and fitted to express its powers and faculties, so there seems to be a necessity that every spiritual reality should also embody itself in a corresponding outward form. The soul finds that there is an inherent and ever-pressing need of some form or mode of expressing itself.

If hitherto speech has perverted the ineffable, then let speech be abolished, says the reformer. But silence itself then becomes an outward form, which is in its turn perverted, and becomes a hollow mockery and form. Thus Martineau has said, with no less truth than beauty, "that there was truth, and not absurdity, in the Friends' silent meeting before God ; a truth, indeed, too great and high for a permanent institution addressed to our poor nature, but affording an infallible memorial of the genuine inspiration that once breathed through that noble people. And what even were the whining voice and tremulous speech, but the instinctive attempt to escape from the vulgarities of life, and reach the strange music, broken, dissonant, and sweet, in which divine and human things conflict and reconcile themselves ? Nor is it essentially different in any worship : for, though we meet together, it is not to speak with one another ; it is not even to be spoken to and taught, — for that could produce nothing but theology. If it is not for the absolute silence of devotion, it is only for soliloquy, which is but the thought before God, of one, for the guidance of a silence before God, of all."

And the common service of worship, under some symbolic form, is an everlasting need, and hides beneath it an essential spiritual reality. But as language is only a symbol in words, while altars, forms, and priests are symbols in sensible, material things, language like them becomes from time to time merely outward, divorced from its inspiring soul, and a mockery of the real worship. Hence the need of new terms, and the forsaking of old formulas of faith. The soul expresses

itself by means of different terms. And, when this takes place, every devotee of the mere outward form, every person wedded to his own exclusive symbol, looks upon the innovation as fatal to all religion, and destructive of all hope in God. So it would be, perhaps, to him ; but not necessarily to all. His symbolism may interpose as a dark cloud between another soul and the serene blue of heaven. His words may be, to another equally devout spirit, as unmeaning as the counting of the monks' beads or as the Buddhist's prayer-barrel, efficacious according to the number of times that it revolves. For each earnest and true heart must have the old coin, the silver and the gold of divine truth and love, recast in a mold fitted to the prevailing life and spirit of the age in which it lives. The genuine metal survives the accumulations of dross and the devouring flames, and comes forth with the stamp of the current year and the impressed image of the ruling power. Upon the coin of the republic is the personification of liberty ; on the coin of the empire is the head of the emperor. Different as they appear, they both symbolize that supreme authority which reserves for itself the sole right to issue the legal currency.

So it is also with religious doctrines. The confessions of faith and the formularies of doctrine, adopted by different churches, are sometimes termed symbols. And the term has some degree of significance. They *are* symbols of religious truths, and not the truth itself. As an uttered prayer is but a symbol of worship, as nature is but a symbol of the divine beauty and power, as the eucharist is but a symbol of sacrificing love, as the cross is but a symbol of submission even to death, so is any statement of doctrine in words but a symbol of everlasting truth. The philosophical mind seeks to embody its apprehension of truth under these set forms of expression. And here again we see the perversion and corruption of symbols, leading to error, to contentions and useless disputation, to anathemas and ill-will. The symbol becomes regarded as the essential and exclusive truth, but the generation to whom it was a vital reality has passed away. What was a green and nourishing plant to one age,

becomes a fossil to the succeeding. There is the whole outward appearance, indeed, of life ; there is the permanent form and tracery of every branch and vein and stem : but the hard and stony substance has no hold upon nature, no receptive capacity of taking in moisture and sunlight for its growth ; it has no nourishment and sweetness for the bird of the air or the beast of the field. All is fixed, immovable, dead.

So is it with creeds and formularies of faith, the fossil experiences and thoughts of the truthful and good of other times. In adopting a different symbolism for ourselves, if we do adopt one, we do not necessarily profess to be wiser than they were, but only seek to be, in our day and generation, also faithful and true. We need the grain that grows in the field to-day. We need to be supplied by the fertilizing showers that fall from the clouds over our heads, and to breathe the air that circulates every moment through the healthful currents of nature's living laboratories, coming forth from the heaving ocean and the snow-capped mountain. We want no stagnant water of the pool, no miasma of the cavern, or long-neglected cistern. Once the pool and cistern were filled with sweet and health-giving element, while they were supplied by the fresh-flowing streamlets, or the pure drops of rain, while they were in a real connection with the circulating currents of earth and air. All the great formularies of Christian faith are magnificent symbols of *the truths* as present to the living souls of the age when they were set forth. They show what was the construction then put upon the universe and its Creator ; upon man and his God ; what was the outlook then upon the scenes and the horizon which met their view, and how they thought the eternal verity was to be received and obeyed. These formularies, however, are but symbols of the truth, and not the truth itself. When the living spirit no longer manifested itself in them, it was no more dead than is now the living spirit of nature dead, when the flowers decay, and the trees shed their leaves, and the grass perishes. For the word of God in the world never grows old, but abideth forever. The grass withereth, and the flower perisheth ; but truth is eternal.

There is no statement of Christianity that is not a great and mighty symbol ; and, because it is such, the human heart clings to it, and holds it dearer than life. Take, for instance, the statement of the divine incarnation in the Christ. Regarded as a symbolic utterance, and how full of meaning is the truth ! The divine manifest in the human, the spirit abiding in a fitting tabernacle of the flesh, humanity made participant of a spiritual glory, the son at home in his Father's house ! But make of this symbolic utterance a literal creed, base the essential truth upon some physiological statement, and at once the truth itself is gone ; the aroma, the beautiful fragrance and life, have vanished,—leaving a dry form of words, a dogma for philosophical disquisition or unmeaning cant.

So, too, take the doctrine of the offering-up of the Christ as a sacrifice for sin, with its accompanying doctrines of the atonement and redemption. There is here a symbolic statement of an essential truth, as it regards man, as it regards Jesus, and as it regards the Creator. His life and death were a sacrifice, a joyful offering-up of his whole being to truth and duty, a blessed service of love to the God of love. This remains forever our highest symbol.

But how it becomes perverted in the popular and literal acceptance ! The literal blood has been spoken of as essential to be poured out in order to make atonement to the divine justice ! And the sacrifices offered in the earliest ages have even been converted into anticipatory types of this literal, historical fact ! The Christ may truly be said to have given himself, an acceptable sacrifice. But what can we conceive of as acceptable to the spiritual and holy God but a pure and holy life, a reception and embodiment of the divine attributes, and an entire and absolute consecration of the whole being to the infinite and the divine ? These essential, spiritual facts it is that the cross symbolizes, and that the external events of Jesus's life portray. But to convert the speaking symbols into bald doctrinal propositions and mere sensual statements, must be fatal to all true spiritual life. It has been said by Bunsen, with great philosophic truth, "that what is in the



first stage of pathologic change a sensuous misunderstanding, an innocent child's play, has a tendency to be made into a system, and canonized as the first article of a creed. And, from that moment, the once true symbol becomes the nail to the coffin of that form of religion."

All false religions, all lingering formularies of a dead faith, are then to be regarded as corruptions and perversions of symbolic utterances and forms, which were produced because they were at the time living exponents of thoughts, of aspirations, and of ideas. They were not built up voluntarily and consciously; they were not thought of beforehand, and contrived with a special design: but they were spontaneous, inartificial growths of the inner, formative and creative spirit. No abiding expressions of faith and devotion are made by the speculative understanding, or by the conscious, human will. They are the product of the Spirit above humanity, just as the cell of the bee and the covering of the silk-worm proceed from the life of nature, above the contriving power of the insects themselves. They are essentially divine; for they embody a divine, inspiring principle of life. In them all we see a wisdom which inspires, a presence and glory which are not of the earth. As the splendors of the morning and evening sky are the reflections of a higher than mere natural beauty, and borrow their bright hues from a heavenly source, so the symbols of man's faith and love are tokens of a supernatural life, and of an immortal spirit.

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"IN the opinion of the prudent, he is no hero that can dare to combat a furious elephant; but that man is in truth a hero who, when provoked to anger, will not speak intemperately. A cross-grained fellow abused a certain person; he bore it patiently, and said, 'O well-disposed man! I am still more wicked than thou callest me; for I know my defects better than thou canst know them.'" — *Flower Garden of Shaikh Sadi.*

## SUNDAY IN THE CITY.

In the eye of a thoughtful person, what a sight a crowded city or a market-place is ! Every man so eager to see what opportunity may offer itself to-day, or promise itself for to-morrow ! And such a connection of plans as there is amongst them ! One man anxious to do a certain thing, if another will undertake something else ; and this other man anxious about the inclinations of some third person. Such a network of plans as there is amongst them all ; and that reaches away with its threads over half the earth, to New York, Charleston, Liverpool, Lisbon, Amsterdam and St. Petersburg ! Oh, these merchants, how their thoughts run from one to another, and from town to town, and from country to country ! And hear their earnest talk. "Glad I have met you ; I was just wanting to see you so much." "Oh, my dear sir, by a letter, I have from England, you may be sure, that cotton will go up : so be very sure, you do not sell at present." "That price for sugar ! I cannot give it : no ; not for my life." And what is it all for, — this anxiety, this earnestness, this activity ? It is for money. It is money they are intent on with their very souls.

Their souls ; Aye, for these men have more than some brute faculty, some temporal instinct ; ant-like perseverance, bee-like industry, camel-like patience, lion-like courage, — more than these things, they have souls to be intent with. And if they are only and wholly intent on money with their souls. For they can be ; and indeed many of them are. Then how is it ?

A good bargain, a fortune, sometime, perhaps, money is what there they are thinking of, — only money ! And all the while, there is God for them, whether they wish it or not. They look only at one another, straight at one another. And yet above them, there is God, with his almighty arm outstretched. Their words are only for one another's ears ; only meant so ; only thought of so : but they are caught by the unminded ear of Omniscience. They are thinking of plans

for next week, next season, next year ; no further ; and for nothing beyond. And yet beyond all their own plans, and waiting themselves, there is a plan that is from everlasting to everlasting. They are all intent on themselves, on one another, on what this man can do, and what this other man is intending. While themselves, they all of them are to disappear forever from the place, made to vanish by a power that is amongst them there, silent, eternal, almighty, — God.

Silent so as to be forgotten if men like ; and yet, never so silent but he is speaking in every soul, and pervading it with some dim, vague awe, — “ Be still and know that I am God.”

They may be innocent in themselves perhaps, — the murmurs, the noises, the cries of a street, a market-place, a town. But think of them as going up to the ear of God, and as being all he hears, as he bends from on high to listen above a town for its sounds. No, with God to listen to them, they are not what they were, when they were thought of as being only between man and man. All these sounds, these cries, these murmurs, — this intentness that never looks upwards but only eagerly about, — this thought that is never of the Infinite, but only of cotton and prices, — this forethought that is for next year so quick, but never for eternity ! What is all this ? Why, if this were all, it would be wickedness itself, for indeed there is a God to mind it. And hark, himself he speaks, “ Be still and know that I am God.”

And in the street and public places of the town on the Lord's Day, there is a silence that knows of God.

The Sabbath ! how it overspreads the town with stillness ! how it empties the streets of trade, and peoples them with a silence, that is loud with God ! Busy places emptied of their week-day throngs : the world hushed once a week for God to speak in : this is what the Sabbath is !

And but for this ceasing of it once a week, business would be a whirlpool for the absorption of souls, an abyss of damnation. It is saved from being godless by being intermitted in the name of God. The toilsome week is sanctified by the Sunday it begins from. And it is from the spirit of the Sabbath, that the toils and anxieties of the days following become

an exercise unto godliness, instead of proving, as they otherwise would, and as they often do, the perdition of ungodly men.

A social arrangement, — no ! but something diviner much than that, — a weekly miracle, the Sabbath is. For think ; the shops are closed by it ; the wharves are silent from it ; and the streets are walked in, after another than the common way. On a Sunday morning, one feels that there are lingering among us echoes of a voice from on high, — a something of the awfulness of the Divine tones, — a remembrance from house to house of those words, “ Be still and know that I am God.”

Still I am to be ; while there are so many things to excite, and distract, and draw me ! Aye, but draw me from God !

For there is nothing but a man may forget God in ; business, friends, pleasure, fame, science, literature. Nay ! he does do it so often !

Once I knew a man. He was not very religious perhaps, but he was estimable, very respectable, and a member of a Christian congregation. But with a little success he had, he grew eager for money, and the more he got, the more passionately he strove for a fortune. All the earnestness of his nature ran to money-making. Little by little, he lost all feeling for anything else, for his decent appearance, for the good opinion of his neighbors, for honor, for honesty, and for God. Indeed at last, all he knew of God was the strength of his name, as a word to swear by.

I have known a mother lose sight of God, from her way of looking at her son. All her anxiety was towards him. But it was not for his goodness that it might be perfected, but for his wishes that he might have them satisfied with pleasure, wealth and honor. All her earnestness flowed along with her son's worldly wishes : and so she became a worldly woman through that motherly love, by which she ought to have grown to be something so very different. She continued to pray at the time she had been used to : but with the slow turn of her soul, at last her face was towards Mammon as she prayed, and not towards God. And she did but recede further away from him, the more she prayed.

And a man may become so absorbed in literature or science, as to be dead to all other spiritual objects. He may have such a feeling of the wonderfulness of science as not to feel at all the loathsomeness of sin. And a student may learn from geology how era after era helped to round the earth into form, and clothe it with its present look : and he may think so exclusively of the way the world was made, as never to remember its Maker at all, except as a mere blind force at its centre.

The fields of nature ! why, they were spread by the God of nature ! Yes, but a man may walk with his eyes on the ground, and so never see God Most High. In nature, a man's wonder may be all for the laws, and none for the law-maker. Is not it so ? Have there not been chemists who have had such an exclusive feeling of his laws, as to have had none of God himself ? And have not there been botanists, with whom prayer has grown feeble, and thoughts of God have grown few and poor, because of their being so earnest about trees and plants ? But indeed, there is no object a man looks at earnestly, but may grow on his vision, and widen and spread before his soul, so as to hide everything beyond itself, and even obscure God.

Indeed, we know this of ourselves. For cannot we understand it from the occasional clouds that come between our own souls and God : and from the manner, in which often our own hold of God gets weakened ? Has it not so happened, that we have been so wishful for some object, as that sincerely we could not say, " If God will " ? Have we never known what it was, to be so earnest for to-morrow, as that our hearts were so narrowed and straightened that we had no feeling of the Eternal ? Nay, often and often have we not been so intent on some plan of ours, as that feel God we did not and could not, neither in love, nor fear, nor reverence ? And sometimes have not we been horrified at hearing what a hollow word God sounded in our unbelieving ears ? And have we never — not for an hour — been without God in the world, — never had to cry, " Whither art thou withdrawn, O my God ? Or down what mystic depths, not of this earth, has

my soul slid away, that I am without thee, without any feeling of thee, my God, God"! Have not there been seasons, when pray we could not; could not pray prayers, but only words, words?

Then we too have known what it was to want other things so much as to feel no want of God. Then we also have known the first strangest step of that way, that leads a man to be without God in the world. Then we have known what it is to have our souls drawn backward after their own wishes, even while looking right in the direction of God to pray.

I am speaking of worldliness as opposed to godliness; and of what is hardly called sin; though really it is worse and more hopeless than some passions that the prison and public reprobation wait for. Worldliness is sin, and is very sinful, though it is of another nature than revenge as it clutches its victim; or than cunning as it comes by its dishonest money; or than passion as it thrills the nerves with unholy pleasure; or than blasphemy speaking words of hell; or than ambition, by which a man tramples on others like stones, — stepping-stones, — to his own higher station; or than idleness, weakening right rule in the mind, and letting it lie open to chance and evil thoughts, — thoughts that are foolish first, and then envious, covetous, and vile. Not of these things am I speaking now, but of how the soul may be drawn into worldliness through almost any one of the many proper objects she has to do with in this world.

A man may be innocent in the eye of the law, and guiltless towards every fellow-creature; and yet towards God be guilty, guilty altogether. For is it not guilt, the very greatest, to be of God's creating, and yet be the world's creature?

A man may have all his thought and feeling drawn towards things about him, and so his soul be without any awe of what is above him, or far away beyond him. He may be careful that his business shall prosper, and his home be well found in comforts; and his friends be duly visited and entertained; he may have his daily habits, his newspaper and his book. And in these things he may find himself satisfied, quite. A hundred plans and cares he may have, some for the morrow,

some for the round of the week, some for the spring, some for summer, and some for winter. And these may draw to themselves all his thought, effort, and anxiety. May, did I say? While indeed so often with many a man they do.

And there is on his soul no solemnity from the heavens he lives under; no awe from the death he is journeying towards; no feeling of fear or hope or love as regards the God he knows of.

He lives honestly, but not for God, only for safety. He lives orderly, but not for God, only for good taste. He lives with kind feelings for his friends and neighbors and casual beggars, but not for the sake of God, only for the sake of the pleasure there is in beneficence.

Business, pleasure, friendship, respectability are what a man can live to wholly. Wholly, but not for ever, nor for long!

What dish is in season now? what is best to drink? what style is fashionable now? what shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed? what is the weather going to be? how are prices? what are the prospects of the harvest? who is the likeliest candidate for the presidency? when will the next concert be? Are there not persons — a few — many, even multitudes, for whom these are the controlling questions of their lives? Their heartiest inquiries are after a good bargain. Their highest sincere wish is for an easy living.

Prices, parties, meat and drink, fashion! Hither and thither for this thing and the other. Hark from above all this; what is more real than all this: and what will outlast it all! A voice, not for the ear to delight it, not for covetousness to advise it, not for ambition to stir it, not for pride to flatter it: but a voice for the soul: a voice from on high, — the highest, — “Be still and know that I am God.”

God! There is awfulness for us in the world yet! God! We can tremble at him yet! God! We can feel ourselves all helpless with him yet! God! Oh, in his sight, we are but sinful, wretched creatures; and we have yet some feeling of what we must look!

No, no! We have not lost our feeling of God yet! And so Sabbath by Sabbath, and day by day, against prayer, and now and then some other quiet times, we will listen for it, and we will mind it. The voice that calls to us, inaudible yet so persuasive, a voice from out of the infinite, and that indeed is the infinite, — beseeching, warning, commanding, “Be still and know that I am God.”

This voice, — we will hear it through the hours of the Sabbath, — a voice crying between Saturday and Monday to warn and to sanctify us creatures of time and the world. This thought that is like speech in the heart sometimes, — it is so distinct; and that is certainly the Holy Spirit, — it is so unworldly and solemn; oh! on its holy prompting often we will worship with an earnestness that is of other than set times of prayer. For self-control and meditation and prayer, on the Sabbath always, and of an evening often, and at other sudden times, we will listen to it — the holy, heavenly admonition, “Be still and know that I am God.”

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“It is observable that if merchants venture a great, or most part of their estates at sea, where there may be hazard in the voyage, they will run speedily to insure a great part of their commodities; and thus should all of us do. This body of ours is the ship; the merchandise and freight in this ship is no less than our most precious soul; glory celestial is the port whereat she would arrive, but many dangers there are in the way, storms and tempests of temptation are on every side; she may chance to run upon the rocks of presumption, or sink into the quicksands of despair. What then is to be done? By all means go to the insuring office; let us run to the testimony of Christ's Spirit in our own spirits, by the Word to evidence, and make it out clear unto us, that the ship shall be safe, the commodity brought secure to the haven, that ship, body and soul and all, shall anchor safely in Heaven, there to rest with Christ in glory forevermore.” — *John Spencer.*



## THE MONTH.

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### REMOVAL OF THE OFFICE OF THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

The readers of the Magazine will be glad to know that they will not be obliged any more, when they have occasion to visit the office of the proprietor, to climb up several (we dare not say how many) flights of stairs. They have only to pass upon the same level as the sidewalk to the rear of a very attractive bookstore, 13 Beacon Street (near Tremont), H. H. & T. W. Carter being its occupants. They will in this way not only reach more easily our friend Mr. Bowles, but will be able to supply themselves with fresh books, and with everything which one needs in the way of writing material, pens, ink (for which, we believe, the Carters are famous), and paper. The situation is very central and in every way attractive; and we hope that this "No. 13" is destined to become an institution. May we add, as we are writing at our publisher's desk, and as charity begins at home, that it would be a charity to him for the Messrs. Carter to see that he and his friends have a decent pen to write withal. Had his pen been anything but execrable, this story would have been longer.

— AT WORK AGAIN. — Gradually the churches are taking up their tasks. The contribution-box begins to circulate. The familiar beneficiaries again make their appearances. One after another, a teacher drops into the accustomed seat at the Sunday-school. We hear of this and the other raid upon a congregation, to carry off a favorite singer: one of our largest and strongest societies was so crippled in this way, that nothing seemed left, for the time at least, but a resort to congregational singing. Ministers too have seen reason to go from one pulpit to another, moving one sometimes to put very anxiously the question, "What is to become of the smallest and weakest societies? Happily, the faces of young men seem to be more and more turned towards the Divinity

Schools: may they be refreshed with the true light! The Cambridge Theological School has not, we think, been so frequented since it was opened as it is this year.

— CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS. — The Board of Overseers of the Poor for this city is more thoroughly and efficiently organized than ever before, and have put out a book which will be of great service to those who are trying to relieve poverty. The Central Bureau will aid our attempts to introduce more method into this unceasing work. How many of our readers know anything about the Pemberton Fund, the Boylston Fund, or the Sears Fund? Let a word be added upon the JEWISH POOR:—

“The Jewish method of distributing relief to the poor in England is worthy of consideration by Christian legislators. The Jewish guardians prevent the breaking-up of families, wisely reckoning that a widow and children cost the parish more than any other paupers. There are no Jewish beggars in the towns, and no Jewish vagrants along the highways. The Jewish guardians are assisted by a band of gratuitous visitors. The board make a strict investigation into the merit of every case that comes before them, and keep a comprehensive record, supported by their visitors. The relief to the deserving is ample. Loans are granted to those who want to open a little trade. The medical relief is complete; and in regard to medicines and diet from the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's Jewish kitchen, perfect. There are poor Jewish families that have been rescued from permanent pauperism at an outlay of fifty pounds; and their guardians, who are reputed to know the value of money and the strength of providence, have made this investment for their community as the most saving course in regard to their families. The Jewish guardians insist on education as a condition of assistance in all their doings, wisely looking forward to the time when their *proteges* will be clear of the need for help. And brilliant success crowns their work, which is done beside the Christian guardianship that throws open the stone-yard and the work-house, and calls a few loaves of bread and a few shillings re-

lief to a man on a sick-bed, surrounded with a family of half a dozen children !

The Jewish plan is modeled upon that of the *Assistance Publique*, at Paris, in which crowds of ladies and gentlemen, who receive no salaries, devote their time to the service of the poor. They are up at work on winter mornings at seven o'clock. They submit to strict rules for the general good, and they are as strictly required to give in their monthly reports as if they were paid members of the bureau ; and they submit to this discipline because there is at the back of every lady and gentleman who enters a poor man's house a well-organized administration, that has provided in a sensible manner, and with proper guaranties against fraud, for every possible form of distress. The visitor does not leave upon the table a tract, a soup ticket, and a bit of tea, but she recommends the distress before her to the official of the bureau to which she belongs. If the distress be real and deserve relief, it has nothing to fear from the examination to which it will be subjected. If it is the story of a hypocrite, or the falsehood of the idler or the drunkard, it will be treated as it deserves. The visitor carries sympathy and interest into the homes of the poor, who receive their visits gladly, because they prelude the relief which is required."

— FATHER HYACINTHE. — Very encouraging are the reports that have come to us during the month of the bearing of large numbers of Roman Catholics towards the great Council. It has been well said that in the *Syllabus* for this Assembly the Pope arrays himself against everything which in the last fifty years has been known as progress, — everything good and bad. The Roman Church is very strong, but not strong enough to carry on a warfare with the good as well as with the evil in man. Everywhere it is seen that Christianity must make haste and get disengaged from the instrumentalities and accompaniments which have ceased to be significant and helpful, and are only hinderances. Five Protestant Episcopal bishops here in America, so it is said, are ready to secede and form a Low Church Organization ; and "Broad Church"

begins to find voice even with us. We set down a few striking sentences from the Father's letter.

"The present hour is solemn. The Church passes through one of the most violent, dark, and decisive crises of its existence here below. For the first time in three hundred years, an Œcumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared *necessary*: such is the expression of the Holy Father. It is not in such a moment that a preacher of the gospel, were he the least of all, can consent to remain as the mute dogs of Israel, unfaithful guardians, whom the prophet reproaches as unable to bark. *Canes muti, non valentes latrare*. The saints were never silent. I am not one of them, but nevertheless I belong to their race, *fili sanctorum sumus*, and I have always been ambitious to place my steps, my tears, and, if necessary, my blood, in the tracks which they have left. I raise, therefore, before the Holy Father and the Council, my protestation as Christian and preacher, against these doctrines and practices, calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian, and which, in their encroachments, always most audacious and most baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her piety. I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insane, which it is sought to accomplish between the Church, who is our mother according to eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century, of whom we are the sons according to the times, and towards whom we have also some duties and attachments. I protest against this more radical and dreadful opposition to human nature, which is attacked and made to revolt by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the Word of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which are equally trodden under foot by the pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause is, without doubt, not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner in which Catholicism has during a long time been understood and practiced."

— REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK. — Rev. Dr. Tyng wisely concludes that this is not the time to attempt it ; and the “Christian Witness” remarks, upon his conclusion, that, like Bishop Lee’s second letter, it must be accepted as an indication of the progress of what we are obliged to call the revolutionary sentiment among Evangelical men. We give a few paragraphs from his letter.

*To the Reverends W. A. Muhlenburg, J. Cotton Smith, Richard Newton, L. W. Bancroft, H. Dyer, G. E. Thrall, Committee on Revision, etc. : —*

MY DEAR BRETHREN, — The great and important subject referred to our consideration has been much before me. But, in the passage of the months in which it has been intrusted to our hands, events have accumulated and matured, with far greater rapidity than our thoughts. We — I mean the representatives of evangelical principles and purposes — are now occupying far different relations from those under the influence of which the subject of a Revision of the Book of Common Prayer was first committed to us. And, in the light of new dispensations in the providence of God, new views of obligation and of expediency press themselves upon our notice. Under the influence of this change in our relative position, I shall attempt to give you my own convictions, upon the subject which is presented for our united consideration.

*Revision*, as we may technically call this subject now, presents itself to us under two different and dissonant aspects.

*First. Limited* to the least alteration of existing forms and expressions which can be made, satisfactory to those for whom we act.

*Second. Planned* upon some scheme of new construction which would be most desirable to all could we attain it.

In the *first*, I am convinced that no change even of words, or of permission to omit words objected to in use, can ever be obtained from any action of our General Convention. The preparation of such a book would be an idle and useless expense, resulting in no practical benefit. And the actual use of it, by any minister, would involve all the consequences and penalties which the similar use of any other book would en-

tail. For possible resulting changes in our position, of a radical and complete character, the preparation of such a book would be a serious obstacle, instead of an aid. And whether we consider our abiding in the Church as now constituted, or our emerging from it in a new organization, we should gain nothing, and would lose much of advantage, and of expenditure, by the preparation of such a book. It would actually satisfy none. It would be objectionable to most. It would facilitate no subsequent movement. It would be an impediment in the way of resulting movements, which may become obligatory, and for the accomplishment of which we should hold ourselves free.

— BROAD CHURCH IN ENGLAND. — MR. VOYSEY'S FRIENDS.

— Our readers will remember a notice inserted by us some time ago of a "*Voysey Defense Fund*." Public attention is now being directed to this.

The following is an extract from the "Daily Telegraph:"

"If the Rev. Charles Voysey should be adjudged guilty of heresy in the trial to which he is to be subjected at the instance of the Archbishop of York, it will not be for want of such aid as can be given by rank and clerical influence. Dean Stanley has boldly come forward to shield Mr. Voysey: and he is now joined by such divines as Professor Jowett; the Rev. G. Wheelwright, Vicar of Crowhurst; the Rev. Thomas P. Kirkman, Rector of Croft; and the Rev. J. D. La Touche, Vicar of Stokesay. Scotland sends a clerical ally in the person of the Rev. Lewis Campbell, Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew's. Science is represented by the eminent name of Sir Charles Lyell; nobility, by the names of Lord Amberley and Lord Adare."

"In coming forward to furnish Mr. Voysey with the means of defense," concludes our contemporary, "Dean Stanley and Sir Charles Lyell simply intimate that they wish to see the most complete and authoritative legal answer given to the momentous question, 'What limits does the Church of England impose upon her clergy when they claim to debate the rightful interpretation of Scripture?'" — *Record*.

—PUBLIC WORSHIP ON THE LORD'S DAY AT HARVARD. — The half-day method has been sanctioned by the authorities, and it is proposed to substitute voluntary attendance upon a Bible class, or some informal religious instruction, for the second service. The change at home has brought as its inevitable supplement a change in the arrangements of the college. What wouldn't have been thought of thirty years ago, when we heard R. W. Emerson preach of an afternoon in the Chapel of University, has come almost of course. How, in the circumstances, could it have been otherwise? Parents stay at home, and send their children to church, and the college government require a double Sunday attendance: such a thing cannot last. You feel that as you see the little folk almost lost in the large family pew, with possibly the surveillance of some faithful aunt, who formed her habit of church attendance early in the century. And for ourselves, whenever it has been our fortune to preach to the students at Cambridge, in the afternoon, the thing we most wanted to say, by way of preface, was just this: "If any of the young gentlemen wish to go home, will they be so good as to do so now." How many would have staid, and how many of them only out of gratitude for the offer to be allowed to go?

—ADDITIONS TO THE BOSTON MINISTRY. — The Boston ministry has been, and is to be, greatly re-enforced this autumn. We note with special gratitude the coming of Rev. Phillips Brooks, one of the most earnest and most gifted of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Brooks is not a man to raise the flag of a denomination, or to press the claims of a sect. He stands for Christianity, and that broadly and practically interpreted. We hope that we shall not do him any harm when we say that Liberal Christianity, so far as that phrase represents anything valuable, may well rejoice in his coming: he will aid in the great problem of the day, which is to show men how they can be Christians without flying in the face of proven facts, or abjuring the use of reason. He will do a strong man's part of the great Christian work of our time, in helping the Christians of Boston to carry, to those

who will not come for it, a gospel which will win them as it won the multitudes of Corinth and Antioch. What man of marked power can be found any longer who emphasizes the peculiar views of the denomination into which it was his lot to be born, who is known as a pronounced Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist, Trinitarian? We begin to understand that the whole is greater than any one of the parts.

— A RETURN TO SANITY. — Mr. Ffoulkes, who some time ago left the Church of England for the Church of Rome, seems, if we may judge from the following paragraph, to be coming to his right mind upon ecclesiastical matters.

“Taking this principle for my guide, I have been engaged constantly, since I joined the Roman Communion, in instituting comparisons between members of the Church of England, and members of the Church of Rome generally, and between our former and our present selves in particular; or between Christianity in England and on the Continent: and the result in each case has been to confirm me in the belief, which I have expressed already, that the notion of the sacraments exercising any greater influence upon the heart and life in the Church of Rome than in the Church of England, admitting the dispositions of those who frequent them to be the same in both cases, is not merely preposterous, but as contrary both to the faith and fact, as is the opinion that the Pope is Antichrist, and the Man of Sin. My Lord, there is no person, in his sober senses, who could affirm that you, for instance, began to be a devout, earnest, intelligent follower of Christ, an admirable master of the inner and hidden life, a glorious example of self-sacrifice, a deep expounder of revealed mysteries and gospel truths, when you embraced the Roman Communion; or that all those graces which you exhibited previously in the sight of men, could be deduced from the one rite which you received unconsciously as a child, counteracted by all the bad and unwholesome food on which, according to this hypothesis, you must have lived ever afterwards. In the same way, there is no ordinary person, in his sober senses, who could affect to discover any fundamental change



for the better in you, morally and religiously, now, from what you were then. There are some on the contrary, to my knowledge, of your existing flock, who profess that they have not half the liking for the sermons which they hear you deliver, as Archbishop of Westminster, that they have for the dear old volumes which you published as Archdeacon of Chichester, as fresh and full of fragrance to their instincts as ever. And I have heard the same said of another, whose parochial sermons, hailed as a masterpiece on their first appearance, have just burst forth into a second spring. People say that sermons which *ci-devant* Anglican clergymen of note preached formerly read so much more natural than any that they have since delivered from Roman-Catholic pulpits.

— LECTURES FOR THE WINTER have already commenced. Public discussion is one of the new features of the institution of popular lectures for the present season, — not an improvement, — we think. Careful study of vexed questions at home is much more conducive to edification. What has Horace Greeley to say upon the Protective System which is not printed in the "Tribune"? Along with the great good that has come of Lecturing, and besides the indirect advantages of keeping many persons out of the street, and providing the poor souls that are cast upon the boarding-house with a pleasant resort for an hour, there has come in also an abundance of sensationalism. We were glad to find that the Shakers would not appear. Knowing nothing of the merits of the case between Mr. Evans and Mr. Redpath, we are thankful for this practical issue. Mr. Evans does not strike one as very wise, or as likely to add much to the solution of the problems of our day. He reminds us of the man, who, noticing that the field-mice expended their energies upon the outside rows of corn, proposed not to have any outside rows. Whilst we are writing of lecturing, is there any harm in asking why it was necessary for a young lady to choose Mormonism and topics akin to it as the subject of a lecture? One would say that only dire necessity and most culpable silence of those who are bound to speak could have driven a woman

to the platform with such a topic. Are we to return to the old Elizabethan freedom of speech? Yes, if what we have called delicacy is only prudery, and if what we have called refinement is over-nicety; but we are not persuaded that we have been all wrong in this thing. There are better ways than that selected by Miss Dickinson for getting the Mormon horror exposed and on the way to be suppressed.

It would go far to reconcile the ultra conservative to the female lecturer, could she only be willing to be advertised with an unabbreviated name, — say “Miss Catherine,” instead of “Miss Kate,” — though perhaps the difficulty goes back to the christening. Where the name is not absolutely and irrevocably settled as Hattie, or Jennie, or Minnie, or Lottie, let it be Hattie and Jennie at the breakfast-table, and Harriet and Jane when they stand up to be married, or are announced to make orations.

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#### PRAYER BY DR. WATTS.

HOLY FATHER! how can such weak creatures ever take in so strange, so difficult, so abstruse a doctrine as this? [the Trinity.] And can this strange and perplexing notion of three real persons, going to make up one true God, be so necessary and so important a part of that Christian doctrine, which, in the Old Testament and the New, is represented as so plain and so easy, even to the meanest understanding!

THAT CHRISTIANITY is the most “liberal” from which exhales most abundantly the fragrance of the gospel, producing the most complete self-abnegation for the good of the neighbor and the warmest charities of the heart, and the quickest appreciation of what is good and true in the lives and creeds of others. If one misses of this spirit, however liberal his talk and his theories, he is a bigot; if one has it, whatever his theories, he is a “liberal Christian.”

## RANDOM READINGS.

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### HENRY JAMES AND SWEDENBORG.

WE commend to careful perusal our friend's letter on another page, as also his recent work, "The Secret of Swedenborg," briefly noticed in our last number. We by no means intended to be understood that Mr. James is really a pantheist. But the Natural Divine Humanity, as explicated in the pages of Mr. James, strikes us sometimes as quite different from the *Divinum Humanum* formulated by Swedenborg, though we will not say that a second reading may not reveal to us their essential identity.

The deification of nature is not the only form of pantheism. It is the deification of humanity as well. Hegel, no more than Mr. James, believed that nature—understanding by nature all visible phenomena—has any being in itself. It only appears to be. The finite is docetic and illusive, says Hegel; but both man and nature in the inmost essence, out of which they appear, are identical with the infinite, and so God is the only substance in the universe. Death is the return tide of this one divine substance, which ever ebbs and flows. This would not be pantheism, if it were not that the Infinite has no consciousness except as it finites itself in man. Hegel, too, and Schelling with him, assert the Divine Humanity revealed in Christ; but they only assert it in the interest of their dogma that all humanity is divine in its interior essence; that the race in its solidarity is the form of the Godhead whereof Christ is only a single and conspicuous example.

Now we infer that this is not Mr. James's view. We infer it because we read Swedenborg, and read everything that Mr. James writes, and can turn back and reconcile him with himself, and generally with Swedenborg as well. But a reader who should not do this might read Mr. James, page after page, and think he was getting something very much like Hegelian philosophy. We will cite a few sentences:—

"By the spiritual or living sense of revelation, Swedenborg means the truth of God's NATURAL humanity; so that all our natural prepossessions, in regard to space and time and person, confess themselves purely rudimental and educative the moment we come to

acknowledge *in nature and man an infinite divine substance.*" *Secret of Swedenborg*, p. 19.

And here is a sentence of incomparable pith and beauty, but which nine-tenths of Mr. James's readers, not Swedenborgian, we doubt not, would translate into admirable Hegelianism.

"According to Swedenborg, the birth, the life, the death, the resurrection of Christ were so remote from supernatural contingencies, as to confess themselves the consummate flowering of the creative energy in *universal* nature, that is the universe of the human mind embracing heaven and hell quite equally. No doubt the flower is a very marked phenomenon to the senses, filling the atmosphere with its glory and fragrance. But its total interest to the rational mind turns upon those hidden affinities which, by means of its aspiring stem and its groveling roots, connect it at once with all that is loftiest and all that is lowliest in universal nature, and so turn the flower itself into a sensuous sign merely, or a modest emblem of a secret, most holy marriage, which is forever transacting in unseen depths of being, between the generic, universal, or merely animate substances of the mind, and its specific, unitary, or human form. So with the incarnation. The literal facts have no significance to the spiritual understanding, save as a natural ultimate and revelation of the true principles of creative order, the order that binds the universe of existence to its source. — P. 20.

Again, on page 21:—

"Where people whose understanding is still controlled by sense see nature absolute or unqualified by spirit, Swedenborg, professing to be spiritually enlightened, does not see nature at all, but only the Lord, or God-man, carnally hidden indeed, degraded, humiliated, crucified under all manner of devout pride and self-seeking, but, at the same time, spiritually exalted or glorified by a love untainted by selfishness, and a wisdom undimmed by prudence."

Again, on page 28:—

"It is a necessary implication, then, of the truth of the Divine Natural Humanity, that, while the Creator gives invisible spiritual being to the creature, *the creature, in his turn, gives natural form—gives visible existence—to the Creator*; or, more briefly, while the Creator gives reality to the creature, the creature gives phenomenality to the Creator. In other words still, we may say, that, while the Creator supplies the essential or properly creative element in creation, the creature supplies its existential or properly constitutive element,—that element of hold-back or resistance, without which

it could never put on manifestation. Nature is the attestation of this ceaseless give-and-take between Creator and creature ; the nuptial ring that confirms and consecrates the deathless espousals of infinite and finite. In spite, therefore, of its fertile and domineering actuality to sense, it is as void of all reality to reason as the shadow of one's person in a glass."

Most persons, we think, would infer from these extracts, and much more that Mr. James writes, that the Divine Natural Humanity, according to Swedenborg, was the human race in its totality ; that that is the substance of which this is the form ; that the reality which this only makes phenomenal. True, he insists that the creature is so projected from the Creator as to have personal identity and self-hood ; but this self-hood is negative, not positive, and has no reality except as implected with the Divine Substance. And though on pages 36-40, Mr. James escapes out of this seeming pantheism, we do not think he makes the way of escape obvious to his reader. And, a while since, a popular speaker, who is regarded by his friends as one of the shining lights of the modern age, coming fresh from Mr. James's pages, announced to his audience that the system of Swedenborg was "unmitigated pantheism," and we have no doubt he spoke his honest opinion.

Now Swedenborg, as we read him, never teaches that God, in his essence and substance, is immanent in our finite humanity. On the other hand, he makes that a most infernal falsity, being nothing less than the deification of the creature, and shoving the Creator from his rightful place. He teaches that man is projected from the Creator, and endowed with self-hood ; the inverse image of God, as Mr. James constantly and admirably shows. But, being thus projected, he is re-created by impletion, not of the Divine Substance, BUT BY INFLUX FROM IT, which makes him, not the obverse, but the direct, image of the creator. This distinction between influx and essential in-dwelling, must be familiar to Mr. James ; but he overlooks it, or does not make it prominent in his explications.

This influx of the divine light and love received and acknowledged by the creature, and given forth again, but not appropriated as his private possession, turns men into angels on their ascending way, washing them white along its road, making the heavens resplendent with the Creator's glories. This influx received and appropriated as man's own, and not given forth again as the divine love and bounty, but turned into self-love, constitutes hell with its ranges of infernal fire. This distinction between the Divine Essence

and influx is always present, we suppose, in Mr. James's thought ; but it is not prominent in his statement, and so we said that he "shaved the borders of pantheism," though, as we might have said, perhaps in appearance only.

Annihilationism, as describing a specific form of belief among many who bear the Christian name, means the final extinction of the hells, because the incorrigibly wicked cease from conscious and personal being, through the destructive power of moral evil. Some embrace this doctrine as the only alternative from either Universalism or endless suffering : for the former of which they find no sufficient evidence ; while they regard the latter as revolting to humanity, and inconsistent with the divine mercy. The passage where this final extinction seems asserted by Mr. James occurs on page 99 of his late work.

"The Christian hells, regarded as antagonizing the heavens, will thenceforth be "shut up," as Swedenborg describes the fate of the antediluvian hells, by ministering no farther to scientific human use. Use is the only oxygen that ever kindled their lurid glow ; and, this being taken away, they must, of sheer necessity, *collapse, become extinct, die out, just as a fire dies out deprived of vent.*"

As to fatalism, Mr. James has done no more, as we apprehend, than reproduce Swedenborg. But how the latter can be understood as teaching anything short of it, we have never been able to see. True, he insists upon man's freedom, and says it is tenderly guarded by the Divine Providence. But he makes it a *quasi* freedom, an appearance only, produced perpetually in the consciousness in the interest of morality. He denies that this consciousness is any authentication of the absolute verity of things. In his chapters on Equilibrium, he makes the hells a necessity of the universe in order that men on earth may be poised between good and evil. Yet choice is no self-determination, but the down-come of one side of the balance under the strongest motive intrinsically addressed. This Mr. James sets forth almost everywhere, but in his masterly way in his treatise on the Nature of Evil, pp. 271-3.

"Sensuously viewed, viewed by the light of the natural understanding, I appear full of life and power, and do not hesitate to ascribe all sorts of respectability to myself. But viewed spiritually, viewed by the light of the Divine Judgment, this appearance turns out a sheer delusion. God knows that the power I seem to possess in myself is a sheer fallacy so far as that seeming is concerned ; that it comes from himself exclusively, at every moment," etc. "He

knows that it is never a man's own power that inclines him to evil, but invariably the power of evil spirits, or hell, and that, so far therefore from the man himself becoming personally an object of divine abhorrence, he becomes an object only of the tenderest divine compassion."

This is some better than Calvin's decrees; only it would seem that those unfortunate people who have gone to hell, to keep up the balance of the universe on the evil side, ought, for the degrading work they have had to do, to earn their final release, and get to heaven at last,—a consummation which Swedenborg inexorably denies.

We have no quarrel with fatalism under guards and qualifications. Speculatively we believe it, while practically ignoring it. We read Jonathan Edwards thirty years ago, and the giant grasp he laid upon the intellect we have never been able entirely to unloose. As Swedenborg puts it, we see no immoral tendency in fatalism; for the sense of moral responsibility, provisional though it be, I know, without Swedenborg's telling, will be hourly generated within me, and, if I fall into sinful ways, will storm through me with all the horrors of remorse and the pains of hell; and that is a prevailing motive in making the balance dip down on the side of righteousness.

We take occasion to say, that we are under great personal obligations to Mr. James for releasing Swedenborg from close keeping, and showing the vast human breadth, and the profound reach of his philosophy, rendered nowhere as in Mr. James's interpretations. It is a privilege to turn to such writings from the shallow literature of the day, and especially from the alternate collapse and blowing-up of bladders that goes by the name of Rationalism. And though we by no means believe that Swedenborg is the last gift of God to man, and think he has written much which the best intelligence of the age will leave behind, yet we are persuaded he has settled many of the great questions with which the religious world is now vexing itself; and, so far forth as these questions have to do, that Mr. James hardly puts it too strong, when he says, "His majestic voice will one day silence the wrangling of the sects, as the crash of heaven's thunder silences the tumult of a dove-cote and a rookery."

#### THE YANKEE SPY.

POLLARD's "Life of Jefferson Davis," giving the secret history of the confederacy, and an inside view of Richmond and of the rebel cabinet and congress during the war, with all its pretension and

gasconade, is a very readable, and, in some chapters, a very amusing, book. Mr. Pollard tells the following curious story, and seems to vouch for the truth of it. It would be interesting to know who the Yankee could be that played so skillfully on the credulity and vanity of the dignitaries at Richmond, and whether he is yet alive.

"About the close of the year 1864, a stranger appeared in Richmond, of elegant dress and manners, speaking both English and Italian, and whose dark and peculiar features supported the statements that he was a native of Italy. He made himself exceedingly agreeable to the company at the Exchange Hotel, although practicing something of the reserve of the nobleman; and he was observed with not a little curiosity, until gossip settled on the discovery that he had been seen to visit the State Department, and that therefore, considering too his *distingue* appearance, he must be charged with a "mission" of importance. Dining one day at the hotel, he took advantage of a casual remark to draw into conversation Mr. Boteler, a member of Congress from Virginia, a gentleman who was supposed to have a great taste for learning. The latter had observed the sound escaping from a gas jet over the table. The conversation turned upon the possibility of producing musical notes from such a source; chemistry, acoustics, and other branches of science, were discussed, greatly to Mr. Boteler's relish; and at last the Italian gracefully insisted that the Congressman should accompany him to his room to witness some scientific experiments in which he was then engaged. The experiments were shown; Mr. Boteler saw at once that their adjustments were those of a scientific man; and for hours he roamed with his strange acquaintance over the fields of science, literature, and art, wondering at his various accomplishments, and fascinated by the charm of his manners. As Mr. Boteler rose to depart, the stranger said, with the air of communicating an important confidence, 'I have something to say to you. The pleasure I have experienced in your company, and the position I know you occupy in your government, encourage me to make a communication that will interest you. I have a mission to Richmond, and I have already partially discharged it, and am now only waiting on your government for a sum of money that is necessary. I belong to the society of *Carbonari*. It sympathizes with the Southern Confederacy, and it is the only power in Europe that can compel its recognition; for Napoleon III. is secretly a member of this society, and dares not disobey its mandates. More than this,'—and his brow darkened,—'I hold in my hand the life of Abraham Lincoln:



the victim whom the *Carbonari* designate cannot elude them.' What impression this important and terrible disclosure made upon Mr. Boteler is not known ; but he has never denied that he believed what the man told him. He even went to the extent of appointing a day to accompany the strange diplomat to the State Department, and actually engaged to add his influence to the impressions which the latter already reported he had made upon Secretary Benjamin, but to what extent of aiding the mission he did not mention. The day came : Mr. Boteler attended at the hotel. This Italian was not to be found : he had left the hotel hurriedly that morning. Suspicions were aroused at the State Department. Pursuit was ordered on all the roads leading out from Richmond, and, fortunately, the man, disguised as a pedler, was overtaken and arrested a few miles from the city. He resisted the officers stoutly and with great insolence ; for some time the search to which he was subjected revealed nothing contraband or suspicious ; he was about to be dismissed with apologies, when one of the officers, examining his boots, discovered that the heels might be screwed off, and found, snugly ensconced within, several sheets of tissue paper inscribed with plans of all the fortifications of Richmond, and with a correspondence giving all the details of defences. The man was carried back to Richmond as a spy. But he was never tried, never punished, and we do not know what became of him,—the government being unwilling to give publicity to the incident, and anxious to hush up an affair in which its credulity had been so ridiculously practiced upon by an adventurer, who, at best, was nothing more than a charlatan."

#### A GEM OUT OF LANGE'S COMMENTARY.

##### SAINT PAUL.

CHRIST! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you:

Ay! for me, too, he greatly hath sufficed.

Lo! with no winning words I would entice you:

Paul has no future and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister and of daughter ;

Yes, without stay of father and of son, —

Lone on the land, and houseless on the water, —

Pass I in patience till the work is done.

Yet not in solitude, if Christ anear me  
 Waketh him workers for the great employ ;  
 Oh ! not in solitude if souls that hear me  
 Catch, from my joyance, the surprise of joy.

Hearts I have won of sister or of brother,  
 Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod :  
 Lo ! every heart awaiteth me, another  
 Friend in the blameless family of God.

Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,  
 He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed :  
 Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning ;  
 Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

#### SEVERAL THINGS.

BYRON'S WORKS are having a wider sale than ever, being thoroughly advertised by Mrs. Stowe's article, and thousands are reading him who never read him before.

THE CREED OF PANTHEISM has been elegantly set to music by somebody, in the following stanza :—

God is : without him, man is not.  
 Man is : without him, God is dead.  
 Each by the other is begot,  
 The God-sea by the Man-stream fed.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY. A single church in the City of New York raised last year, for benevolent purposes, \$132,000. There were thirteen Orthodox churches that raised over \$10,000 each, for like objects, most of them in the State of New York.

"OF TEN INFANTS," says Tissot, "destined for different vocations of life, I should prefer that the one who is to study through life should be the least learned at the age of twelve.

"O, THAT MINE ENEMY had written a book !" said Job. "What do you suppose Job wanted his enemy to write a book for ?" a pupil was said to have asked her teacher, who had something of a literary turn. "Why, my dear, Job wanted to review it, of course, and cut it up."

PROFESSOR FOLSOM'S TRANSLATION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS, though modernized to excess, has advantages over all others that we have seen, in bringing out more distinctly the exact shades of the Greek original, — *e. g.*, Luke xxxiii 27. "There followed him a great multitude of people and of women who were *smiting themselves* and lamenting." But we cannot give up the old version of Matt. x. 16, — a passage which has always sounded in our ear, both for the words and the sentiment, as the most perfectly musical of English prose, — "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." With all the deference we have for Professor Folsom's scholarship, we do not see the critical reasons for rendering ἀκέραια "unsoiled," and we stick to the old word as descriptive of the disposition of the dove rather than its plumage.

THE FOLLOWING POEM was written by a boy under fourteen years of age, nearly a hundred years ago. Can the boys do any better now?

How sweet I roamed from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
Till I the prince of Love beheld,  
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He showed me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow,  
And led me through his gardens fair,  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,  
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretching out his golden wing  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

This boy came home one evening from an errand and declared he saw a tree full of fairies, when his father whipped him for telling a lie. But he saw fairies all his life, nevertheless, and sung and painted from one of the sweetest imaginations that ever burned. It was William Blake.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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*Army Life in a Black Regiment*, by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Fields, Osgood & Co. Col. Higginson is not less skillful as a writer than a soldier, and he here tells the story of his black regiment with an unction which shows that his heart is in it. The story is of a twofold interest. It gives us the first experiment made with the colored troops at a time of general distrust and amid the vasilation of the government, when their officers fought "with ropes about their necks," under threats of summary execution if captured. It is a story of heroism, and enthusiastic devotion to a great cause, that quickens the blood in one's veins. But it has a farther interest in showing the capacities of the negro and his claims to the nobility of manhood. Col. Higginson undoubtedly brought out the best traits of his character; for they, his soldiers, were devoted to him with a love unreserved as that of childhood. But their courage, their faithfulness, their religious temperament, their freedom from the usual vices of the camp, their alternate mirthfulness and plaintive tunefulness, their instinctive sagacity, with all the ludicrous side of their life and character, are here delightfully set forth, and their story unfolds one of the most interesting chapters of the war, and opens an auspicious view of the future of the negro race. s.

*Manual of the German Language*, by W. GRAUERT, is designed for beginners in the study of German, and offers, within a small compass, carefully selected and practically available material for that purpose. The selections and arrangement are excellent, and the book has the valuable addition of a vocabulary, both English-German and German-English, of all the words occurring in the manual. We see only one defect. There is no such classification of the declensions of nouns (the first puzzle in the study of German), such as beginners will require. New York. E. Steiger. s.

*Dr. Lange's Commentary*, critical, doctrinal and homiletical, translated from the German by Dr. Hurst, is the most elaborate, learned and exhausted of any preceeding commentary on the New Testament. We have now just issued Paul's Epistle to the Roman's, the most difficult of any portion of the New Testament, except the

Apocalypse, and the most prolific of controversy in the Christian Church. On its interpretation the whole question turns whether the death of Christ was sacrificial or not. Dr. Lange's volume comprehends all that has been written which is worth reading, and we fear something more. It has 450 pages of double columns, closely packed, with an introduction of 50 pages, comprising the life and a general view of the writings of the great apostle. This splendid monument of learning is raised with a love and enthusiasm which beam out through the bristling notes showing a full appreciation of the greatness of the man who, next after Christ, has had his name burned deepest in the annals of the Christian world. The work of the commentator and annotator is preceded by a short poem, by Myers, very beautiful, copied among the Random Readings. s.

*Hester Strong; or, the Mystery Solved*, is a novel by Mrs. S. A. SOUTHWORTH. Published by Lee & Shephard. It is a good temperance lecture throughout, and shows how much good one woman can do with entire self-devotion to a noble work. Too many people pass over the scene, tending to confuse the reader in trying to distinguish and keep track of them, but the book is written with a high moral aim, and stimulates the reader to good works.

*The Gospel Treasury and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists*. In the words of the authorized version, having Scripture illustrations, expository notes from the most approved commentators, practical reflections, geographical notices, copious index, etc. Compiled by ROBERT WIMPRISS, author of "The System of Graduated Simultaneous Instruction." Two volumes in one. New York: M. W. Dodd, No. 506, Broadway. 1868.

As a book of reference this volume will be found of great value. It is not intended for the student, but rather for popular use and for those who are more careful to be led into the spirit of the Gospels than to criticise the letter. It is full of needful information, and, used discriminatingly, will greatly help the Sunday-school teacher.

If *Too Bright to Last* does not last, it will not be for the cause which the title assigns. So far as any brilliancy is concerned the book might live forever.

Roberts Brothers have issued, in a small volume, a very delightful collection of *The Writings of Madame Swetchine*. Edited by COUNT DE FALLOUX, of the French Academy and translated by H. W. Preston. They will be found very instructive and suggestive.

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## ENGLISH PRESBYTERIANISM.

AN EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

AN article on this subject ought to have been forthcoming, seven years ago, against the Second Centenary of the Feast of St. Bartholomew, since A. D. 1662. And perhaps for various reasons converging on the ancient font, at which he was baptized, some such a memoir as this was properly due from the present writer.

There have lately appeared in American periodicals, two or three articles as to Presbyterian chapels, in England; but better than they, even in their own way, is the article, from a reprint of which, are made the quotations which follow. And indeed as regards the old meeting house in Preston, which is described, the English critic, was probably more completely a foreigner than any American could possibly be; for reasons, which will hereafter appear.

Nearly all the Unitarian congregations in England are of Presbyterian descent. And indeed out of two hundred and forty Presbyterian chapels of about the year 1700, to-day two hundred and twelve have congregations, which may be described as being Presbyterian-Unitarian, and as being com-



posed of persons pledged, in every way, to religious liberty, and fidelity to the Spirit.

The spirit of a Unitarian congregation in England, that is of Presbyterian descent, is the spirit of a people, who one generation after another, have been isolated and persecuted, but who yet have all the while, been sacredly cherishing among themselves the lamp of that liberty with which Christ made men free, as being truly the light of the world.

The position of a Presbyterian chapel is worthy of notice. Sometimes it stands in a yard, surrounded by high walls, and approachable only through great strong doors. Sometimes, it is to be found, as though it had been hidden away, in a garden, or a park. And sometimes it seems as though it had been placed, with a view to being made defensible against an attack. But, in those cities, which were the strongholds of the Parliament, during the civil war, the Presbyterian chapel stands like some strong trusty man, with his neighbors about him. And in the country, at a safe distance from towns, the Presbyterian Chapel stands, usually, with trees about it, and in the midst of a graveyard, into which has been gathered the dust of five or six generations of worshipers, who died in faith. But, of course a modern Unitarian church is quite another edifice from these old chapels.

The following are the words of an English writer as to what he calls the Unitarian chapel, in Preston, but which perhaps by the townspeople themselves is commonly called the Presbyterian meeting-house : —

“ The edifice wherein our Unitarian friends assemble every Sunday is an old-fashioned, homely looking, little building — a tiny, Quakerized piece of architecture, simple to a degree, prosaic, diminutive, snug, dull. It is just such a place as you could imagine old primitive Nonconformists, fonder of strong principles and inherent virtue than of external embellishment and masonic finery, would build. A small, and somewhat neat graveyard is attached to the chapel ; there are several tombstones laid flat upon the ground ; and in the centre of it there is a rather elaborate one, substantially railed round, and surmounting the vault of the Ainsworth family. The remains

of the late W. Ainsworth, Esq., a well-known and respected Preston gentleman, are interred here. At the northern side of, and directly adjoining the chapel, there is a small Sunday school. It was erected about fifteen years ago, the scholars previous to that time having met in a little building in Lord's-walk. The average attendance of scholars at present is about sixty. The chapel, internally, is small, clean, plain, and ancient-looking. A central aisle runs directly up to the pulpit, and it is flanked with a range of high, old-fashioned pews, some being plain, a few lined with a red-colored material, and several with faded green baize, occasionally tacked back and elaborated with good old-fashioned brass nails. The seats vary in size, and include both the moderately narrow and the full square for family use. There are nine variously shaped windows in the building ; through three of them you can see sundry things, ranging from the spire of the parish church to the before-mentioned wall with the broken glass top ; through some of the others faint outlines of chimneys may be traced. The chapel is light and comfortable looking. There seems to be nothing in the place having the least relationship to ornament, except four small gas brackets, which are trimmed up a little, and surmounted with small crosses of the Greek pattern. At the west end, supported by two pillars, there is a small gallery, in which a few elderly people, the scholars, and the choir are deposited. The body of the chapel will accommodate about two hundred persons, The average attendance, excluding the scholars, will be perhaps sixty. When we visited the place there were fifty present — forty-five down-stairs and five in the gallery ; and of this fifty, upwards of thirty were females. The congregation is quite of a genteel and superior character. There are a few rather poor people embraced in it ; but nine out of ten of the regular worshipers belong to either independent or prosperous middle-class families. The congregation, although still 'highly respectable,' is not so influential in tone as it used to be. A few years ago six or seven county magistrates might have been seen in the chapel on a Sunday, and they were all actual 'members' of the body ; but death and other causes have reduced the number of this



class very considerably, and now not more than two are constant worshipers, There is neither sham, shoddy, nor rant in the place. From one year's end to another you will never hear any of them during any of the services, rush into a florid yell or reduce their spiritual emotions to a dull groan. They abstain from everything in the contortional and ejaculative line ; quiet contemplative intellectualism appears to reign amongst them ; a dry, tranquil thoughtfulness pervades the body. They are eclectic, optimistic, cool ; believe in taking things comfortably ; never conjure up during their devotions the olden pictures of orthodoxy ; never allow their nerves to be shattered with notions about the 'devil,' or the 'burning lake' in which sinners have to be heated forever and ever ; never hear of such things from the pulpit ; would not tolerate them if they did ; think they can get on well enough without them. They may be right or they may be wrong ; but, like all sections of Christians, they believe their own denominational child the best. There are two services every Sunday in the Unitarian Chapel — morning and evening — and both are very good in one sense, because both are very short."

And as to the minister of the chapel it is said, "What he says he means ; and what he means he reads. His prayers and sermons are all read. He is not eloquent, but his language is scholarly, sometimes choice, always exact. He never allows himself to be led away by passion ; sticks well to his text ; invariably keeps his temper. He wears neither surplice nor black gown in the pulpit, and does quite as well without as with them. The services in the main are simple, free from all boisterous balderdash, and if not of such a character as would suit everybody, are evidently well liked by those participating in them."

The Unitarian or Presbyterian chapel, was, to the writer of the preceding article, a curious place, for its look and services. But, in all probability, he did not know at all, the history of his neighbors, and of the manner in which their minds had got attuned. It is a common proverb, that one half of the world does not know, how the other half lives. Nor often does either half of the world credit the other half for sensi-

bility. What is directly under our eyes, is often the last thing to be thought about. And probably, there is not an Episcopalian nor a Methodist, in the town of Preston, who has the least notion that in the Presbyterian chapel, sometimes called Unitarian, the still air is eloquent of other days, and of vicissitude, endurance, and painful thought.

When the times of the Commonwealth were ended, and Charles the Second had been restored, he betrayed the Presbyterians, without whose trust in him and assistance, he could never have got seated on the throne of England. And the liberty of conscience, which they were to have been allowed, was scornfully denied them. By the Act of Uniformity, it was commanded that the Book of Common Prayer should exclusively be used in every church, and that before the Feast of St. Bartholomew, in the year 1662, every parson, vicar, or other minister, should before his congregation, say these words, "I do here declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book, entitled 'The Book of Common Prayer.'"

Be it remembered that these Presbyterians were not opposed to liturgical services. But they were opposed to having a liturgy exclude free prayer. And generally perhaps, they would have accepted the Book of Common Prayer, if some liberty had been allowed them, as to its use, and if it had not been intended as an extinguisher of free thought. All and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer! Really there is a vast theological library in it. Think of the controversies almost innumerable, which are connected with one page and another, and one phrase and another in the book! Think of the hundreds of volumes, from which the Thirty-nine Articles alone have been distilled! And yet on a sudden notice, a public profession of assent and consent was commanded for men, who had been believing themselves to be ministers of Christ, and not merely clerical servants of the State.

And two thousand clergymen were deprived of their livings and ejected from their pulpits, because of their having been unable to strain their consciences, like kings of the Stuart

time. Subsequently and rapidly, they were made the victims of other persecuting laws. They were forbidden to teach school or to have boys as boarders, or to approach within five miles of the places whence they had been ejected as clergymen, or except while journeying to be seen within five miles of any city, or any town corporate, or any borough represented in Parliament. And in 1664, by what was called the Conventicle Act, it was enacted that every person, above sixteen years of age should be liable to fine and imprisonment, who should be present at any religious service, in a house, where, besides the household, more than five other persons should be met together for worship, otherwise than according to the Liturgy or Practice of the Church of England. Under this act by a single Justice of the Peace, without a jury, and by the oath of one informant, offenders might be sentenced "to be banished to some of the American plantations for seven years, or pay one hundred pounds, excepting New England and Virginia; and in case they return, or make their escape, such persons are to be adjudged felons, and suffer death without benefit of clergy."

Says the historian, "Before the Conventicle Act took place the people were courageous, and exhorted their ministers to preach till they went to prison: but when it came home to themselves, and they had been once in jail, they began to be more cautious, and consulted among themselves, how to avoid the edge of the law, in the best manner they could: for this purpose, their assemblies were frequently held at midnight, and in the most private places." The preceding quotations are from the first edition of Neal's History of the Puritans, and from a copy enriched by his autograph, and by the handwriting of two other eminent non-conformists, to whom respectively the volumes once belonged.

The Church of St Mary, at the top of the hill in Kidderminster, is a grand, ancient edifice: but after Richard Baxter was ejected from it, by the Act of Uniformity, and had been banished from the town by the Five-Mile Act, he never saw either the church or the town again. He had created almost a township of saints, but he had to know that through the

interference of the law, no other persons could be magistrates there, or preachers, or even schoolmasters, but such probably, as would hold him in derision. The bishopric of Hereford had been offered to him, by the Government of Charles the Second: yet by that same Government, subsequently he was forbidden even to pray amidst his own family, and even in his own house, if there should happen to be more than five strangers present. His wife, Mary Challoner that was, out of her zeal and at her own cost, built a meeting-house in London, but Baxter never preached in it but once.

The hardship of some fresh law started against him — a summons into court, at the instance of some spy or informer — threats and abuse from some time-serving judge — alarms as to the safety of one friend and another, all over the country — and grief for the misery unending of which a false king had been the commencement, — these were the frequent experiences with which wore away the long old age of him that wrote "The Saints' Rest."

Baxter lived however to see the end of the Stuart kings, the arrival of William and Mary from Holland as sovereigns, and the beginning of brighter days. During twenty or thirty years of such discipline, as is indicated above, the Presbyterians expiated what bigotry they might themselves have been guilty of, in the times of the Commonwealth, and grew more fully into the same mind with Baxter. And at last, when they were free to worship in public, and to build themselves meeting-houses, they wished for neither Presbytery nor creed. But the name of Presbyterian continued to be dear to them, because of what had been borne for it. And contrary to the practice of other sects, they commonly defined in their trust-deeds, the purpose of their chapels, in the most liberal manner, simply as being for the worship of Almighty God, or for the uses of a Christian society, or for persons not prohibited by law from using liberty of conscience. And this they did, while yet they were Trinitarian as to theology.

What noble men these were that emerged from the furnace of affliction so calmly! What heroic lives, they must have been living, who had been filling with forethought for the Church, while themselves under persecution!

Seventy years earlier than their period was the sailing of the *Mayflower*, of which Daniel Neal has given an account; though the name of the vessel he seems not to have known of. That ship went forth from Delft-haven, escorted by a grand destiny, of which there would seem to have been some sense, at its sailing. The words of Mr. John Robinson of Leyden, to his parishioners, at parting from them, are like the comforting speech of a man, whose eyes were looking into a distant glorious future. Before God and his blessed angels, he charged his friends, "If God reveal anything to you, by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it, as ever you was to receive any truth by my ministry: for I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy Word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the Instruments of their Reformation." As fully persuaded in his own mind, as St. Paul would have had him be, and actually a Confessor for the truth, while he was speaking, he could yet say, from that purity of intellect, which almost answers for prophecy, "It is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such Antichristian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once." Seventy years from the utterance of these memorable words, the spirit of them, was the life of a new people in England, just escaped from under the hand of oppression. And it was in faith like this as to Christ, and the use of Christian liberty, that the Presbyterians laid the foundations of their Church. It was however no other foundation than what had already and anciently been laid, and been sanctioned by the apostle to the Gentiles.

While these years were passing, the thinkers thought more and more, and became more and more persuaded of the impropriety of the use of creeds in the Church. And they came to feel very strongly about the unity of the spirit, as being something more real than the temporary agreement of individual intellects. And so, when with more peaceful times, it was proposed that there should be a union between them,

and another body of similar opinions, theologically, the junction was found to be impossible, because these Presbyterians were unwilling to subscribe to a creed, of which indeed they believed all the articles, because they held that subscription to what was beyond the Bible, and additional to it, was actually derogatory to the Scripture itself.

Within fifty years after this decision of theirs, these lovers of religious liberty found themselves to be confronted on their Unitarian tendencies, by a penal enactment as to the doctrine of the Trinity. By that law, to impugn the doctrine of the Trinity, was punishable, as a first offence, by a fine and imprisonment, and as a third offence by the confiscation of all the property of the offender and by imprisonment for life. Milton would probably have been a victim to this law, but that he kept secret his *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, which was published for the first time, about forty years ago. The *Last Thoughts, or The Trinity*, by Isaac Watts, would have exposed him to prosecution, if they had been printed in his lifetime. And both Locke and Newton were amenable to this persecuting law, if there had been persons willing to enforce it against them. This law was repealed only as late as the year 1813. And thus because persecuting laws were leveled against them, in so many ways, necessarily as time wore along, these English Presbyterians seemed to be more and more, a secluded, peculiar people. And generally, only those of them held together who were strongly persuaded.

These men were the pioneers of free thought, in England, religiously. And as against "Church and State," the front which they showed for a hundred years, was wonderful.

A hundred years ago, before theological change had begun with them markedly, they had become a sifted, elect body. And while they were becoming Unitarian, they seemed to the general gaze of England, to be growing more and more singular, eccentric, and unaccountable.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution, very commonly these people showed themselves to be in sympathy with it, and thereby got themselves separated still more widely from the great body of their countrymen. And the same result

happened for them, with other great causes, which they espoused, and which even issued fortunately.

The Presbyterians were staunch supporters of the House of Hanover. The last irruption of the Scotch into England, on behalf of the Stuarts and the Pretender, was in the year 1747. And a battle was fought at Prestonpans, near the place, which has been referred to. At this battle, the Presbyterians of the neighborhood did good service. And there is a Presbyterian chapel at Chowbent, which boasts of a bell that was given by the king, in recognition of the manner, in which the minister led the men of his congregation into the fight. About that battle, in which the Scotch rebels were defeated, the writer hereof, once talked with a man, who witnessed it. He was a man of one hundred and twelve years of age. And with his failing memory, one of the main points, by which he recollected himself, was that always he had been a Presbyterian.

These good old Presbyterians, just as they were becoming Unitarians, found themselves in front of the doctrine of necessity, which they generally took, as Coleridge did, for high noonday light. But some of them, soon began to shiver in it, and got away from it, into the warmth of Methodist chapels, and the cool comfort of the Church, as established by law.

But meantime what was left of the old Presbyterian body, became through trial and elimination, more and more a party of reformation and public spirit. And thus in many towns, where there are Unitarian places of worship, it is to be found, that the descendants of the old Presbyterians, in proportion to their numbers, have achieved five times, ten times or twenty times as much public trust and work, as any other religious body.

And thus also it has happened, that while a few Unitarians in a town, might direct its policy, hardly anybody would be willing to look in at their meeting-house, to know of their way of worship.

As might be expected, in such circumstances, the Unitarians in England, of to-day, are the descendants of liberal

forefathers, reaching up by descent, often to the times of the Commonwealth.

It should be remembered, however, that up to the year 1828, no person attending a Unitarian chapel, could be a sheriff, or a magistrate, or an officer in the army, or a mayor, or alderman, or a custom-house officer, or even be a constable. Because, for induction into all offices held under the government, the first step was for a man to take the sacrament, in some Church of the Establishment, and demand from the clergyman, a certificate of his having been a communicant. Nor as late even as the year 1830, could a marriage be celebrated in a Presbyterian chapel in England, nor by anybody else than a clergyman of the Establishment with the Book of Common Prayer. This however was an indignity, to which the people of Ireland and Scotland were not subjected.

Nor yet, at a Presbyterian place of worship, within the last ten years could a youth have been an attendant, and have had his pecuniary rights as to the University at Oxford, without a violation of his conscience. For, anywhere in England, at that time, where there was an Oxford scholarship belonging to a county, a township, or a family, a young man might deserve, and earn, and even be offered it, and yet be unable to avail himself of it, unless he were willing to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, of the Church of England, in a book, to be produced for him by the vice-chancellor, on his offering himself, for matriculation. By the small body of English Presbyterians, during its existence, there must have been made by one member and another, and in one place or other, sacrifices for conscience' sake, enough almost for an army of Confessors.

Coleridge, the poet, once thought that he was a Unitarian, and actually preached to Unitarian and Presbyterian congregations for a while. And in connection with what has preceded, it is curious to know that he published, that what first made him doubt about Unitarianism, was finding that its professors were devoid of imagination, which he regarded as a faculty higher than reason. Though yet, an impartial person might have told him, that the half of a good head might be better, in a way, than the whole of a poor one.



However it is a fact, that Coleridge never wrote so grandly as while he was a Unitarian, and a necessarian also. The following lines may be regarded, monumentally, as the height of his genius. They are from his "Religious Musings on Christmas Eve, 1794." Joseph Priestley had just found refuge in Philadelphia, after having had his house and library, and the meeting-house of which he was the minister at Birmingham, burned by a mob, who destroyed also other chapels and houses, belonging to Unitarian-Presbyterians. From that enraptured foresight of his, it was thus that Coleridge wrote —

"While as the Thousand Years  
Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts !  
Old ocean claps his hands ! the mighty Dead  
Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time  
With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan,  
Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump  
The high groves of the renovated Earth  
Unbosom their glad echoes ; inly hushed  
Adoring Newton his serener eye  
Raises to heaven ; and he of mortal kind  
Wisest, he first who marked the ideal tribes  
Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain,  
Lo ! Priestley there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage !  
Him, full of years, from his lov'd native land  
Statesmen blood-stained and priests idolatrous,  
By dark lies maddening the vain multitude  
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retir'd,  
And mus'd expectant on these promised years."

How much depends on the way, in which a thing is thought of ! Necessarianism has been ridiculed in many ways. But yet how sweet, and rapturous, and prophetic almost is this statement of it !

"Believe thou, O my soul,  
Life is a vision shadowy of truth ;  
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,  
Shapes of a dream ! The veiling clouds retire,  
And lo ! the Throne of the redeeming God  
Forth flashing unimaginable day,  
Wraps in one blaze, earth, heaven, and deepest hell."

But really to the attendant on public worship, at such a

chapel as has been described above, what could Coleridge have been or seemed as a preacher? As it happens, he has left an amusing account of the manner in which he was regarded by a Presbyterian gentleman in Lancashire, living within a few miles of the chapel, of which an account has just been given. Through the Unitarians, at the end of the last century, Coleridge, as it seems now, must have swept like a comet. But yet he was, afterwards, never so much at home, as he was while amongst them, nor did he ever write so well. By metaphysics, if the Unitarians of his youth, were blinded and bewildered, so too was he in his old age, as a Trinitarian, as many people think. But after all, what tender truthful words, those are, in which, towards the end of his life, Coleridge tells of his state of mind, while he was preaching Unitarianism, as he thought!

He felt himself as though repulsed by the Unitarians, because of their inability to sympathize with those thoughts, which gain support and glory from the imaginative faculty. But truly, when he said anything like that, he must have forgotten himself for a moment. For, in all time past, never did an angel on a visit ask for a welcome. And certainly, never should a teacher bemoan himself as wanting a certificate from his scholars, any more than a prophet should ever have wished for praise, in the discharge of his office, as a messenger from the Lord to sinners. But indeed, what would Coleridge have been, or what ought he to have been contented to be, in the churches of the Establishment, at a time when John Wesley was treated as he was, notwithstanding his having been a graduate of Oxford University, and a clergyman episcopally ordained? Coleridge really owed more to the Unitarians, than perhaps, in a sectarian way, he ever did, even to the Established Church. For to them, he owed the friendship of the Wedgewoods, and also those forms of thought, which were the channels, through which his highest inspiration reached him.

Seventy years ago, preaching among the Unitarians, Coleridge may have felt himself chilled. But except among the Methodists, who might have appreciated him in a dim fashion,

there was not a religious body, who could have welcomed him, as a preacher. With his present reputation, if such a thing were possible, he might come back and preach acceptably, but as a mere unknown stripling, what chance would he have even to-day, in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, or on any other high place, were he to discourse in the vein of his Religious Musings on —

“Such delights

As float to earth, permitted visitants !  
 When in some hour of solemn jubilee,  
 The massy gates of Paradise are thrown  
 Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild  
 Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,  
 And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,  
 And they, that from the crystal river of life  
 Spring up, on freshened wing, ambrosial gales !  
 The favor'd good man in his lonely walk  
 Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks  
 Strange bliss, which he shall recognize in heaven.”

No ! if Coleridge had had more patience, the Unitarians might have become much the better, for him, without his perhaps having been made any the worse by them. But courses will have their way ; and what seed is in the earth, time keeps ripening.

Trinitarian and Unitarian — for persons, both able and willing, that controversy, as a textual argument, may now be regarded, almost, as concluded, for the present. And certainly, because of the new light, which there now is on the Scriptures, it is not what it was, when it began, and never can be again. For there is not even an intelligent Athanasian but must feel at a scientific meeting, that his creed would sound strangely, and for significance be altogether abated by what to-day is the grand question between the world and the church of Christ, and which is as to whether we human beings are subjects of merely the laws of nature, or are creatures of the Spirit. And on this subject, if Coleridge had been living, he would have had something like some “word of the Lord” to say.

The descendants of the English Presbyterians may be nu-

merically few ; but they have always been socially strong. In 1844, a fanatical attempt was made to dispossess them of nearly all their chapels, by reviving and enforcing the effects of an old persecuting law. The Government of the day intervened with a Bill in their favor, in Parliament. In support of that Bill, four or five hundred petitions were presented to Parliament, and against it many thousands. Indeed against these descendants of the English Presbyterians, on account of their Unitarianism, a larger number of petitions was presented in Parliament, than had ever been before, on any subject, even on that of the Corn-Laws. But yet the Bill was carried, and in the House of Commons, by a majority almost of three to one, and by a weight of victorious argument that was unparalleled, as was remarked by Sir Robert Peel and also by Lord John Russell.

A gentleman of the neighborhood of Boston, eminent for scholarship and wit, and with a reputation as great among the best judges in Europe, as what he had in America, used to tell a humorous tale of what befell him in London, within the last twenty years. He had just crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and found himself in London, with a desire to worship, not so much as an antiquarian in Westminster Abbey, as a fellow-believer along with brethren of his own particular "household of faith." And his wish was to find a certain meeting-house, in London. It was a chapel, which had, for one of its founders, John Adams, while he was the first Minister of the United States, at the Court of St. James. And Mr. Adams, while aiding in the formation of the first Unitarian Congregation in London, had the assistance of Benjamin Franklin. Our American friend knew, by Temple Bar, that he was very near to the edifice, which he was seeking. But in that region, what once were dwelling-houses, are now warehouses and shops. And so on a Sunday morning, there are not many foot-passengers to be encountered just thereabouts. But exactly when our friend was feeling himself to be lost, he saw an elderly lady approaching him, arrayed in English wealth, more than in French taste, and attended by a footman in livery, bearing a book of prayers, splendidly bound. Our

friend was a man of winning address, and in his most courteous manner, he asked, if he might be told, where was the Unitarian church. "Unitarian!" screamed the lady, as she recoiled and drew herself up, "Sir, I am a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ." And so she swept on, and past him, in offended majesty. Ready wit, as he was, he was so confounded, that the richly dressed lady got away, without a retort. But as he said afterwards, "I never knew till then, what it was to be a Unitarian in Europe." However, the fierceness of the lady's speech was not all her own, probably, but derived from the past, and some of it perhaps even from the times of the Commonwealth, when Presbyterian and Royalist were opposite terms.

There are descendants of Oliver Cromwell among the English Presbyterians to-day; and so there are also of the family of Robert Blake, the great admiral of the commonwealth, and so too there are representatives of other names, which were known during the civil war, and during the troubles which began with the falsehood and treachery of King Charles the Second. And the last surviving daughter of Milton is to be known of now, simply as having been a worshiper in a Puritan meeting-house. And thirty years ago, a representative of Hampden was working on the same side, ecclesiastically, as that on which his great ancestor stood, when he was killed.

From political and other causes, the Presbyterians became, to a great extent, religiously dissociated from their neighbors. Though they have always been competent to good service, theologically, and been ready with it. This indeed is evident by the names of Edmund Calamy, Duchal, Viscount Barrington, Lord King, and Nathaniel Lardner, and by many others like John Taylor of Norwich, Simpson, Enfield, Hugh Farmer, John Jones, Lant Carpenter, Charles Wellbeloved, and John James Tayler.

For what thought merely is contained in the volume, "Ecce Homo," is precisely such a book as might have been written forty years ago, by any one of many Presbyterian or Unitarian ministers. And in the volume called "Essays and Reviews,"

what is best is what was never first thought of in Oxford. Doctor Parr used to take up into the pulpit, in his church at Hatton, the sermons of Abraham Rees, a Presbyterian divine of his own age, and tell his congregation that he was going to read, for their edification, what was better for them than his own discourses. Not as directly, perhaps, as in this instance, but just as certainly does English Presbyterianism get itself preached from scores of pulpits in the Established Church. And thus it may happen that a clergyman may be rewarded by dignities and wealth, whose peculiarity may be simply that being a Presbyterian as to intellect, he has yet felt himself free to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and thereby to qualify himself for an ecclesiastical career.

If Presbyterian chapels, in some places, should seem to curious visitors, as sometimes they have seemed to Americans, to be like what has been described above, then it should be remembered that perhaps they are intelligible only to the initiated. The Quakers know how to worship and profit withal, merely with sitting still. And it may be that English Presbyterians have learned how to be very earnest, through forms of thought and utterance, which would not answer, at all, for other people. Perhaps too they are more careful as to doctrine than familiar with the Spirit, and more guarded as to speech than fervent in spirit. And perhaps Mr. Samuel Butler, were he still living, might think that there was still discernible a little something in excess of what in "Hudibras" he charged upon their forefathers, —

"A godly, thorough Reformation,  
Which always must be carried on,  
And still be doing, never done :  
As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended."

In England, there is a bulbous plant, which, as country people think, sinks into the ground every year, deeper and deeper, till it loses itself. And it is the besetting danger of religious bodies, that they may die and be buried, through the very manner in which at first they take root.

There cannot be too much criticism, if other things are in proportion. But it is not being religious, to be theological explorers. Nor is the Christian Church what a man can learn about, merely by searching among its foundations. For, indeed a church, even though it be St. Peter's at Rome, is but a superior hovel, except as it facilitates communion with that Spirit, which certainly waits on us all; but which yet for inscrutableness, is as when "the wind bloweth where it listeth."

A nobler lineage than that of the English Presbyterians, no body of men has ever had. Of the leaders of the people in England, during the present century, a wonderful number have been by blood or education, or both, "Presbyterian true blue." And many of the reforms which have been of late, and which are now coming so fast, are but the slow triumph of the spirit of Baxter, Bates and Howe.

It was through the Presbyterians, that in England the Unitarian controversy was started; and through them chiefly it has been maintained. Already, that controversy has largely answered its purpose, as is evident from the altered tone of anything worthy of the name of theology, which has latterly appeared. And indeed almost always, the better purpose of a controversy is answered, as soon as ever men of character and learning have been thereby introduced to one another, and enabled to understand one another; because as to the decision of a theological argument, whole multitudes of ordinary thinkers do not count ultimately for as much as even one philosopher. For this reason, such works as those of Priestley and Belsham have largely lost their interest for the grandchildren both of those, who welcomed them at first, and of those also, who recoiled from them.

Also, the textual controversy as to the doctrine of the trinity, if not exactly antiquated for those persons who are both free to think and also able, is yet surpassed as to interest, by the grand discussions, which have now fairly begun as to the Holy Spirit, and the personality of the Godhead, and the nature of the soul, and the certainty of a life hereafter. But now will the descendants of the old Presbyterians

answer, in their position, to the altering state of things ; or will they think it enough, in the world, to perpetuate an attitude, which does not strike people as being new, or very promising ? There is that belonging to them, by history and spirit, through which they ought to be fitted, at no distant time to accomplish, amidst the hallelujahs of awakening multitudes, a work that shall be in keeping with the life and best spirit of Baxter.

As a church, they have, mostly, run through those controversies, which are like diseases, that must be had at some time, and by which nearly every other denomination is disquieted and secretly enfeebled. They have been inured to freedom of thought. And of the letter of the Scriptures, they know as much as other sects, and perhaps more. It is true, that the Presbyterians were once led by Dr. Priestley ; but they have had other leaders since his day. And always there has been on them an influence from the spirit of the past, and the traditions of their fathers. And thus it would seem, by their history, as though they may have been brought to where, with eyes to see, they ought to see the Church of the Future, as soon as ever it shall begin to disclose its spiritual walls, and to have open those wonderful doors, in at which will enter every kindred and nation and tongue, to worship God who is Spirit, in spirit and in truth.

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“It was a good saying of Mr. Bradford, that famous martyr of Christ Jesus, that a man should not go to the university of predestination until he were well grounded in the grammar school of obedience and repentance. And most true it is, that we are not to consult with God’s secret decrees, but with his revealed word. Secret things belong to the Lord our God, but revealed things to us and our children forever (Deut. xxix. 29). We are not to look to the decrees of God, and upon them ; either do, or not do, our duty : but we are to look to his revealed will, which bids us to be conversant in holy duties of religion and godliness. We are not to search the secret records of heaven, but the revealed will of God, which is able to make us wise to salvation.” — *John Spencer.*



## CHRIST IN THE FAMILY.

A SERMON. BY A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

There they made him a supper, and Martha served ; but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him. — *John xii. 2.*

OUR Saviour had come towards Jerusalem to die. On the morrow he was to make that meekly triumphant entrance into the city whose hosannas were so soon to be changed into execrations. He loved this family at Bethany, and they deemed no privilege so great as that of preparing his welcome. And how full of tenderness and gratitude must have been the welcome now, with the echo of that awakening voice still pulsing on the inward ear, — with the recent remembrance of the funeral wail merged in solemn praise, as he who was dead came forth alive ! Mark the group. There is the assiduous Martha, deeming her care and painstaking hallowed by the sacred presence. There is the new-born from the sepulchre, looking again into those eyes which had poured life-beams into his own. There is the gentle, loving Mary, drinking in the divine words that are her portion and her joy, and meditating the costly tribute for her wayworn guest, to be furnished by the very unguents that had remained over from the rites of sorrowing love for her brother.

The scene suggests Christ in the family, — Christ the welcome guest in the home-circle. I propose to speak of our need of Christ in the family.

1. We need him, first, in the sacred trust committed to us of one another's happiness. It is impossible to over-estimate the proportion of our happiness derived from domestic relations, as compared with that which comes from all other earthly sources united, or the degree to which causes of domestic disquiet can neutralize prosperity, honor, and every external object of desire. In our out-of-door life, many of us are able to case ourself in an armor of determined purpose, resolute endeavor, and strenuous industry, which is proof against

petty annoyances. But at home this armor is thrown aside ; the whole nervous tissue of the soul, the minute network of sentiment and feeling, is laid bare ; every shrinking fibre of sensibility is exposed without protection, and the slightest puncture may produce untold agony. Or, to vary the figure, these complex, many-stringed lyres of mind and soul, sense and feeling, may, out-of-doors, be tuned ajar, and their discord shall be lost in the wind, or merged in the tumultuous noises of the busy world ; but, within close walls, every discordant note falls with painful stroke upon the ear, and its harsh echo vibrates for hours, and gathers strength from reverberation.

To preserve the home-harmony, we need more than the general goodness, the cardinal virtues, enforced by the natural conscience and by public opinion. We need that Christ attune each throbbing string of each living lyre. The evangelic virtues are precisely those which alone can make a happy family. There must be, not pride, but that modest and lowly self-estimate which shall concede his due and more to every member of the circle ; not self-aggression, and obstinate adherence to one's own preference in things indifferent, but a mutual yielding, "in honor preferring one another ;" not the captious spirit, on the watch for causes of offence, but the heart slow of suspicion, and incapable of imagining slight or wrong where none is intended ; not quick resentment, but forbearance and long-suffering, in the consciousness, that, in the alternations of temper and feeling to which we all are subject, each may claim to-morrow the kind construction that is demanded of him to-day ; not the rough, curt answer, the abrupt utterance, the ungentle mien, but the meekness and courtesy, not to be simulated, which are the spontaneous, everyday garb of a truly Christ-like soul ; not the selfish indolence, good-natured though it be, which lets itself be quietly ministered to, and takes, as its own right, the sunny side, the place of privilege, the Benjamin's portion, but the spirit of willing and cheerful service, which claims its unstinted share in the division of every common burden, and which never forgets that the Lord of men and of angels came to minister, not to be ministered unto, and pronounced him

the greatest who makes himself the least, and the servant of all.

We all know that these are the elements of domestic peace and happiness. We, who trust that we have learned enough of Christ to be saved from gross sins and great transgressions, have, most of us, been oftener called to penitence and self-humiliation for offences under these heads than for all things else. Now I know not how we are to overcome these infirmities of temper, these easily besetting sins, except as we emulate this beloved family of Bethany, — like Martha, serve Christ in the routine of domestic care and duty ; like Mary, have our chosen place at his feet, and under the word-fall of his precepts ; like Lazarus, have him at our side when we sit at table. We need to contemplate his meek and gentle spirit, his kind and courteous mien, his self-sacrifice, his constant thought and care for those around him, his genial sympathy alike with joy and with grief, till our souls receive the image we behold, and the loving Christ be fully formed within us. Thus, and thus only, can the earthly family grow into the similitude of the heavenly, and the union here be prophetic of that which shall make us one in the Father's house on high.

2. We need Christ with us in our homes, when we consider our mutual influence in the formation of character. Talk as we may of our separate individualities, we cannot so fence them in that they shall not be affected by their surroundings and associations. There is perpetual action and re-action, the parent upon the child, the child hardly less upon the parent, each brother and sister upon every other of the little flock.

Parents, your precepts have little power, unseconded by example. Your children will be, not what you teach, but what you are. The tone of frankness, sincerity, meekness, kindness, which you give to your whole domestic intercourse, will shape their characters ; and the faults, which with you are home-faults, may in them grow into exaggerated forms in a larger sphere. The petty shams and falsities, the concealments and equivocations in paltry matters, which you may practice with no compunction, may destroy in them all rever-

ence for truth and right, and the flagrant guilt of their maturer years may be but the natural outgrowth of what your sluggish conscience refused to account as sin. Your petulance or violence, your selfishness or penuriousness, shielded from the world's eye, yet unrestrained where unseen, may in them gain so early and vigorous a growth as to strangle every germ of better feeling or higher principle.

Not only the parents, but every member of the circle that has arrived at self-determining years, may, by follies, faults, or sins, regarded at first with leniency, then with indulgence, too often at length with complacency, make inroads on the characters even of his parents and elders; so that he who is at first constrained, in agony of spirit, to suffer the presence of moral evil in his household, becomes more and more, in heart, if not in act, an accomplice in it and a partaker of it.

On the other hand, there is no benign influence that can bear comparison with the power of a good life,—the radiation of a Christ-like spirit. Like the light of mid-day, it pervades the whole house, and you cannot shut it out. Without ostentation, seen; without profession, felt; veiled, it may be, in profound humility, yet making the thickest veil transparent,—it transfuses itself into the common life of the family, and all beneath the roof imbibe its blessing. *All*, I say; for, if there are those whom it fails to inspire with the love of goodness, it at least, by the example of goodness, preserves their consciences from utter torpor, keeps them aware of what they ought to be, and therefore gives added hope of their return to a right mind.

Thus the life consecrated to duty, filled with meekness and love, true and pure, reverent and devout, is the one mode above all others in which we may minister to the growth of character among those dearest to us, and may neutralize for them the power of evil influence. Without this, holy precept, sanctimonious conversation, the set parade and form of piety, nay, even the most sacred exercises of domestic devotion, will do positive harm; for to impressible minds and ductile characters they will be sure to connect with religious words

and forms all the repulsive associations which can grow from bad tempers, selfish habits, and careless lives.

I would urge, with profound emphasis, the establishment of the family altar in every household, not only for its appropriateness and its intrinsic signification, but even more for its power over character. He who officiates as priest in the daily oblation of praise and prayer cannot but feel constraining motives to cultivate a priestly spirit and to lead a priestly life. The holy names which he takes upon his lips in the morning must remain near his thought through the day; and, unless his conscience be utterly dead, he will not, cannot so live that his prayer shall be an abomination, and the lifting-up of his hands to God profaneness and blasphemy. If he lead his family in devotion, he must seek to be their exemplar in duty, and to diffuse among them in daily life the blessedness he invokes for them in his prayer.

The intense importance of this mutual home influence of which I am speaking will appear, when we consider one obvious reason why character should have a more rapid growth in the family than elsewhere. It is this: our more passive hours are spent at home. By *passive* we denote the state in which we are open to impressions from without, — in which we make no resistance of the will to exterior influences, and take in, without questioning, whatever thoughts or sentiments crave admission. Then, from the treasury of the heart thus filled, we often know not how, the words of our lips and the motives of our active hours are drawn. Now this passive, impressible, recipient life, we in the family are constantly feeding, each in every other. By means of it, each, with rare exceptions, will in some respects grow into the aggregate or average moral tone and feeling of all; and while a more commanding position, superior age, or greater strength of intellect, will make a deeper impression, and impart more of itself, there is not one of the circle who does not furnish his own contribution for good or evil to the collective character, and to each individual disposition, habit of speech, and manner of life.

Thus, if in the great world, immeasurably more in our own households, are we set for the fall or the rising of those

around us ; and thus is commended to us, by every law of love, the sentiment of our Saviour, " For their sakes I sanctify myself." For this inevitable influence we can be furnished only by Christ as an always welcome guest. We need to breathe in his spirit of submission and trust, of obedience and love, to mark his unintermitted fidelity, to follow him on his round of self-denying service, to stand in adoring faith by his cross, and to catch the rays of his countenance, till they are phototyped on our hearts, to be outrayed spontaneously in that daily intercourse, in which we may stamp the same divine impress on the souls which the Lord has " bound in the bundle of life " with our own.

3. We need Jesus in the family in our seasons of trial, grief, and desolation. How many are the times when our love is helpless and hopeless ; when calamities which we cannot avert hang over our circle ; when the heart sinks under the shadow of impending or the dense gloom of experienced bereavement ; when we are made to feel how truly we dwell in houses of clay and have our tabernacle in the dust ! At such seasons, past prosperity, the continued affluence of earthly resources, the crowding around us of objects that we can no longer enjoy, only enhances our misery. Our sole resource is the compassion, the love, the promises of him to whom the sisters of Bethany resorted in their need. We crave his assurance of the Father's unchanging mercy and unslumbering providence, his tender sympathy with our fear and grief, his words of eternal life, the vision of his risen form as he comes forth from the sepulchre. And if he be with us, there is no fear, no agonizing doubt, no rayless despondency. We can commend the uncertain future to the love which cannot be withdrawn. We can yield up the departing spirit to the sure mercy of the risen Redeemer. We can trace the way of those whom the Lord loves, when, no longer seen by mortal eye, they pass from the outer court to the holy of holies, from the lower to the higher apartments of the universal house of God.

Touchingly beautiful and suggestive was the conduct of Martha and Mary in their season of trial and sorrow. Jesus had been their guest (Oh, let him be ours !) in the days of

health and hope, and had endeared himself to them by his genial sympathy with their domestic cares and joys ; and no sooner is their dear brother in peril, than they feel that they cannot keep the weary watch without him. They send the message, "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." The dreaded close comes before he arrives, and the staff and joy of their little household is laid in the tomb. But, when he arrives, light breaks in upon their gloom. "Lord, if thou hadst been here," says Martha, "my brother had not died ;" and then, with the assurance that it is not too great a boon for him to bestow, and with the trembling hope that it may not be too much for them to receive, she adds, "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Such, Christian friends, have been the outgoings of your souls to your Saviour, when the lives of those dear both to him and to you have flickered, have hung in suspense over the verge of death, have passed away. Your consolation has flowed from the felt presence of your Redeemer. You have poured, as into the ear of an ever-loving friend, your fears and your longings ; and when there was no longer the trembling hope that had its hold on earth, your hope has taken the wings of faith, your fervent thanks have gone up to Christ, "the Resurrection and the Life," and the assurance, "He shall rise again," has been as clear and strong as if the words had floated down to you from the parted heavens.

4. Finally, we need Christ with us in the family, most of all, when we remember that, in an earthly sense, our domestic ties are as frail as they are strong ; that, with undying love, there must be parting upon parting, till not one of the circle shall remain to chronicle the movements of the death-angel ; that in a few years the places that know us now will retain barely and scarcely the vague memory of our names. Only the family with which Christ is a welcome guest and a familiar friend can feel that its union is beyond the touch of death. Only as we are one in him can we be assured that we are one forever. Only he, who gave Lazarus to his sisters, can give us to one another, where there shall be no death and no parting. How unspeakably blessed is it to feel

that those whom God has joined death shall not keep asunder ; to know that with these bonds of blood and birth, which, sacred as they are, are in their very source and nature perishable, are intertwined amaranthine heart-bonds of spiritual kindred, — that we are one in Christ, in whom the dead live, and in whom the divided and bereaved family, trusting together in his redemption, shall be united in angel worship and immortal love !

“Above the gloomy grave our hope ascends,  
 E'en as the moon above the silent mountains.  
 These partings are re-unions in the skies.  
 To that great company of holy ones  
 They go ; and we, my friends, how soon shall follow !  
 Through all our stubborn fears and craggy doubts  
 Are Christ-worn paths that lead into the future,  
 Well beaten by the stress of pious feet.  
 Let not our hearts be troubled : Christ has gone  
 Before ; whither we know, the way we know.”

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“ELRIDUS PRISCUS, being commanded by Vespasian either not to come into the senate, or, being there, to speak nothing but what he directed, made answer, that, being a senator, it was fit he should go into the senate, and, being there, it was his duty to speak in his conscience what he thought to be true ; and then, being threatened if he did so he should die, further added, that he never as yet told him that he was immortal ; and, therefore, said he, do what you will, I will do what I ought ; and as it is in your power to put me unjustly to death, so it is in my power to die resolvedly for the truth. Here now was a brave-spirited heathen, fit for Christian imitation ; for he can never be a faithful man that is afraid to speak his mind. Men of public employment for the people's good must and ought to stand up for the truth, to be men of courage, men of resolution, not fearing the frowns of any whatsoever ; not echoing out the dictates of others, but freely speaking their own thoughts without any fear at all.” — *John Spencer.*



## UNITARIANS IN THE PILLORY.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY, a name everywhere mentioned with mingled reverence and love, has written "Recollections of the Antislavery Conflict,"\* in which the pioneers in this great reform are justly and largely commemorated. Many of these recollections were published in the "Christian Register," and are therefore familiar to most of our readers. Our attention is called especially to the chapter on Unitarians; the "discreditable account," as Mr. May calls it, of the proslavery conduct of the denomination. He singles out eight names of Unitarian ministers from among the dead, and about forty from among the living, who did service in the conflict. "I may have forgotten some," he says, "whose names should stand on this honored list. I have mentioned all whose services I remember to have witnessed or to have heard of. How small a portion of the whole number of our ministers during the last forty years!" Our brother May thus gives his readers to understand that the remaining three hundred ministers, which make up the body of Unitarian clergymen, belong, in the main, to the discreditable proslavery list; or, if any of them bore their testimony, it was too indistinct to be heard of, or remembered.† And he goes on to charge the Unitarians, "as a body," with the same dereliction of duty. Singu-

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\* Published by Fields, Osgood & Co.

† We give the names of these forty clergyman, the honored exceptions as Mr. May regards them, for we would very gladly help him in commemorating their services. Drs. J. G. Palfrey, W. H. Furness, J. F. Clarke, T. T. Stone, H. W. Briggs, R. P. Stebbins, O. Stearns, and Rev. Messrs. S. May, Jr., W. H. Channing, M. D. Conway, O. B. Frothingham, J. Parkman, Jr., J. T. Sargent, A. A. Livermore, J. L. Russell, J. H. Heywood, T. W. Higginson, R. W. Emerson, S. Johnson, F. Frothingham, W. H. Knapp, R. F. Wallcott, R. Collyer, E. B. Wilson, J. Allen, W. P. Tilden, R. C. Waterston, E. Buckingham, C. Stetson, W. H. Fish, T. J. Mumford, C. C. Sewall, N. Hall, C. G. Ames, C. C. Shackford, F. Tiffany, S. Longfellow, John Weiss, F. W. Holland, R. R. Shippen.

larly enough, when he comes to the proof of his indictment, by citing the votes of the American Unitarian Association, he falls upon strong antislavery resolutions, moved by Hon. Stephen C. Philips, and finally passed by an overwhelming majority of forty to fifteen.

The Fugitive-slave Law was not opposed, Mr. May says, as it should have been, by the Unitarian ministers. Some illustrious names are singled out of those who justified it; and the Unitarians, "as a body," had little heartfelt abhorrence of slavery or the Fugitive-slave Law.

Our own impressions are very different from our brother May's; and our inferences, even from his own statements, the exact opposite of his. The Unitarian Association was never a representative body. Only a fraction of the Unitarian clergy were members of it, and only a very small fraction of the thirty thousand laymen who make up "the Unitarian body." From the nature of the case it would include those of the most conservative leanings; and if this association could pass strong antislavery resolves, by a vote of forty against fifteen, we should infer that the verdict of the denomination itself, could it have been gathered through all the country parishes, would have approached much nearer to unanimity. How is Brother May expected to know what those other three or four hundred Unitarian ministers were preaching to their people, most of them in the quiet country towns, during these years of trial? Of course they did not report to him, but to their parishes; and that most of them reported faithfully and well, we have good reasons for believing.

The writer of this article was not conscious at any time of being distinguished from the majority of his clerical brethren in antislavery proclivities. But he has not the remotest idea of sitting in brother May's pillory. During a ministry of twenty-five years, when slavery was strong and prosperous, in the pulpit and out of it, by preaching and lecture, in published articles, in sermon, and in song, he showed, as he was able, its guilt and tendency, and the duty of resisting its claims; and he believes that there are scores of Unitarian ministers, which would quite outnumber brother May's



list of exceptions, who, in their own way, and in their own sphere, where their influence could be felt, did the same thing.

Old sermons sometimes come into use, and we draw up one from its place of rest, preached the Sunday after the Fugitive-slave Bill was enacted. It bears the heading, "Conscience above Law," and a few extracts will show the spirit and drift of the whole : —

"There are certain duties which man owes to man, under that law which God has written on the tablets of the heart, and which no legislation can annul. The charities and humanities laid upon us by the command of Jesus, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me,' belong to this beautiful code of the moral sentiments. I presume if the State should revive the old Spartan ordinance, that the weak or diseased children of every family should be put to death, a law yet older than Lycurgus would flame up in the heart of every mother and rebel against it. Or suppose it should legalize that ancient custom, by which the aged parent is carried off by the child, and abandoned to die alone. I presume there would be some children in whom the higher law would be unrepealed, and who would bear up the aged father and mother to the end of life's journey more tenderly than Æneas bore his father through the flames of Troy. And so, again, when we snatch the drowning from the wave, when we give an asylum to the oppressed, holding out the cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple, we know that we are obeying the primal dictates of our moral nature ; that to obey the law which annuls them is treason to humanity, and —

'Makes us cringe and temporize and basely stand at rest,  
When Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast.'

"There are, in the State of Massachusetts, scattered through its cities and country towns, some hundreds of men and women who are called fugitive slaves. There is a law against them, authorizing their seizure, and delivery back into bondage ; a bondage to be made, undoubtedly, more black and

hopeless than before. The penalties of this law, which were heavy before, have lately been increased, so that the citizen who aids the escape of the fugitive when arrested, or who harbors or conceals him, knowing him to be such, incurs ruinous fines and imprisonments.

"I do not hesitate to declare, in the name of the Christianity which I believe and preach, that this statute, at least in its present shape, is a violation of the laws of God and the rights of man,—that it attempts to abolish rights and obligations which are the same as before all human legislation. I know all that is said about compromises and compacts and oath of office. Who are we that compromise God's eternal justice? who think we can swear ourselves loose from the primal, everlasting obligations of humanity? The Christian law of human brotherhood, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,—Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,' stands unrepealed, and the gossamer sophistries of the politicians melt away in its effulgence.

"In this fearful conflict of jurisdictions, when the citizen must decide which he will obey, his government or his God, I hold it the duty of the pulpit to meet the case. What then shall we do? Hold up this law in the clear light of gospel truth, and make it as hateful in the sight of men as we believe it to be in the sight of God; and then we will have around us a moral sentiment too hot for the lungs of kidnapers," etc.

Such was the preaching, at intervals, while the law was in operation. Here comes up another sermon, preached nine years after, one or two sentences of which will give the drift of the whole:—

"I have been saying to you just what I said nine years ago, the Sunday after the passage of the infamous Fugitive-slave Bill. In the name of the Christianity which I preach, I denounce it as a violation of the laws of God and the rights of man. The time may come when the sharp remedy of revolution should be applied; but if applied, it should be done openly and honestly, and not covertly and tortuously, and with the pretense of acting under the constitution, when you mean to

break it and destroy it. But the individual, without revolution, has always the right of passive resistance. He can choose between obedience and the consequences of disobedience. These infamous laws, which the Molochs have imposed upon us, I will not resist them by force and bloodshed, *but I will not obey them.*

‘ No, I’ll not do ’t,  
Lest I surcease to honor my own truth,  
And by my body’s action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.’ ”

In June, 1856, was the assault upon our Massachusetts Senator in the Senate chamber. The writer of this article gave notice that he would preach in relation to it, and the Sunday following devoted the whole day in showing the guilt and encroachments of the slave despotism, and the duty of the hour. We will give two extracts from the discourse, partly because they contain prophecies, which were fearfully fulfilled and are fulfilling now, and show how distinctly in those darker days the events of coming time cast their shadows before them.

“ It is not very likely that God will throw away three hundred years of history. It is not likely that a resurgent barbarism will bear us all back to the middle ages. But it comes to that if this encroaching and brutal oligarchy is to be fixed finally upon our necks, and freedom, and light, and education, and thriving industry, and art, and letters, and science, and invention, and Christianity itself, must go down before it, or pale away as the mere fringe on its border. It does not follow, however, because God will save us from that destiny, that he will do it without judgments and calamities. Reform is the work of man when there is virtue enough in a people to yield to that change which is peaceful progress. Revolution is God’s remedy when a people are past reformation and need punishments. It is the cup of the divine anger. National retribution must follow national crime persevered in and unrepented of. And it may be as a reward for all our servility and all our compromises with wrong ; because we have joined hands with oppression ; because we have set the commands

of kidnapers above the laws of Jehovah ; because we have hunted the poor man and the unprotected women through our streets and fields ; because we have removed landmarks, and plundered our neighbor, and imbrued our hands in his blood ; because we have put wicked men into high places to promote selfish interests, sacrificing justice to trade and humanity to commerce, — it may be that for all this Providence is bringing us into a condition from which we shall not emerge without terrible judgments ; that our exodus, —

‘ Like Israel’s of yore,

Through a Red Sea is doomed to be where surges are of gore.’

“ Twenty years ago — yes, ten — the despotism that is submerging us might have been turned back upon itself, if Northern men would have put God-worship before man-worship, humanity above party, and the Bible above the ledger. But every time we have dallied with the slave power we have sown the wind, and it becomes more certain every year that we shall reap the whirlwind.

“ I do not doubt the result. If, in the rhetoric of a distinguished statesman, ‘ the constellation, under which we have arisen to so much glory and renown, should be broken up,’ it would not ‘ sink, star after star, into obscurity and night.’ It would recombine with better affinities, and shine with a sweeter omen on the traveler ; but after how much of fratricide and suffering and hatred and desolation, no tongue can tell.”

The following is the closing page of the discourse : —

“ It is moral opinion, freely uttered, that rules the world. Let it break forth again with its ancient tone, in social life and in public, in the street, in the field, in the shop, in the pulpit, in the forum, in the church, and in the state. And the Northern air would be cleared of the miasma that has loaded it, and become keen and bracing, as when it swept the Mayflower into Plymouth Bay. Servility and venality could not breathe in it and live. Taken once into the lungs of fifteen millions of free people, how long could three hundred and fifty thousand men subsidize them to the propaganda of barbarism ? Is there a conservative man who fears damage to his business or

his investments? Let him watch the steps of revolution and provide against it in time. Is there a man of peace, who dreads the horrors of civil strife? Let him not rest till the cause of strife is removed clean out of the way. Is there a friend of virtue, who would not see it tamed down and blighted, and all majesty and nerve taken out of it? Let him oppose its most pervading and subtle temper. Is there a friend of education, who would see its blessings pervade and elevate the masses? Let him remember that where slavery goes, popular education cannot, either for white men or black. Is there a Christian man, who hears the admonition, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these ye did it not to me'? Let him see in the future the imploring millions, who ask to be saved from being driven by the whip to toil. Is there a friend of law who desires a government of law, and not one of mobs and lynch-fires and daggers and bludgeons? Let him remember that the power which possesses the government with the spirit of ruffianism is the same that spreads ruffianism through the streets, the coffee-houses, the halls of legislation, and lets it run loose in the territories, drunk with whiskey and blood. Is there a laborer, that would not see his calling degraded by a nearer contact with servitude? Is there a woman that regards her sex, and dreads the worst foe to woman's rights and woman's purity? If so, this cause is eminently yours. Every motive that can appeal to us as citizens, as men, and as Christians, urges us to give the old Puritanic sentiment of liberty a new and emphatic utterance. More than this. It urges us to new action; to sink all inferior issues in the one great issue of right against organized wrong. It urges us to put justice above party, and humanity above local politics. It urges every man to stir up in himself and in his neighbor the old pilgrim virtues of allegiance to God and faithfulness to the country. Pray to him for light, and then vote as you pray. What are the worldly interests of to-day, compared with the great interests of religion and humanity, extending over a continent, and sweeping down through all posterity? REVOLUTION OR REFORM! If we will not choose the one, God will leave us to the other. The only

hope left short of revolution is, that there is virtue enough and religion enough, and conscience enough, in the country, to outvote the demonism that controls its organization; that there is so much abhorrence of wrong and love of righteousness, so much detestation of tyranny, and love of liberty and man, so much fear of God, casting out all other fear, so much true love of the country and the whole country, and so much intelligence to see the tremendous issue that impends, as to unite the wise and the good in a common cause against iniquity, and turn its tide. But if not — then I tremble to look upon your children and upon mine! For I know that if we cannot meet this crisis, if we only succeed in staving it off a little longer, it will fall upon them with swiftly accumulating wo!"

This discourse was printed and widely circulated. A second edition was issued at Washington, in cheap form, by the Central Republican Committee, used as a campaign document and scattered by the ten thousand through the Northern and Western States. It may not be strange that brother May never heard of it; but for the same reasons he may never have heard of the utterances of hundreds of other Unitarian ministers against the giant iniquity. He seems to make no account of the fact that the Unitarian churches and societies were comparatively isolated, and did not act "in a body," like other denominations; were especially tender about individual rights, conceding the privilege to each to bear his testimony in his own way, as he believed it would best tell upon the great issue. His own resolutions, which, he says, the Unitarian Association declined passing, might very well have been voted against by the strongest antislavery men of the Unitarian school, because of the personalities interlarded in the preamble. Very good men, whom our brother May "does not remember to have heard of," among the Unitarian clergy, not only spoke but acted. They went forth when the hour of trial came, and in the camp and the hospitals and on the battle-field, periled their lives in the cause of freedom, while the rest of us were giving the cheaper testimony of words. And after all, now that we can look back and trace the course of events, now



that antislavery preaching and talking have become popular, it is more easy to speak with discrimination. It is easy after the seas of blood we have passed through to understand how good and conscientious men, who hated slavery even as brother May did, yet refused to act and speak as he did, in the hope that there would be some way of escape from it without provoking the horrors of civil war. And let us never forget, too, that we who did speak never roused the moral sentiment of the nation up to that pitch which would have given its clear, honest verdict against slavery. All honor to the abolitionists. They did their work well, and let them share in the glory. But they did not abolish slavery. They did their part towards it ; but the greatest glory belongs to those half million practical abolitionists, who demolished it, sword in hand, and without which Mr. Lincoln's proclamation would have been, as he expressed it, like the pope's bull against the comet. There was no time during the war, as we apprehend, when, if it had been put to the popular vote, slavery would not have been saved, if the Union could have been saved with it. But slavery or the Union must go, and the nation finally chose the latter. It was sheer self-defense, and conscience had less to do with it than we are apt to imagine. The instinct of self-preservation had a great deal more. We were cornered up to it by the scourgings of God's awful justice. s.

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HE that intends to speak with any one in a well-fortified castle must come by day, while the draw-bridge is down ; otherwise, being once up, there will be no entrance at all. Thus many a man loseth mercy, as Saul did his kingdom, by not discerning the time : Esau came too late, and the foolish virgins did not lay hold on the first opportunity. He, therefore, that resolves for heaven must in the time of this life make good his passage, strive to enter while the bridge of mercy is let down ; for, if it be once drawn up, there is no by-ward, no loop-hole to creep in at, and that soul must needs then be exposed to the justice of God, whose mercy hath shut up her tender bowels of compassion. — *John Spencer.*

ON  
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.  
THE SPIRIT.

THE Spirit, the Spirit of the Lord, the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost! There is nothing which more intimately concerns us than that, and nothing also, which is more difficult to know about, theologically. And yet perhaps it is simple enough, for willing and simple people. However, of all the various kinds of knowledge, proverbially self-knowledge is the most difficult. And perhaps, it is because the Spirit is so near to us, and is indeed part of us, at times, and like the breath we draw, and the strength we have, and the light we see by, that it has been so hard to think about.

Says Baumgarten, "The doctrine of the Holy Spirit remained a long time undecided. It lay near to the first church in a practical respect only." And says Neander, "Some believed him to be a mere power; some confounded the idea of person with the charism; others supposed him to be a creature; others believed him to be God; and others still were undecided. The practical recognition of him however, as the principle of the divine life in man, was almost universal in the early church." It would seem, however, as though perhaps the uncertainty of the primitive Christians may have been a better thing than the certainty of their successors could possibly have been, two or three hundred years later. For, in the fourth century of our era, the Christian Church was permeated through door and window, by influences from the surrounding world of heathenism and "philosophy falsely so called." For nine or ten generations, "The Apostles' Creed," as it is called, was the only creed of the Church. And as to the Spirit, this creed says simply, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." And for a more particular belief than that, the creed would certainly commend us to the Scriptures, and not to the controversialists of the third and fourth centuries.

What, then, is to be understood by the Spirit of God, the Holy Spirit ; that Spirit which was promised and poured out ; which rested on a person, and with which people were baptized ? Like "the Word," it is a phrase both generic and special, and of various meanings. The primary meaning of the Scriptural word for Spirit, is breath or wind : just as the primitive meaning of "Logos" is that by which men word their thoughts. Other meanings of the word "spirit," are the spirit of a living man and the spirit of a man, which has departed the body. Angels are called spirits. God is described as being spirit ; and his action in nature and on man is said to be through the Spirit.

Jesus Christ said that God is spirit. As the beginning of creation, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." And said Job, "By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens." And said Elihu to Job, "If he gather unto himself his spirit and his breath ; all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto the dust." It is true that "there is a spirit in man ;" but it is from another spirit than itself, that it lives to any good purpose ; for it understands aright only by "the inspiration of the Almighty." Spirit is the life of everything. And it is the life of my life ; and it is also what must be with me, as a foreign presence, or else I could not be myself nor think, nor have a word on my tongue. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me ; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit ?" But besides this pervading, life-supporting presence of the Spirit, there is an action of it, which is intermittent, conditional, and occasional.

When "all the sons of God shouted for joy" at the beginning of our earth, no doubt, it was mainly, because for them, the new house prophesied of its inhabitants, that were to be, age after age.

And as to the human body merely, it is plain now, that type after type in creation, it is what nature had been forecasting, from the first saurian that ever crept, and from the time when the elephant was endowed with a trunk, so wonderfully like the arm and hand of a man, for pliability, adapta-

bility, and delicacy of touch. Yes, and from a period long before Adam, by a hundred symptomatic creations, nature prophesied of man, as he was to be, not merely as to the shape of his body, but even also as to those instincts, which largely determine his manner of life.

Out of the same dust of the ground, as an elephant, was the body of Adam formed, by the Lord God ; but into that human body, as being a temple, wherein there was to be worship afterwards, there was breathed "the breath of life ; and man became a living soul." That breath ! to all eternity, it is the difference of a step between the highest bestial and the lowest spiritual ; it is the width of a proper miracle, on the scale of creation.

He is liable to be confused by light, for which incidentally he may not be ready ; but otherwise by nature, man is all that the best beast is, and additionally, he is created with a susceptibility as to influences, from what is super-bestial, and even supernatural. What was written as to a higher plane spiritually, than what Adam started on, is yet applicable as to the coming of the first man into the world ; "A body hast thou prepared for me." And because of its adaptation as to the world which now is, and because also of its porch-like nature as to the world, which is to come, the frame of man as connected with the book of nature, is what might well prompt the soul to say, "Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God."

A living soul, that could be spoken to, spiritually, and that could hear, and that was even also free to hear or not to hear, to obey or not to obey ! A new creation this ! And also this was the commencement of a new era under the skies. For "the spirit of God" which had been moving "upon the face of the waters," had become now a voice in the garden of Eden — the Lord God speaking.

"The Lord God speaking !" exclaims our modern skepticism. "That could not have been, for he was not obeyed : and so on any understanding of it, symbolic or otherwise, there can be no meaning in that narrative." And who are we that think so ? We are persons certainly that own to con-

science, and who have therefore been like Adam and Eve, over and over again, for that disobedience, which seems so incredible in them. For, certainly, we cannot say that the voice of conscience would be more authoritative than it now is with us, merely for quivering on the air, before reaching us spiritually.

When man was created, it was by the same Spirit, as that which garnished the heavens, though by a diversity of operation. And when that Spirit, which had coerced and informed the elements, began the training of creatures in the image of God, it was necessarily through adaptation, and by being fatherly as well as almighty, and by being perhaps a voice, while as yet conscience had not begun to speak, and by being companionship for the first human beings, in the solitude of an unpeopled world.

In the Scriptures, when it is said that God spoke, the right understanding would seem to be, that it was through an angel, Jacob had a dream, or more precisely perhaps, a vision in a dream, as to which he says what follows. "The angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying Jacob: and I said, Here am I." But then that same personage, which had commenced speaking as an angel, as he continues his speech says, "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me." When Moses was keeping his flock of sheep near Mount Horeb, "the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." And when Moses went near to see how there could be such a fire, and the bush not be burning with it, the voice which called to him out of the bush was from God, and it said "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." And similarly, it is to be read, "The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way," And almost immediately afterwards it is written, "And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them."

In the Book of Numbers, it is to be read that Moses talked

with the Lord, and said as to the Egyptians, "They have heard that thou Lord art among this people, that thou Lord art seen face to face, and that thy cloud standeth over them, and that thou goest before them, by day-time in a pillar of a cloud, and in a pillar of fire by night." And yet at the commencement of the Gospel of John, it is written, "No man hath seen God at any time." Now, how are these two very distinct statements to be reconciled? It is to be done through a third, very simply; and it is to be read in the Book of Exodus, along with many laws, which were given at Sinai. "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of him, and obey his voice, provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions: for my name is in him. But if thou shalt indeed obey his voice, and do all that I speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries. For mine angel shall go before thee, and bring thee in unto the Amorites and the Hittites."

When then by the letter of the Scripture, it would seem as though God had been seen or heard, it is to be understood that it was through his angel that God was manifested. No doubt, in the preceding text, there is implied a philosophy of revelation, which has not been common, for many ages; but it is not therefore the less certainly Scriptural: and it is indeed the philosophy of the Spirit.

Seven hundred years later than the giving of the Decalogue at Sinai, was this utterance through Isaiah the prophet, as to the Lord, and the angel of God. "For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie: so he was their Saviour. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old. But they rebelled, and vexed his holy Spirit." Later still than these words by three hundred years, were the prophecies of Malachi. The last of the prophets he was. And the Spirit as it spake through him anticipated the Gospel. And the following words would seem to foretell that the

inauguration of Christianity would in some way, be attended by that angel of God, who had been "the angel of his presence" for the Israelites. "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me : and the Lord, whom you seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in : behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." What a strange and wonderful utterance, this is, to think upon ! It is the Spirit speaking from afar off, but for effect at present, almost as though in an unknown tongue. For, it implies probably knowledge, which is lost, though not perhaps irrecoverably. The words of that prophecy are to be read to-day, by the natural eye. But some time they will be spiritually discerned ; and then they will be like an angel testifying as to the Gospel, from his own connection with it.

In the Scriptures, then, an angel of God is God himself, as it were. And it would seem also as though a spirit in the service of God might some time have been accounted as the Spirit of God. And this perhaps is an import of the phrase which is illustrated by the saying of a Jewish Rabbi, as quoted by Lightfoot, in his *Horæ Hebraicæ et Talmudicæ*. The Jews believed anciently that a man, who wished to become a diviner might get a demon or unclean spirit to enter him, by a preparation of the nervous system through fasting, and by waiting in a graveyard. Said the Rabbi Akibah, "Does the unclean spirit come upon him that fasts for that very end, that the unclean spirit may come upon him ? Much more would the Holy Spirit come upon him that fasts for that very end that the Holy Spirit might come upon him." But more precisely still to the point is the statement of Lightfoot that "the seven spirits" was an ancient phrase with the Jews for the Holy Ghost ; and that that is the meaning of the words in the Book of Revelation. "Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come ; and from the seven Spirits which are before the throne ; and from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth." Of the manifestation of the Spirit, prophecy was one form.

But by St. John it is distinctly implied that spirits from the spiritual world, might be the manifestation of the Spirit of God. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." Also, that the Spirit may manifest itself through individual spirits, and through the manner in which those disembodied, invisible spirits may actuate human beings, appears by the words of St. Paul, addressed to the church at Corinth, as to how people were to behave during an actual manifestation of the Spirit. "Let the prophets speak two or three, and let the other judge. If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace. For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted. And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." Hence, it would seem, as though sometimes and for some purposes spirits might be the channels between men and God, for the Holy Ghost, and be indeed themselves as spirits, the manifestation of the Spirit.

The spirits, by whom the prophets were made to prophesy in the early days of the church at Corinth, may perhaps have been some of them of another nationality than the Jewish, or of some age earlier than that of the captivity. And thence perhaps may have resulted the phenomenon of persons speaking in unknown tongues. It does not seem necessary to suppose that these tongues were absolutely new, or even certainly foreign to this earth. They may simply have been unknown languages to such persons as were present to hear them. And indeed just as the spirits who were attendant on the prophets, were to be restrained as to utterance at times, so also were these unknown tongues to "keep silence in the church," unless there were interpreters present. This speaking in unknown tongues, would seem to have been somewhat of an incidental manifestation of the Spirit. Says St. Paul to the Corinthians, "I thank my God, I speak with tongues



more than ye all : yet in the church, I had rather speak five words with my understanding" — what a positive saying — "than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." And as to the nature or manner of these tongues, as they were spoken with, perhaps there may be some suggestion latent, in those words, which Paul could imagine might be true as to himself, when he said, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels."

And analogous with what precedes, is the remark by Maimonides, on the subject of prophecy, that "on a man intelligent, wise, holy, removed from all worldly associations, and absorbed by heavenly contemplations, the Holy Spirit will rest : that he intermingles with that grade of angels called 'ishim,' and becomes quite a different being from what he was before." That the Holy Spirit might result for a holy man, from his being in affinity with holy angels, was the doctrine of a Jewish Rabbi, of the twelfth century. He is still accounted the greatest Rabbi, that has ever been : and he probably read his Bible by light, as purely Jewish almost, as though it had been from the seven-branched candlestick.

Said John the Baptist as to Jesus, "God giveth not the Spirit by measure, unto him." And Jesus said of himself what apparently was the same thing in other words, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." It is noticeable that the words of Jesus, as to the angels, are the same words, which are used in Genesis, in the history of that vision, which Jacob had, as to the nearness of God. "Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven : and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." Carrying prayers heavenwards, and bringing back answers and help, "the angels of God ascending and descending" would seem to be at times, the same as the Holy Spirit. And indeed are not angels under God, like "the seven spirits which are before his throne :—" and "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

The Spirit must have laws and ways of which mere mortals can never possibly know. Results from it, they may experi-

ence personally, while yet the manner thereof may transcend all conjecture. Till within the last two or three hundred years, universally men had lived and died in ignorance, that blood is reddened and vitalized by the process of breathing. And so it may well be supposed that the philosophy of human nature, spiritually, will never be known perfectly, by anybody in the flesh. With an unperverted man, prayer is as truly an instinct as breathing is. But as to how prayer is power, and as to how God feels it, as man breathes it, mortal man may never know; nor is it necessary that he should. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise, religiously, than that we ought to be confident as to some things, which we cannot see. We may be ever so prosperous in this world, and great, but yet as human beings, we are at our best and truest, only when "we walk by faith, not by sight." And to persons, who live more sublimely than they can possibly know, and as "kings and priests unto God and the Father," there must occur things, higher as to origin, than what they can possibly trace; because spirits living by the Spirit, have infinite, and infinitely various connections.

It has already been quoted, in another connection, what was the last prophecy of the last of the prophets. "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Four hundred years after this prophecy was on parchment, Jesus said as to John the Baptist, "What went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. For this is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." And then Jesus added, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come."

Elijah back again on the earth, after more than eight hundred years! So indeed it would seem that men might have thought. And if there be any connection between this world below, and the world above, as to intercommunicating agencies, it may well have been, that Elijah of the age of Ahab and Jezebel, who had vanished from earth, on a highway of the Spirit, and in a chariot like fire, might have been expected

to "first come and restore all things" against the coming of the Messiah and the kingdom of heaven. And of his nearness to the earth and his connection certainly with Jesus, the narrative of the Transfiguration is evidence, wherein it is written, "Behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias: who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

Moses and Elias then had known of Jesus in their world, and had conversed together about him, many a time probably, before they were seen talking with him, on the Mount. And, no doubt, their discourse as to his decease, was from their angelic foreknowledge, and from their sensitiveness as to that Spirit, through which an acorn is an oak-tree in a shell, and Christianity is the development of Judaism, and the world of to-day is the germ of some distant millennium.

But Moses and Elias knowing of Jesus, so as to meet him on the Mount! Certainly, there are persons to be startled by that wording of the fact, who, all their lives, have been reading of it in the Bible, very devoutly indeed but yet very thoughtlessly. Moses and Elias in glory, not know of Jesus of Nazareth! They must have known of him, and of the purpose as to which 'one day he would say, "For this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name." And Moses and Elias may well have been not only knowing of Jesus, but concerned also with his way and work in the world. For, indeed — another thing so often read and so seldom believed — actually "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." That grace which had reached the earth in the person of Jesus Christ — it may well be that Moses and Elias had been accessory to it, and that they had even, during the captivity in Babylon, been inquiring among the spirits of the prophets Ezekiel, Malachi and Isaiah, "searching what or what manner of time the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow."

It should be observed, what is rarely and almost never noticed, that on the Mount at the time of the Transfiguration,

what happened, was seen by Peter, James and John in a vision, and while they were in a trance-like state. "And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." They had seen in a vision, and after an unearthly manner, just as afterwards "Cornelius saw in a vision evidently about the ninth hour of the day an angel of God coming in to him ;" and just also as by a corresponding vision, Peter was prepared for hearing of what had happened to Cornelius the devout centurion ; for having gone up upon the housetop to pray "he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened." And similarly, Daniel says as to the commencement of a revelation which was made to him, that his strength failed him, "And when I heard the voice of his words, then was I in a deep sleep on my face." That sleep was of the body, merely, and not of the soul. It was the same state as that in which Abraham was, when a covenant was made with him by the Lord ; and when "as the sun was going down a deep sleep fell upon Abram."

That sleep or fitness for visions, is something like the same thing, apparently, as being "in the Spirit." It is a condition, in which the ear is closed against thunder, and in which the eye is as though it were dead, and in which the skin is insensible even to fire. It is a state, in which the soul is purely itself, and hears through its spiritual ears, and sees through its spiritual eyes, and is conscious of another atmosphere than this of earth.

Also then being "in the Spirit" means often, being in a state, in which the body is nothing, and through which also, the soul is among spirits and may see angels. At the time of the conversion of St. Paul, Ananias told him, "The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will, and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of his mouth." And now how were these words made good ; and how was Jesus Christ seen by Paul ? This is what Paul himself says : "And it came to pass, that, when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance ; and I saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get

thee quickly out of Jerusalem ; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." And that the trance which he wrote of, is as though his body had been abolished for a time, or as though the soul's connection had been suspended with it, is plain by what St. Paul says as to his having been in Paradise, when he heard things, which though he might have felt, he was unable to utter for want of words. The Principia of Newton never have been, and never can be translated into Erse. Nor possibly therefore could the sublimities which Paul heard in Paradise have been reducible into Greek, by any human skill. And as to that abnormal state, which he experienced, his words about it, are for simplicity, almost as wonderful, as what he narrates. And indeed they are the words of a man familiar with miracles. These are the words : " I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell ; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell : God knoweth), such an one caught up to the third heaven."

During the trance, which Paul had in the temple, at Jerusalem, it is possible, that his spirit may have parted from his body, and by some spiritual law, may have reached, either Paradise or the third heaven, like a ray of light. But also it is conceivable that while Paul was entranced in the temple, his soul may simply have been wearing the body like insensate clothes, and been having some influence from above, by which it became more and more intensely spiritual, and by which also it found itself successively in affinity with one heaven, and another, and even a third. And of that preternatural experience, as to the manner, either understanding, well corresponds with such texts as these, in the Book of Revelation, " Immediately I was in the spirit," and " He carried me away in the spirit."

This being " in the Spirit," would seem to be through nature. Man by his nature is capable of intromission as to spirit, and of being caught up into Paradise, and of hearing what the Spirit says, and what also angels may have to say or show. And in regard to revelation, the deep sleep of the body, which was experienced by prophets and apostles, may

have been but a consequence of their souls having been intensely quickened in some way, at some point. For often persons, with great excitement, mentally, have found that there had been thunder without their notice, and that even they had been severely wounded, without knowing that they had been struck. And indeed many times, martyrs and confessors have testified, as to their having had no sense of pain, while the torturers were at work upon them.

But how are men approached or reached or affected by the Spirit? In many ways perhaps, and contingently on many conditions, as to person, time and place; as indeed may well be supposed, when it is remembered how persons differ from one another, mentally, and by education and by nationality, — and also how men of the same descent must necessarily be differenced by the varying tone of the successive centuries, into which they are born.

In one age, a man may live by the Holy Ghost, and be strong and joyful in it, without a wish for a miracle or a thought of one. While in another age, a man cannot think but that he grows from birth to death, simply from out of his earthly self, like a plant rooted in the earth; and for him therefore, some gift of the spirit, or some miracle or sign might be of infinite importance, as a thing for thought; because of its manifesting a connection for him, with a world invisible, of spirit.

A royal miscreant like Ahab was not approachable by the Spirit, as though he had been some "bruised reed." Isaac, the patriarch and shepherd, may have been capable of having the Lord appear to him in a vision, in the night, while yet he may have been utterly incapable of having the Spirit of the Lord breathe through him, for the wording and soul of a psalm. Just before his death, Jacob was more fully prophetic than in all his life before. "And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last day." And why, and how was this? It was because almost his spirit was inside of the spiritual world, and was within hearing perhaps of the angel of the covenant; and it was because he would within a few

minutes have "gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost."

Before the prophet Samuel was called, there had been a time, for the Jews, when "there was no open vision." And that time would seem to have been so long as that there had occurred with it a change in the use of words. For, in connection with Samuel, it is to be read, that in Israel "he that is now called a prophet was before-time called a seer." And indeed it was not because of a long time having elapsed, or because of mere worldly craving, that ever the word of the Lord was vouchsafed. Nor ever was the Spirit receivable by everybody alike. While the Jews were yet on their journey from Egypt to the promised land, the Lord had said, by way of magnifying Moses, over his successors, "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream." Before there can be a revelation from the highest, there must be a receptive state in some person on the earth. And it is but a development of this truth, according to the philosophy of revelation, to say that certain persons of a prophetic temperament, must have been faithful to their nature and have been welcomed among their fellow-creatures, before God can draw nigh to men through the Spirit, rather than by convulsion, pestilence, and the terrors of the Lord, or by that penal blindness, which is none the less fearful, because it does not know of itself. As to the preceding statement, worldly objection of any kind is nothing. What is all the state of Beotia to-day, in comparison with Homer? Poetry is a mighty influence; for it glorifies the earth and man's life in it; and it can prepare in the mind the way of the Lord. And yet not every man, but only one man in the seventeenth century, was born with a soul, which could so live on earth, as to leave behind, on its departure, the works and the glory of John Milton.

Thoughts from on high as to God, or high thoughts concerning God, can reach mankind only through such minds, as may, at any time, be open and willing to receive them. This gentle manner of approach is not however of necessity. Though certainly the way of the Spirit, in this world, at

present, would be confusion worse than what happened at the tower of Babel, and would even be suffering worse than what the Israelites were punished with, in the desert, but that it is tempered for us and administered, by what in a Christian way, may be called the fatherhood of God. And indeed the condescension of God, toward this world, as he wraps it about and fills it with his Spirit, is not by acts dating from eras, but it is continuous, and like a stream, for "ho, every one that thirsteth."

Man must think of God, before he can feel that God remembers him. "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." A lonely disciple is not without Christ, and yet also these words are not a mere truism, however they may be interpreted, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." And in these words, there is something spiritual meant, and beyond what Novalis may have intended intellectually when he said, "Certainly my belief gains infinitely as to strength, as soon as it is shared by another person."

"The assembling of yourselves together" is a form of waiting for the Spirit, whether or not it be so understood by mere church-goers. Men are approachable by the Spirit, not only as individuals, but as societies. Any day, by the mysterious alchemy of the universe, seekers after God may suddenly have their earnestness open out into the Spirit, and have the Spirit come in upon them. And with taking "sweet counsel together," and walking "unto the house of God in company," and with looking steadfastly towards heaven, Christians are in a way to see it open, and to have their hearts fill with a strange, unearthly joy in the Holy Ghost. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." And so also is it as to the Spirit. It was on believers in an expectant attitude, and on those who did "wait for the promise of the Father," that the Spirit was poured forth, after the ascension of Jesus Christ. They were drawn together by their faith; and the thoughts of all of them, were conjointly a longing expectation. "And when the day of Pentecost was come, they were all with one accord in one place."



According to the Scriptures then the Spirit was that, of which there can be an outpouring in one age, and a dearth in another. It is what can be imparted to a man, and what can be withdrawn from him, and it is what also he can quench as to himself. Occasionally also, it is what can be imparted by one man to another, not however as arbitrary grace, but only like some angelic whisper, for the inmost being of the recipient. In the evening after his resurrection, the disciples being assembled together in a room, of which the doors were closed for fear of the Jews, Jesus became present among them and breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The Holy Spirit was also communicable, occasionally, by the apostles, through their hands, while placed on right-minded persons. Arguing with the high priest and the council, at a very early day in the Church, Peter said of the Holy Ghost that it was what "God hath given to them that obey him." And at a later period than this, when Peter was preaching to hearers who were not all of them Jews by blood, to the astonishment of them of the circumcision, "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." Spiritual affinity had met the Spirit, through the agency of Peter, at Cæsarea, and then and there, and thereby, began to be fulfilled, that promise which was made to Abraham by the Lord, almost twenty centuries before "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing; and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." Also apart from all human agency, and at all times and everywhere, on the assurance of Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit is what can suddenly be obtained by everybody, by prayer "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

The Spirit of God may be poured out on men, in multitudes; or it may spread from heart to heart like a flame; or by possessing itself of the body of some man, it may even speak expressly. It may reach one man, like some "word of the Lord" suddenly revealed in the mind; and to another man,

it may be imparted by angelic agency. It may strike a man with conviction, while he is in a crowd : and conceivably it may get lodged with him, during deep sleep, when sometimes God "openeth the ears of men and sealet their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man."

The Spirit is always the self-same, but in operation, it may be of infinite diversity. And for this reason, it is variously described. The Spirit is the Holy Ghost : but the Holy Ghost is a phrase, which cannot always be used for the Spirit of God. Chaos became order and was made to blossom with beauty, and the heavens around were garnished by the Spirit of God, but not by the Holy Spirit ; because fire and water, trees and animals are all alike incapable of holiness ; and so too are all the stars, however they may differ from one another, in glory. Prophetically what came upon Balaam was the Spirit of God ; and it was by the same Spirit that prophets and apostles were inspired : but if in them it was the Holy Spirit and differed from what Balaam felt, it was because of their having been better men than he, and sensitive to holiness ; and because it was, as it is written, "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

In the Gospel of John, the following words were spoken, with a view to the distress which the disciples were soon to feel, and what also would be their need of instruction. And in these passages the Spirit is the Holy Ghost, and it is the Comforter, and also it is the Spirit of truth. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever ; even the Spirit of truth." And then soon afterwards Jesus says "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

In the New Testament, what is "the Spirit of your Father" as mentioned by Matthew, is "the Holy Ghost" as recorded by Luke.

Men are reached by the Spirit, on one step and another. As walking, thinking, working creatures on the earth, "the

inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." But for men "in the image of God created," the Spirit can be the Holy Spirit. And by still other persons, the Spirit of God can be felt like the spirit of the Son of God, for tenderness and encouragement, and sweet loving assurance. And to men who feel as Jesus felt, and who feel also that certainly it cannot be otherwise than that "the Father loveth the Son," Paul would say, as though it were the way of the universe, "and because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

God, that made all things, is "all things to all men" to a greater extent than ever Paul was made. From north to south, from the earth to the sun, and from one sun to another, it is by the Spirit of God, that the universe is coherent. And it is by the same Spirit, that men are made to differ, and the stars also from one another in glory, and one era on this earth from another, as time wears on. When the beasts of the field were made, it was by the Spirit, but not by as much of the Spirit of God as what created man in his own image. And man as he lives, is more and more receptive of that Spirit.

There are persons, who believe in the Spirit, as a pious word, but cannot conceive of it, as an actuality which concerns them. And there are some who say scornfully, "What sign is there of the Spirit, any more than there is of spirit, at all? A mere Hebraism! Who but the Jews ever thought of it? And what way is there, by which it could ever get at us? There is no possibility of it between us and the sun: and under the earth, there is certainly nothing of the kind." But now the argument from ignorance is good only as it is used by persons who know a great deal, which those scornful ones never do.

The susceptibilities of human nature as to spiritual action, are many, as may perhaps have already appeared. And additionally this is conceivable. As the body is the case of the soul, so may animal magnetism serve for the corporeity of the Spirit, sometimes, and for one or two purposes. Just as it is written as to Peter and John among the Samaritans, "Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

But indeed already I am spiritually insphered, and so I have been, ever since I was born as a living soul. It is true, as I look up, that there is nothing between me and the sun, for such eyes as I can open as yet. Nor is it likely that ever my spiritual sight will be opened, till I shall have got through the valley of the shadow of death. But still if I could look to-day, with those eyes, through which it is possible that hereafter I may even see Uriel in the sun, I should discern between this earth and the altered look of that luminary, at various distances, signs probably of principalities and powers, and ways of communication with the New Jerusalem ; and I should be sensible of the magic properties of another atmosphere than this of earth ; and I might thereby also perhaps become conscious of strange affinities drawing me like old friendships, towards Paul or Dante ; and toward some angel, who may at some time have encamped about me in a time of trouble, without my knowledge ; or toward some remote ancestor, whose name I may never have heard of ; or toward some spirit, whose course in his earthly life was marked by like lines with my own ; or toward some fellow-Christian, who may have thrilled, in church, without my knowledge, to the same movement of the Spirit as what quickened me.

Is it said that there is no avenue for the Spirit, as to human nature ? It might as well be said that there is no channel in the air, whereby words can pass from man to man !

The universe is alive with the Spirit and with spiritual occupants, and has always been thought to be so, except by a few people now and then, and here and there — persons of a nature somewhat elephantine as to outlook, and unfortunate as to education. According to an old word for a prejudice on the subject, there are those who cannot believe in the existence of spirit. There have been persons, especially in France, who have been even bigoted against a belief in human immortality or in spirit. During the first half of this century, magnetism was ardently studied in France, but when it began to give signs of being spiritually connected, some of its greatest adepts were shocked and scandalized as being men of "the world that now is." The Baron Dupotet was so affected ; but

yet he could not but say "There is an agent in space, whence we ourselves, our inspiration and our intelligence proceed; and that agent is the spiritual world which surrounds us." Those are the words of a French adept and scholar as to magnetism, and which were true, to his own knowledge, as he thought. And these words following are by Confucius, the contemporary, indeed, of the prophets Zechariah and Haggai, but yet who was also a Chinese, "An ocean of invisible intelligences surrounds us." Plotinus has been quoted in opposition to Christ and the apostles by anti-supernaturalists, who apparently were quite unaware of his claims to be an ecstatic. But Plotinus said what, no doubt, was of his own experience, as he believed "All things are full of demons," or in plain English "Everywhere there are spirits."

This spirituality of the universe is the testimony of almost all tribes and nations, in every age. It was the persuasion of Greece, and Egypt, and Chaldea. Under the light, conjointly, of history and criticism, what the Scriptures were especially given to teach, is not the reality of the spiritual world, as many people think, but rather the certainty and nature and operation of the Spirit of God, or the Holy Ghost.

It is of the nature of the godhead, that it should be always revealing itself, in one way and another; in the make of a diamond, in the beauty of a fern; in the cry of a young raven and the manner in which it gets answered; in the appearance of the first man on earth; and in that glimmer of Providence, which is perceptible on the stream of time historically, and which to some eyes is as dubious as phosphorescence, and yet still as certain.

Geology is science as to the Spirit of God, while it was shaping the earth. And the Bible is the history of the Spirit, in its relations with man. The tent of Abraham, the sojourn in Egypt, the captivity in Babylon, Moriah, and the lake of Galilee are but accessories to the history. The Old Testament and the New, are a revelation of every man to himself, through the Spirit, and a revelation also of the eternal Spirit as it acts in time.

And now perhaps we are in a way, wherein can be resumed

more intelligently what was being discussed about Elijah as the forerunner of Jesus Christ. And it should be remembered, that what is now being considered, is in connection with the reign of the Spirit, made visible. During the transfiguration, the disciples saw Elias in the spiritual world, and so when Jesus referred to his death, as being perhaps not far off "his disciples asked him, saying Why then say the Scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, and have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them. Then the disciples understood that he spoke unto them of John the Baptist." John the Baptist was a man like any other Jew, and yet also he was Elias. The philosophy of this matter, probably, is the same as what was entertained by the sons of the prophet, after Elijah had vanished in heaven, when they said "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha. And they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him." And so according to this account, John the Baptist, in the flesh, may have been inspired by Elijah, while he was himself dwelling in a state, altogether foreign to flesh and blood, and sun, moon and stars. For the spirit indeed, time and space are nothing, or nearly so; while sameness of mind or spiritual affinity, may, under God, be almost everything.

But why should John the Baptist be inspired by Elias, or in any way, have been Elias? It was, no doubt, because of the spiritual constitution of the universe. And thereby it was not an exceptional event, but was in conformity with other things, which concern us, and of which some perhaps affect us frequently. In Patmos, John received a revelation from an angel, which revelation the angel had received from Jesus Christ. And it was in a similar manner, probably, that Elijah was concerned with Christ, as making the Baptist "go before him in the spirit and power of Elias." And indeed the whole ministration of the world, intellectually, morally and spiritually, is largely by mediation. For when influences from above

reach men, commonly it is through a certain few, who are like mediators for the rest. And according to St. Paul, not only was the law "ordained by angels," but also it was "in the hand of a mediator."

It was by the foreknowledge of God, and through the operation of spiritual laws no doubt, and of his own free will also, that Elijah was the spirit and power of John the son of Zecharias the priest. But now Elias had left the earth nine hundred years, when he intervened through the Baptist. And yet also, nineteen hundred years before Jesus was born, there had been "preached before the gospel unto Abraham."

Often on earth, that which is a mystery of the kingdom of heaven had its beginning with the Spirit, and is outside of the reach of mere reason, and is what only the Spirit can ever show, or even hint about.

According to the Book of Revelation, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people." In a state of more or less intelligence Archbishop Fenelon, Jacob Böhme, George Fox, and William Law, and Swedenborg, and Charles Wesley and his brother John, and multitudes, more or less like them, have entered into the court itself of that temple, during the last two or three hundred years. But nevertheless, one generation after another, for, now, a long time, while Christians have been going up to the temple for worship, commonly they have had but a poor belief, and often none whatever, as to the holy of holies, and the positive, kind, familiar, human nearness of the Spirit.

The holy of holies! Now under Christ Jesus, the actual place of it, is in the soul itself, if only men had faith in it, and could believe in the Spirit.

And indeed it is in the Spirit, and from the Spirit, that man is to live, to all eternity, and even just as he does already. For, truly the human body is the highest formation of the Spirit, which there is in connection with this earth. And indeed diamonds of the purest water are but ancient experiments in the workshop of nature, with a view to the human eye.

The recent discoveries, through which the powers of nature lend themselves to human use, and under the application of which, the fields grow more fertile, and the depths of the earth yield up their treasures, are often spoken of, as nature unveiling herself. Nature unveiling herself—what is that? O thou poor idolater of second causes, what is nature? Nature is but one of the lower titles of God. And “nature unveiling herself,” if it means anything, means the Spirit of God, revealing itself of its own good will on a plane, which is level with human intellect.

But, at its best, what is all that eases our bodily life, or even that glorifies existence for us, as mere denizens of this earth, in comparison with that revelation of the Spirit, of which man spiritually is susceptible? Fearfully and wonderfully made as man is as to his body, he is yet more wonderful still as to his soul. And of all the creatures that have ever been on this earth, man only is what can answer, in any way, to the fatherhood of God. And we human creatures, at this late time, ought to be able to understand readily the meaning of St. Paul, when he asks, “Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?”

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As two ships sailing together, the one sound and well-tackled, the other leaking and wanting sails, though both do arrive at the same port, yet not both alike disposed,—the one comes in merrily and confidently, the other with much difficulty and doubting,—so the strong in faith doth singingly walk towards heaven, goes on comfortably and with full assurance, when they of little faith do but, as it were, creep thither with many doubts, great fears, and small joy; and therefore as it is no wisdom for any man to continue poor that may be rich, or to live in fear when he may be free from it, so it is no point of wisdom, no piece of Christian prudence, for a man to content himself with a weak faith, when by any means he may increase it. — *John Spencer.*



## IN MEMORIAM.

BY S. D. ROBBINS.

I THINK of thee when morning springs  
Fresh from the sea on pearly wings:  
I think of thee when evening's close  
Her starry mantle round me throws.

When midnight fills the silent dome  
That bends above our lonely home,  
And deepens to infinity,  
Then I look up, and think of thee.

I think of thee when vernal showers  
Fall in glad tears, or smiling flowers,  
And orisons of nesting bird  
In the deep temple-woods are heard.

I think of thee when summer glows  
Thrill in the lily and the rose,  
And flitting bees on laden wing  
Murmur amid the blossoming.

I think of thee when russet leaves  
Glisten upon the golden sheaves,  
And autumn from her kindly stores  
The fruitful harvest round me pours.

I think of thee when winter chills  
The music of the laughing rills,  
And pillows earth to soft repose  
Beneath its canopy of snows.

These visions bright of earth decay :  
Time's sweetest seasons pass away.  
Embosomed in eternity,  
O daughter ! wilt thou think of me ?

A PLEA FOR A HEARTY KEEPING OF  
THANKSGIVING.

BY RUFUS ELLIS.

IN a world which is stamped with change, and in times which, beyond other times perhaps, have known changes, we must not give up our day of Thanksgiving. I am not ready to part with our old festival for any other, not even for one so venerable and so justly dear as Christmas. We need both days. Their claims to be observed are not in the least conflicting. And our New England festival deserves to be recognized in a hearty and generous way, not grudgingly or of necessity, or by any constraint of ancient custom, but as a living institution, in the fullness and the joy of the Spirit which led our Saviour aside from what might have seemed the only direct prosecution of his great errand, to the marriage feast and to the rich man's table. Let me, in a few words, magnify the festival ; and, if it comes to us this year a little before the time, let us accept, in excuse of the error for which the President of the nation must be held accountable, his recognition of our local observance as a national holiday. It is an observance which may help to judge the world we live in ; for it will be found, I think, that anything in our social standards and usages which may be unpropitious to the observance of Thanksgiving is just as unpropitious to a gracious simplicity, a genuine heartiness, a fullness of the blessing of household and neighborly affection, the sweetness and tenderness and gentleness that makes our world something more than a labor-field and a battle-field, a pasture or a dormitory.

I. Our Thanksgiving deserves to be retained as a memorial. It binds us to the past, our own past. It helps to keep alive traditions which are the vehicles of a very noble spirit. It recalls fathers who were human, and therefore imperfect, and yet walked by very high rules of duty, and in great nearness to their King and Head. It is a Puritan festival, the one

feast amidst so much fasting, the bit of poetry amid so much hard and dry prose, the sweet smile lighting up for a moment a very grave and deeply-lined face. It is a Puritan festival, and Puritanism so far as it means intellectual integrity, conscientiousness seeking to be enlightened, the clear and emphatic yea and nay of moral discernment, a persistent endeavor, at any cost, to translate truth into life, sentiment into outward fact, ideas into institutions, an exalted faith and an absolute Christian loyalty; Puritanism in its spirit, if not in its letter, and in all its applications, is surely to be kept in mind in times which, though they are not without their own heroisms, are sorely tempted to accept the lower instead of the higher, and to lay up treasures on earth rather than treasures in heaven. If it be little better than formalism to reproduce the fasts of our ancestors, we may yet in all sincerity observe their Thanksgivings; and, when we walk with them in the light of a religious thankfulness, we can remember out of what a deep and sad sincerity they lifted their psalms of praise.

2. Our Thanksgiving has claims upon us as a simple festival in times that lack simplicity. Such a day is sure of a hearty observance in simple times. It easily finds and keeps a place amongst villagers and husbandmen, and in small towns, and before thrift and comfort have passed into wealth and luxuriousness. Like everything else, it is spoiled by worldliness. The bright and blessed Christmas festival lives by the same law; and its life sometimes has been so demoralized, that Christianity was more honored by those who suspended than by those who maintained the observance. There should be a flavor of rusticity about the day. We would be reminded of the old homesteads in the rich valleys or on the sunny slopes of New England. The fare should not be over-luxurious. The guests should not be over-dressed. The hours may be unseasonable for recalling a generation that could not change night into day after our poor fashion. And if you will look at this matter a little more widely, you will find that it has large moral relations. Our festival does not thrive in great cities, in huge manufacturing centres, amongst those

whose every-day fare is sumptuous, and whose every-day raiment is gorgeous : a nomadic population cannot keep it ; it is in too sharp contrast with a life which is a hand-to-hand fight with starvation ; the carefulness, whether of the very rich or of the very poor, is unpropitious to it. Thanksgiving may linger in the land after civilization has been spoiled by an inordinate and besotted worldliness, but all the fine aroma of the day will have been dissipated. It may remain on the one hand, amongst the most prosperous, as another occasion for display, as a fresh endeavor after a new refinement, some added pleasure for those who find the world old and familiar, even in childhood ; and, on the other hand, it may be, for the overstrained and overwrought, an excuse for coarse festivities, which Puritanism would have visited with swift and severe punishment. And it is a bad sign when the old simple Thanksgiving cannot be heartily kept. It is valuable, if for nothing else, as a testimony against an increasingly conventional and artificial life. It entreats us, in some way, to guard the privileges of that estate for which Agar prayed when he said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

3. Our Thanksgiving should be honored as a household festival, sacred to the purposes and the affections of our homes. It is very interesting to note the more or less hearty observance of the day, as an indication of the place which the home is enabled to keep in the life of our times. Great changes are eagerly proposed and advocated which seem to threaten the very existence of home. One may fear that housekeeping, when once divided between the sexes, will become what it is said in many quarters to have become now, — one of the lost arts. The transplanting of the household from the old homestead to a modern flat cannot be without the infliction of a severe wrench. Clubs for men, when they became a part of the every-day round of New England life, were thought to be ominous of mischief to the home ; and now we have clubs for women too. There would seem to be something almost sacramental in the kitchen fire, hard as it is to keep it a-burning. Can we maintain our Thanksgiving if we are to follow the fashions of the European continent, and

gather the family about some larger table of the modern inn? If it were not God himself that setteth the solitary in families, one might fear for the home in these days, when the eagerness with which we seek to open what we call spheres for the unmarried would seem to indicate our suspicion, that, even here on earth, we are drawing near to the estate in which there is to be no more marrying or giving in marriage. Undoubtedly, the discussions of the work which belongs to woman, and of the freedom which should be accorded to woman, are timely, and spring from great necessities of society. We want nothing less than truth, or other than truth, or short of justice and humanity ; but let us bear in mind that nothing, in this imperfect world, has been less a failure than home ; and that whatever new ways may presently be opened for the steps of a wise and gentle womanhood, her feet can never be more resplendent with the light of heaven than when, in the love of a pure and perfect heart, she hath walked within the household, praising God, and finding favor with all the good. We cannot doubt that, only give her time, Nature will make good her own, and will suffer nothing to die which ought to live ; but we would not have any generation despoiled of its home privileges through any half-considered changes, the fruits of a mere restlessness, the reforms which will need ere long to be re-reformed.

4. Once more, our Thanksgiving is worthy to be kept as a festival of the imagination and of the affections. Indeed, how can there otherwise be any festival ? A day at once of holiness and gladness, a day of memories, a day which blends our most revering and tender thought of man with a religious thankfulness, cannot be put upon the level of our working days. It is of no use, and yet it is in the highest sense useful. If you look at outward wealth, it consumes and does not produce. It puts a stop to labor. It scatters merchants and craftsmen, and brings into the midst of the week a kind of festal Sunday. It compels you to lay aside your most pressing task, to go perhaps beyond the call of those who need your services ; and not only so, for this is the least part, if you would do your whole duty to the occasion, you must lay aside

your burden of care, and take your mind from your business at almost any cost, and be a child again with your children, as if the day would never come to an end, and there were no grave responsibilities and intricate questions awaiting you with the morning's sun. We need just such a day, even though we have our Christmas festival besides; because just such a day is very hard to have and to keep. In one sense it is a wasteful day: in another and much higher sense it is very conservative and productive; conservative and productive of those noblest and sweetest things which so often run to waste whilst we are laying up intellectual or material wealth. The philosopher and poet Coleridge, it is said, left the Unitarians because they were deficient in imagination, which he judged to be most important to religion. We need time, hours at home, hours with the fathers, for the exercise of this faculty. It will do us good to spend one day of the year in dreaming dreams and calling up visions of the past. The more inconvenient it is for us to rescue so many hours from the exacting week, the more important it is that we should do it; not propose to do it in some convenient season of leisure which will never come, but now, when, as much as will ever be the case, the life of the household craves nourishment and expression. It is a poor way to crowd all the work of life into the first half of it and leave the play for the closing years. Work and play belong together. There is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep. The voice of healthy, innocent, human joy, as well as the voice of prayer, scares away the fiends. And if any one says, But it is so hard, after all that I have gone through with in my life, and looking round as I do upon vacant rooms and seats, missing nine for the tenth that I find, it is so hard for the lonely to keep festal time, it is so hard to smile through tears, — let us reflect that there may be not a little disguised selfishness in this sitting down with sorrow, that a cheerful spirit is as much within the reach of moral discipline as a religious spirit, and that if we are not bent upon being wretched, our best way out of our misery is through a persistent endeavor to wear a bright look and to say a pleasant word, and to let the light into our dwell-

ing, because there are those whom we would serve, whose youth is an invitation to rejoice, and who are not to be defrauded of their feast because we are not in a festive mood. They will have their own days of darkness, and we ought not to inflict our own upon them besides. Rejoice with those who rejoice, is as good Scripture as, Weep with those that weep. It is said that religious pilgrimages, which had fallen into neglect, have greatly increased in the last years, not because the religious sentiment is better content than was once the case with this expression, but simply because art has made pilgrimages so easy. May we not hope that, along with, nay, before all the other shrines to which the crowds of devotees are flocking, home shall gather its eager multitudes? Let them come, as in the old times, to be healed of whatsoever hurt may have befallen them in the hot chase of our exacting modern life. Let them come, to find again that where there is abundant love in the heart age is but an accident, whilst sorrow is chiefly seen in chastening gladness, and sending forth the tide of joy from deeper and sweeter fountains.

So let me commend the day of our fathers to your keeping, in all gratitude to God, and in tender love for man, especially for those of your own household. Not to shed abroad darkness, but trailing clouds of glory from their heavenly home, may your beloved come to you from that world where there is no night. Amidst all changes of place, and form, and circumstance, the feast lived, when Puritanism was in its bitter bud, and just as truly in these days, when the bud has opened into a fair and fragrant flower, simple still and severe, and yet surpassingly beautiful. And whether in straitened times, or times of abundance, may our rejoicing not fail to be this, — "The testimony of our conscience, that, in simplicity and godly sincerity, not by fleshly wisdom, but the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world."

## THE STRANGER CHILD'S HOLY CHRIST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT. BY C. T. BROOKS.

'T is Christmas eve, full plain :  
A strange child runs about,  
Through street and square and lane,  
To see the lights gleam out  
From every window-pane.

Behold him stop and stare  
At every house : he sees  
The bright rooms, how they glare,  
And all the lamp-full trees, —  
Sad is he everywhere.

The poor child weeps : "To-night  
Each little girl and boy  
Their little tree and light  
Can see and can enjoy :  
All, — all but me, — poor wight !

" Brothers and sisters, we  
Once frolicked, hand in hand,  
Around one sparkling tree ;  
But here, in this strange land,  
No one remembers me.

" Now, all the doors they close  
Against the cold and me ;  
In all these goodly rows  
Of houses, can there be  
No spot for my repose ?

" Will no one open to me ?  
Nought will I touch or take, —  
I'll only look and see  
The pretty Christmas-cake :  
The sight my feast shall be,"



He knocks at gate and door,  
On shutter and on pane.  
Within, they laugh the more :  
The poor child knocks in vain ;  
His little joints grow sore.

Each father, full of joy,  
His children eyes with pride :  
The mother hands the toy ;  
She thinks of naught beside.  
None heeds the stranger boy.

" Dear, holy Christ ! Save thee,  
No father and no mother  
Have I on earth. Oh, be  
My Saviour and my Brother,  
For none remembers me ! "

Numbed with the biting blast,  
He rubs his little hands,  
Hugs himself tight and fast,  
And in the by-lane stands,  
His eyes to heaven up-cast.

Lo ! with a little light,  
Comes plodding up the street,  
All dressed in spotless white,  
Another child, — how sweet  
His accents pierce the night !

" I am the holy child,  
Jesus, and once, like thee,  
I roamed through cold and wild :  
Poor wanderer ! come to me,  
For I am meek and mild.

" I will not scorn thy prayer ;  
The poor I love to bless,  
And grant my tender care  
Here in the street, no less  
Than in the parlor there.

“ And now I'll let thee see,  
Here in the open air,  
Thou stranger child, thy tree,—  
And none so bright and fair  
In all the rooms can be.”

Then pointed with his hand  
Child Jesus to the sky,—  
A mighty tree did stand:  
Crowded with stars on high,  
Its boughs the wide heaven spanned.

How far, and yet how near,  
The sparkling torches seem!  
Poor child! it did appear  
Like to a fairy dream,  
All was so calm and clear.

There, in the shining sky,  
There stood his Christmas-tree;  
And little angels nigh  
Reached down, so lovingly,  
And drew him up on high.

And homeward now he goes,—  
The little stranger-child,  
With Jesus to repose,  
The Saviour, meek and mild,  
And soon forgets his woes.



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THE fowl that flies low is quickly taken, but that which soars aloft is neither entrapped in the snare nor entangled in the lime-bush. So the soul, whilst it is hovering about these earthly vanities, and stooping down to catch at worldly preferments, is easily and quickly ensnared by Satan; but when it soars and mounts aloft in divine meditations, is seldom taken in the snares of temptation.—  
*John Spencer.*

## MORE FROM A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

*Saturday night,——.*

How much I have to do this evening! But then it is in vain for me to think of recording all that has occurred this week relating to my connection with this parish. I can only note down some of the more important items.

My sermons last Sabbath have made a great deal of conversation. They were listened to attentively. I dared to hope at the time that they were making a favorable impression. But now I fear that many scarcely carried their good impressions out of the house with them. We have had a busy week. Many have called to express their satisfaction in the sentiments I had advanced. Some of each party have showed a willingness to follow my counsel, and, by a spirit of accommodation and charity, to unite in giving me a call. I have visited many of the people, and amalgamation and union have been the subject of our discourse. The fore part of the week, it seemed almost certain that I should become the shepherd of this flock, and that they would not be divided and scattered.

But, in the mean time, the deacons of the church, observing the course which things seemed to be taking, were alarmed, and aroused to action. They were busy in conferring with the Orthodox clergymen of the neighboring towns; and yesterday they brought one of them, Mr. Biddle, to see and converse with me. We had a long conversation in the presence of the deacons, and of Mr. McBird, whom I called into the room that he might be a witness of what was said. Mr. Biddle asked me many questions about my views of Christian doctrine and Christian experience; and I endeavored to answer him with simplicity and meekness. I gave him my views of religion, and my reasons for them. He was evidently disappointed and perplexed. I suspect that he did not find me so heretical as he supposed I was. I then took the liberty to question him. I asked him if he really believed in the Or-

thodox doctrine of the trinity. He replied that he did. I then read to him the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, and the doctrine of the trinity as exhibited in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and the Assembly's Catechism ; and asked him if he assented to the doctrine as there stated. He was surprised, and showed an unwillingness to give me a decisive answer. I asked him, then, if he professed to hold the doctrines of grace as they were held by our puritan and pilgrim fathers. He replied in the affirmative. I then rehearsed those doctrines. Here again he was embarrassed. Indeed I could not learn from him that he was in reality either a Trinitarian or a Calvinist ; and yet he insisted that I was in a fatal error, and that he was in the truth. I found it was of no use to dispute with him. He was not acquainted with the difficulties of his creed, and seemed wholly ignorant of the weak foundation on which it rested ; and, not only so, but was unwilling to examine the arguments which might be brought against his own faith, and those in favor of mine. He was Orthodox, in his opinion, after the most straightest sect, and was resolved to remain so. And, as I afterwards learned, there was a worldly reason, in addition to other reasons, for his opposing Unitarianism here, and opposing my settlement. He had a son who had just commenced preaching, and he wished to secure the parish for him. This son was betrothed to Dea. Snelly's daughter ; and Dea. Snelly was rich as well as Orthodox, and would be glad to retain his daughter near him. Dea. Snelly was a man of character and influence. He had been courteous in his behavior towards me ; but, from my first interviews with him, I was persuaded that he would not be in favor of my settlement, though I knew not then what a strong motive he had for opposing me.

To-morrow, no doubt, is my last Sabbath here. I shall go into the desk, and preach, with this thought and impression on my mind, though the case is not to be decided till Monday. I shall leave them without regret. Still, I shall remember my sojourn here with pleasure. I trust I have not labored in vain. Truths have been declared which will not be for-

gotten. Impressions have been made which will not be obliterated. Orthodoxy, in some indistinct, undefined, and mild form, may remain here ; but Calvinism, I think, will droop and die. It always carries the seeds of its destruction along with it. It never flourishes a great while anywhere. As the people become enlightened and virtuous, they renounce it. It cannot meet the wants of mankind. It is an obstacle to every benevolent enterprise. If Calvinism is true, a large portion of the human race are reprobates. There is no possibility of their conversion and piety. Sin and misery must abound. A large portion of the human race were doomed from eternity to a vicious and sinful state here, and to everlasting torments hereafter. What encouragement have the friends of temperance, of peace, of liberty, of virtue, of humanity, to expect only a limited and practical success to their enterprises and efforts? What prospect is there that vice and sin can be extirpated? The elect will be saved ; and the reprobate will be damned. With a firm faith in Calvinism, can we reasonably expect that wars and fightings will cease ; that sensuality and intemperance will come to an end ; that slavery and oppression will be abandoned and abolished ; that all the reprobate, with all their disadvantage and inability, will become good and virtuous during their abode on earth? Or is the time at hand, or in prospect, when the last reprobate shall be born, and when none but elect souls shall be ushered into this world?

There is in most forms of Christianity, except the Unitarian form, somewhat that is opposed or unfavorable to a reforming and philanthropic spirit. The Romanists can do all that is vitally important to man by the aid of a little money, and some sacred affairs canonically discharged. And predestination is also in their way. But the Catholics, like many others, use that doctrine only when it suits their convenience. Calvinistic reformers can never think of a general reformation without forgetting the fundamentals of their faith. The Universalists have little, comparatively speaking, to stimulate them to become reformers and missionaries. Men can't be miserable in a future state ; and it is of but little consequence how they pass in the present state.

The Unitarian has nothing in his creed to chill his ardor, to quench his zeal, and to discourage him in his benevolent exertions. His views of the character of God, of the nature of man, and of his powers and capacities, all encourage his philanthropy.

*Sunday evening, ———.*

My last sermon in this place is preached, no doubt. I have anticipated the doings and decisions of to-morrow, and have spoken to them as though I was addressing them for the last time. Some appeared to be deeply affected. Indeed, if a very few could be removed from each of the rival parishes, not a score in all, the rest would be contented to remain together and under my care. But these few cannot yield, and they wish for a train of followers.

Monday. A great day here ; every one alive and thoughtful. In the forenoon, I packed up as much as I could, and made some calls. In the afternoon, I was invited to take tea again with Mr. Wood. He was not a member of the parish, and did not attend the meeting. I was not sorry to be remote from the centre of the town, while so many were gathering there to determine a point in the issue of which I was particularly interested. I was glad also to embrace my dear Rosa once more.

I returned before nightfall, and in the evening the committee of the parish waited on me to inform me that a majority voted in favor of me, but that a large minority were against me. I was not surprised or grieved at hearing this report. I was prepared for it. Those who voted for me were very earnest to have me stay. I told them I could not think of remaining with them under such circumstances and prospects ; that those who were opposed to my settlement would make a desperate effort to get possession of the house, and, if they failed, they would secede, build another church, and do their utmost to diminish and demolish the old society ; that a constant warfare would be kept up between the two societies, and the cause of religion would suffer. I then proposed to them, that I would consent to stay with them if they would give up the old house, and build a new one ; stating to them that the

expense would be but little more, as the old house would be too large, and inconvenient ; that it must ere long be repaired ; that by thus surrendering their rights, and peaceably withdrawing, they would show a more Christian spirit, and prevent the complaint which the Orthodox often make, that they are turned out of their churches. To this, the committee replied that the majority ought to rule ; that the house belonged to them ; that, if others were not satisfied with the preaching, they ought to provide a house and preacher for themselves. "But," said I, "we may lose more than we can gain by asserting and maintaining our rights. The Orthodox have got the impression that all the churches, church funds, church records, and church furniture are theirs. The few Orthodox in a society are content with nothing short of the direction and control of everything. If they are denied this privilege and pre-eminence, they feel that injustice has been done : they resent it as an injury, a wrong, which they do not easily forget. By leaving the house, you make a pecuniary sacrifice too small to be mentioned : the greatest sacrifice will be of passion. And this is just what you want for your social and religious prosperity. If you are willing to pursue this course, I shall consider it an evidence not only of your attachment to me, but your attachment to religion, and to those views of it which I have exhibited." I advised them forthwith to call all those together who were friendly to me and my sentiments, and communicate to them my proposals, and to make me acquainted with the result. They engaged to do so, though I could see that they were not pleased with the advice I had given them.

I am once more in Cambridge, recruited and relieved. I left Burnsburg on Tuesday morning. There are many in that town whom I shall long remember, and many, who, I doubt not, will often think of me. The dollars and cents I have put into my pockets are but a trifle of what I have gained by this excursion.

I have heard from the committee. They would not consent to do as I proposed. I did not expect they would. Perhaps some will think I ought to have complied with their wishes,

But to me there seemed to be but little prospect of my usefulness. There were some worthy persons who would have been with me ; but the controlling power and influence was in the hands of those whose main object was to carry their point in a worldly contest. As things were situated, I thought that I might render a more important service to Unitarian Christianity by consenting to stay on such conditions, or on none, than by mixing in a strife which promised no benefit.

I foresaw that as soon as the Liberal party had got possession of the house, and settled me, their zeal would abate ; and that I should find myself connected with those who were not agreed among themselves, and whose chief object in settling me was to drive out the Orthodox. I made a case of conscience of it, and it was difficult for me to decide it to my own satisfaction. It seemed as though the reasons which urged me to leave them should have constrained me to abide with them. I examined the subject on every side. If I consented to stay, there appeared to be no prospect of my remaining long, and being useful. The wealth and influence and power were in the hands of those who were worldly and irreligious men. Every member of the church would leave me ; and the more seriously disposed who were not professors. There were materials enough for another church ; but I despaired of being able to bring them into such a form and state. There were obstacles in my way which I could not surmount nor remove.

The reader may wish to know what became of that society. The Liberal party did obtain the house ; and the Orthodox built a church, and Mr. Biddle, Jr., became their pastor. They were active and earnest. They had prayer-meetings, conferences, lectures, and revivals ; and things progressed. The Liberal party settled a minister, who was a Restorationist. For a while they kept together, and seemed to flourish. Their pastor was a good man. When he settled there, he thought it would be a very comfortable thing to have a home and a parish and a salary, and to have for parishioners such men as Gen. Ward and Squire Moulton and Col. Grout. But, not long after he was settled, he began to take a different view of



his situation, and of the condition of his flock. He had a large congregation, but no church. Not a professor of religion was to be found in his society. He labored to gather and organize a church, but did not succeed. He attempted to have lectures, but failed. He established a Sunday school, but it did not flourish. He earnestly and resolutely advocated the cause of temperance, and was dismissed. They then employed a Universalist and a Unitarian alternately. The more sober and serious part of the society grew weary and disgusted, and dropped off one after another to the Orthodox. They made some alterations in their creed and covenant; Mr. Riddle was a prudent and amiable man, and Mr. Wood and his wife joined his church. Mr. McBird moved out of town, and his family are now worthy members of a Unitarian church. That old meeting-house is now occupied but part of the time, and by transient and itinerant clergymen of various denominations. There are many in that town who cannot submit to Orthodoxy; and, differing among themselves, they are nearly destitute of religious advantages. But I need not pursue the subject.

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THERE is mention made of a dispute betwixt Poseidon and Pallas, which of them should have the honor to give the name to the City of Athens; at length it was resolved, that he should give the name who could find out that which might most conduce to the benefit of the city. Hereupon Poseidon presents them with a stately horse, which signified wars, divisions, tumults, etc.; but Pallas came in with an olive branch, the emblem of peace, love, and unity; the city chose Pallas to be their guardian, rightly apprehending that love, unity, and peace would make most to their prosperity and safety. And questionless, great must needs be the happiness of that nation, kingdom, or commonwealth, where they are made supporters; love and unity to cement all affections, and peace to compose all differences that can be found amongst them." — *John Spencer*.

## THE MONTH.

GEORGE PEABODY.

That I spent, that I had ;  
 That I gave, that I have ;  
 That I left, that I loste.

*Old Epitaph.*

NOT much "spente" on himself, and yet he had enough. How munificent was his giving, is known to all the world — that is laid up beyond the chance of loss. As to what was "lefte," even this, through his wise provisions, will not be "loste." "Go and do thou likewise," before the means have become the end, and gold, given to be thy servant, has become thy master and thy tyrant.

— PUBLIC DISCUSSIONS. — They are turning out as might have been predicted. From the following account of the debate upon *Ecce Deus* and *Ecce Homo*, taken from the "Boston Daily Advertiser," we judge that it must have been especially unprofitable. How men so discerning as Messrs. Townsend and Alger could have been induced to spend their own time, and the time of others, in this way, we cannot understand. If there are any topics which call for the most restrained, deliberate, and accurate statements, surely they are the matters that would come up in a discussion of the manifestation of God in the Revelation by Christianity. We hope that the exhibition referred to will be the last of the kind ; at least, until the dispute can be carried forward in Latin. To be an accomplished theologian is an admirable thing for a minister ; but to preach theology will not be found edifying, whilst of all popular entertainments a theological debate is the least satisfactory.

"RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION AT THE MUSIC HALL. — Those persons who attend the lectures of the Union Course listened last evening to a discussion of the question of Christ's divin-

ity. We trust and believe that we express the sense of a majority of the audience at the Music Hall, when we say that the whole affair was the very reverse of edifying, and when we express a hope that the experiment may not be tried again. It is true that the Rev. L. T. Townsend and the Rev. W. R. Alger are excellent and learned men, — good speakers and writers, and worthy antagonists ; and it is also true that their arguments last night often abounded in the graces of good rhetoric, and the sinewiness of good logic, — or what sounded and seemed like such in either case ; and, moreover, that both the reverend gentlemen spoke in the tones of honest and enthusiastic conviction. But, in spite of all these apparently amiable and promising features in the affair, we do not see how it could fail to pain, displease, and, we must say, disgust, a truly reverent or sensitive nature. The spectacle of two parties in an audience, stirred with a spirit of the sharpest mutual antagonism, is exceedingly unpleasant, even when the decencies and proprieties continue to be observed. Nor does the non-existence of a palpable division or partition wall between the opponents help the matter any : it rather intensifies its disagreeableness. And while this would be true of any audience, excited by any differences, how much more is it true where the subjects discussed and contended over are no less vital and sacred than the eternal verities of the Almighty, and the great themes of man's salvation and the nature of Christ ! The applause of the evening — to name one of its many shocking features — could not fail to pain and grieve the friend of peace and Christian decency ; savoring, as it did, of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, when it rejoiced over some lively snub or stinging retort thrust at the man of the opposite side ; and speaking, as it did, the language of thoughtless irreverence when it set the heel of its noisy and trivial assent to some earnest utterance of grand or awful truth.

“ But we are not so foolish as to leave our objections grounded only upon consideration of taste and veneration at a time when the question of utility ranks every other and all others. The discussion was not only useless, but worse than useless.

It may be that men can be moved by arguments, — though experience shows how hardly the thing can be accomplished, — and it is natural and right that differing theologians should strive to convert those of the opposite part ; but when arguments are presented in such a way, in such a place, and to such an audience, they have the plain and necessary effect of stirring the prejudice, bigotry, and unreasonableness of either section until it fairly bristles. Men take sides, perhaps, who never took sides before ; the insensibility of the mind's eyes to the effulgence of new light is increased a thousand-fold ; and all the powers of anger and intemperate zeal are called into their fullest action against the offered wisdom of the man who is on the wrong side of the question. It would not be too much to say that every man and every woman in the audience went down to his house justified more than ever in his former opinions. As soon as the discussion closed, the audience coagulated directly into hundreds of little knots of friends and acquaintances ; and, passing from and to another, the listener heard, alternately, the most rapturous congratulations interchanged by Trinitarians and Unitarians."

— THEATRE PREACHING has begun again for the season, somewhat to our surprise ; for we had heard, from many quarters, an inquiry as to the wisdom of continuing for the present this form of missionary work. Of course none can doubt that it supplies to the preacher an excellent opportunity, and there will always be those who will know how to make use of such an opportunity. It is another way, and in a matter so pressing we would leave no way untried. We should like, however, to have two experiments made, — the first, for the sake of learning how many of the attendants upon the theatre services are not *habitués* of our churches ; the second, an attempt to follow up the preaching with some personal influence. As to the first point, we have now only the vaguest information. One man has seen such and such a person, who, he thinks, is not a church-goer ; and you will hear the same story a dozen times over. Let our regular church-goers sacrifice themselves sufficiently to stay at home, all of them, one

evening, or two or three evenings, no matter who preaches ; that would help us to some knowledge as to this attendance. We don't care to be at the cost of opening the theatre for those who can go to our ordinary houses of worship. The expense of these extraordinary services is mainly sustained by a few of the churches, and by a small number of givers in these. Are we really reaching the class we proposed to reach ? What we want is information. We are not satisfied that we have it. Moreover, is n't it high time, that, if we cannot bring the people to the churches, we should join them in any place where they will come ? As the matter stands now, it is impossible for our common congregation to do anything with their places of prayer on Sunday evenings. If we go by them, and wonder that they are shut, we may wonder, but we must not complain. In the present circumstances, what would be the use of opening them ? The people are all at the theatre. The present condition of things is most melancholy in this respect. Our basements and chapels are pretty well in use during the week, with our various missions, etc. ; but the great *auditorium* is closed, except for some two or three hours of all the seven days, and, even on Sunday, we hire hall or theatre. It is an intolerable piece of extravagance. If the pulpit is in the way, let us have a platform which can be laid down for the evening. If the minister's gown is in the way, let him stand forth without it. If the pew-doors are in the way, let the pew-doors be taken off. We cannot consent to this abandonment of churches. They are much better fitted for worship than the halls or the theatres. If they are not, they should be reconstructed. If the preachers are not the right preachers, let us have some who are. Who are the people who will not come to an altogether free church, simply because it is a church, but are willing to have church-goers subscribe thousands of dollars every year to open another place for them, sending, perhaps, their own ministers ? It is an expensive whim, to say the least about it. Whatever might be the result of the investigation, of one thing we are already sure. There is a great deal of exceeding unreasonableness in the complaint of closed churches. It is not that

the churches are closed, but that so few care to go to them. How is it in the summer? We will agree to provide all summer worshipers with a pew apiece, unless for the day some celebrity is in the pulpit. Many persons want their church open in summer, that they may go to it when nobody else preaches whom they are specially desirous to hear. So, of a Sunday evening, the chapels of our fraternity, which are altogether free, will be only half-full, if, like most of our churches, they are not closed, and we hire the theatre. Our railroads all want double tracks, but they are not in the habit of running double trains the same way. We never pass one of our closed churches without an uncomfortable feeling.

Then as to the second point. What would the great Methodist movement have amounted to, had it consisted merely of preaching from town to town, and from village to village? How absolutely necessary to follow up all that with a personal oversight and appeal, under a carefully planned system? Of course, a young person hearing the word of faith may be moved effectually to begin a new life, and the beginning may issue well, and yet oftener far nothing will come of it for want of the pastor's or class-leader's work. The minister at large gathers but few even in his attractive chapel: but *he knows all who are there*; and if *saving souls* is what we are aiming at, not advertising a denomination or making a stir, the minister at large has the advantage. It is an unpretending instrumentality: crowds do not go away because they cannot get a seat, but the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Let us be understood. We would not depreciate what is done on Sundays in theatres. We only do not wish to have the churches abandoned for free services. We wish to know who they are that will not go to them, and so have them visited as well as preached to.

— CULTURE AMONGST THE MINISTRY. — We were glad to find Rev. O. B. Frothingham, all of whose words have not always pleased us, entering a vigorous protest against the strange notion, which seems to be gaining currency of late, that the trouble with our liberal ministers is, that they are too

scholarly, and that what we want is to know less. We venture to say that we are not a highly educated body. Learning is not with us any more in any abundance. Our clever young men have not studied theology. Indeed, we are persuaded — though, in this, Mr. Frothingham will hardly agree with us — that we should have fewer Radicals, so called, if we had more and better scholars: at least there are too many (Mr. Frothingham is *not* one of them) who deny in matters about which they are densely ignorant. If only they would read a little Greek, and *study* metaphysics and moral philosophy! We do not believe that the world is to be saved by platitudes. There is a foolishness of preaching which Paul did *not* indulge in. Paul was better fitted to preach to the Gentiles than Peter was, and it is a pity we have not more like Paul in our day to reason with our reasoners. We want faith indeed more than we want anything else, and we are nothing without it; but if any one would add knowledge to his faith, that he may not be compelled to ring the changes upon the same thing in precisely the same way fifty-two or one hundred and four times in the year, to say nothing of extraordinary occasions do let him, in the name of all patient congregations, let him, complete his education!

— LIBERAL ORTHODOXY. — The Rev. W. H. H. Murray promises to be a representative of this phase of thought. He looks for the union of a portion of the Trinitarian Congregationalists with their Unitarian brethren. We hope that his expectation will not perish. We chanced to be spending an hour, a few days since, in one of the most Orthodox towns in our state, where we were formerly settled in the ministry. A friend, who belongs, we suppose, to the left wing of Unitarianism, — at all events, does not belong to the extreme right, — said, “If we had had in the old church such a minister as they have there now, when the Unitarian society was formed, we never should have separated from our old friends.” Undoubtedly there is a movement towards union. It cannot, however, be direct and of purpose. Gradually the Spirit leads the thoughtful and the faithful into a truth which unites them.

They see that all Christians are Unitarians in a sense ; that they do not and cannot believe that the Godhead is three in the same sense in which he is one. The movement is not all on one side. Let Mr. Murray preach in Park-Street Church as the ministers preached there when the present writer was a boy, and he will empty the house as rapidly as he has filled it. *Those who come out of the controversies and denials of the present age earnest and uncompromising Christians, Theists and more, believers in the Father and the Son, will be united.* The only controversy of any moment is that between Christianity and no Christianity, which will prove to be a controversy between religion and no religion ; and any one who keeps his faith at all will keep it in a way which every reasonable and well-instructed Christian of every name will pronounce satisfactory.

— THANKSGIVING OUT OF SEASON. turned out better than was feared. It did not fall on an Indian-summer day : indeed we just escaped a snow-storm. And yet some one must set President Grant right as to the eternal fitness of the last week in November for that festival of festivals. The mischief was sensibly felt in the advanced price of the only fowl the sacrifice of which belongs to the feast of ingathering. New England will not come right again until the mistake, if it was a mistake, has been rectified, or the deliberate innovation, if it was such, abandoned. We have ventured to print a Thanksgiving Sermon under the somewhat unprincipled and yet common disguise of an article with a heading, because the discourse was an exceedingly old-fashioned one, and did not treat of Tariff, or the Gold Question, or Woman Suffrage, or Co-operative Housekeeping, or the Income Tax, or any other of the topics with which, of course, the preacher has a profound acquaintance, and about which he entertains very original views ; because, in short, it was simply a sermon for the day upon the uses of the day. Why not keep to these in our discoursing, and let other times have their own topics ?

— THE BIBLE IN OUR COMMON SCHOOLS. — Long ago, and again and again since, we have earnestly argued that it is a



mistake to retain the Bible, or indeed any form of religious instruction, in our Public schools. Any man or woman, or company of men or women, not content with such schools, should be free to found and *to pay* for others. But see what the government of New York has been doing, and how badly Protestants as well as Roman Catholics have been behaving. The following is from "The New York Observer."

"THE SECTARIAN SCHOOL FUND. — \$171,630.40 paid to Romish schools in New York City. — The work is done. The sum of \$214,928.40 has been divided among the sectarian schools of this city, under cover of a deceptive provision smuggled into the school-bill last winter, hastily passed in the Legislature, and quietly submitted to by the people.

"An injunction ought to have been served upon the distributing officer, and, if it is not too late, it should be served upon the Controller of the city, restraining him from paying out the money. The law is not only unjust (*that* is no objection to it as things go now), but it is defective, and actually fails to define itself. It appropriates the money for the support of schools whose scholars *are not provided for by the public schools*. As there are no children in the city for whom provision is not made in the public schools, the law fails to meet the case, and ought not to be carried out. An injunction, arresting the swindle just here, would bring the case before the courts; and, if there were any justice to be had in the courts, the people might be saved from the fresh burden imposed upon them by this iniquitous enactment.

"The 'distribution' is published in full on another page of this paper. It will appear, from a careful study of that column of figures, that a few Protestant schools (chiefly Episcopal) applied for and obtained a share in the money. They have as good a right to it as the Romanists. But we would not have asked for it, nor have taken it. The money is not honestly obtained from the Treasury, and we would not be receivers of it.

"And several of the schools not marked with the *star* in that list are Romanist schools, though not so named. As it is, the Romanists are endowed with the sum of \$171,630.40, and the others get the balance, — \$43,298.

"This is the condition to which we are reduced by the political influence of Romanism in the city of New York.

"There is no probability that relief can be had from the politicians of either party. The Democrats have the Irish vote, and the Republicans want to get it. This donation to the Roman Catholic Church is simply a bribe to keep or get Irish votes. The little amendment that has given all this money to sectarian schools was introduced into the Senate by a Democratic politician, adopted by a Republican Senate and a Republican Assembly, and approved by a Democratic Governor, so that both political parties are equally responsible for the imposition of the measure upon the people."

If we wish to strengthen the effort which the Romanists are now making to secure schools of their own to be supported by what they claim as their part of the Public School Tax, we cannot do it better than by insisting that the children shall read each a verse out of the Protestant translation of the Scriptures, or shall chant or otherwise repeat the Commandments. There is neither justice nor expediency nor safety for our schools, nor peace, save in the recognition of the broad principle, that in the week-day schools the education is to be secular and simply moral; whilst religion, in all its forms, must be left for parents, Sunday teachers, and pastors. We have no sympathy with those who make "the Bible in our Schools" a Protestant war-cry. Indeed, to retain the Bible in school, even if the Roman Catholics had no objection to it, is one way of bringing the Bible into dishonor. We all remember what a mechanical and dreary business it was, that reading of Scripture. So used, it made no one "wise unto salvation." This matter, as any one can see who reads the newspapers, is rapidly coming to an issue. We would never abandon our public-school system. In order to maintain it, we would throw out everything incongruous, or of which any denomination of Christians may fairly complain, as the Romanist from his standpoint may of the Protestant translation of the Bible. Not a cent should be voted for any school whatsoever, save for those which would confine their instruction to secular branches and plain morals.

## RANDOM READINGS.

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### THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,

It is presumed, had large success in the contributions of the second Sunday in November, though the day was stormy. Let the Association make another appeal, one that shall wake the churches out of sleep to a higher and more intense spiritual life. Quite as much as church extension, we need church life within. A revival of religion, pure and undefiled in our parishes ; individual self-consecration to Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church, to live his life and do his work in the world. If we had some Sunday for simultaneous preaching and praying, throughout the length and breadth of the denomination, for a new conversion unto Christ, and a new baptism into his love, we might possibly have a new pentecost of blessing and enlargement within ; of repentance, conversion, and consecration to the Lord. We need it ; and, if once had, our churches would not need strong external appeals and appliances for contributions, but they would flow spontaneously and perennially, like living springs. We have men enough of power and eloquence, if sanctified to such a purpose. Let preachers and laymen speak and pray simultaneously for repentance and remission of sins, and the load of secularism, which crushes out the life of our churches, might be lifted off, and the breathings of the Holy Ghost come through them like summer gales.

### WHAT EVERYBODY OUGHT TO KNOW.

THE "Scientific American" says this:—

If one portion of vegetables be boiled in pure distilled or rain-water, and another in water to which a little salt has been added, a decided difference is perceptible in the tenderness of the two. Those boiled in pure water are vastly inferior. Onions, so boiled, are almost entirely destitute of color or taste ; though, when cooked in salted water, they gain a peculiar sweetness and aroma. They also contain more soluble matter. Water which contains one-fortieth of its weight of salt is far better than pure, because the salt hinders the evaporation of the soluble and flavoring principles of the vegetables.

## SUNLIGHT.

WE generally imagine that the sun of our planetary system is a very clever sort of a sun, not deficient at all in light and heat, especially about the middle of July, when we flee, panting, from the cities to the mountains and the sea, for the purpose of keeping cool. But our sun is a mere candle compared with some which blaze in the depths of space. Sirius, which is not a sun, but a system of suns, has eighty-six times our brilliancy. Even as yet we have not caught the full glory of the skies. "Vega blazes with the light of three hundred and forty-four suns like ours; Capella, with the light of four hundred and thirty; Arcturus blazes with the light of five hundred and sixteen; Alcyone blazes with the light of twelve thousand." So says the author of "*Ecce Cælum*," or Parish Astronomy. Our sun, which is large enough to fill up nearly all the space between us and the moon, would fade away and become invisible, "as a dim candle dies at noon," in the near presence of those majestic monarchs of day which we call twinkling stars. What glories must the statellites of these monarchs enjoy! What an organization must the people there have, so as not to be turned to ashes in such a noontide, and what eyesight not to be blasted with excess of light! Curious enough, too, the light of those vast sun-systems is not colored like ours. It is sometimes green, sometimes ruby, sometimes blue, and that of the north polar system is yellow, and the people of its statellites have yellow days.

## A WAIF.

THE following song, exceedingly sweet and plaintive, comes to us from a mysterious source. It seems not to have been written by any one in the flesh, but dropped down itself from somewhere. Has any one ever seen or heard anything like it, we wonder? It has all the tenderness of Burns, but we never saw it in print.

## WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple-trees are tinged with red,  
The birch with golden yellow;  
And high above the orchard wall  
Hang apples, rich and mellow;  
And that's the way, through yonder lane  
That looks so still and grassy, —  
The way I took one Sunday eve,  
When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face,  
 That looks so thin and faded,  
 Was once the very sweetest one  
 That ever bonnet shaded ;  
 But when I went through yonder lane,  
 That looks so still and grassy,  
 Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,  
 When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow,  
 And many a patient care,  
 Have made those furrows on the face  
 That used to be so fair.  
 Four times to yonder churchyard,  
 Through the lane, so still and grassy,  
 We've borne and laid away our dead,  
 Since Mary was a lassie.

And so you see I've grown to love  
 The wrinkles more than roses ;  
 Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far  
 Than all spring's dewy posies :  
 They'll carry us through yonder lane  
 That looks so still and grassy,  
 Adown the lane I used to go  
 When Mary was a lassie.

#### HOW AN INFIDEL WAS CONVERTED.

No minister can preach to the condition of his hearers unless he goes among them, and knows their ways. Edward Irving was a tanner's son, and knew about leather. There was a certain cobbler who was a rank infidel, and was never seen at church. Irving sought him out, and found him on his bench, cross and taciturn. Irving took up a piece of leather, and began to discourse of its properties. The cobbler at length looked up, and became highly interested. He crept into church the next Sunday to hear Irving preach. He was convicted and converted, and became a believer, and used to say of the preacher, "*He's a sensible man, yon : he kens about leather.*"

#### MELANGE.

THE COMING ON OF NIGHT is thus described by Epes Sargent, in one of the beautiful passages of the "Woman Who Dared :"—

But when the morn shone crescent in the west,  
 And the faint outline of the part obscured  
 Thread-like curved visible from hour to hour,  
 And Jupiter, supreme among the orbs,  
 And Mars, with rutilating beam, came forth,  
 And the great concave opened like a flower,  
 Unfolding firmaments and galaxies  
 Sparkling with separate stars, or snowy white  
 With undistinguishable suns beyond,  
 They paused, and rested on their oars again,  
 And looked around, — in adoration looked ;  
 For, gazing on the inconceivable,  
 They felt God is, though inconceivable.

THE RACE FOR CURIOUS, QUEER, AND STRIKING TITLES TO BOOKS is not new ; and authors and publishers are aware that very often the success of a book depends upon its title. The title of the "Gates Ajar," we presume, secured a sale of at least ten thousand copies. The old writers were not very fastidious. Two hundred years ago a book was published entitled, "The Snuffers of Divine Love." Another, "Spiritual Mustard-pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion." Another, "A Pack of Cards to win Christ."

THE NORTH STAR is not a star at all, but a systems of suns, revolving around a common centre of gravity. Its distance from us is one million five hundred thousand times one hundred and ninety million of miles. The mariner and fugitive slave have used light to guide them on their way which has been *forty-six years* in coming to them for that purpose. So says "Parish Astronomy," among numerous other good sayings.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY puts to rest the Byron controversy. Mrs. Stowe asks us to suspend our judgment, but it is impossible to suspend it very long in face of such crushing evidence. It is gratifying to know that a great genius, though bad, was not so bad as he might have been, and doubly gratifying to believe that his sister was a good woman, worthy of the love he lavished upon her, and whose sweet spirit shed almost the only sunlight which fell upon his dreary way.

MR. PEABODY'S BENEFACTION is the largest known in England in the history of private benevolence. An American philanthropist

has done more for English charities than any Englishman has ever done, a fact not to be named for boasting, but as a plea for the cessation of hatreds and animosities.

THE OLIVE LEAF, a small sheet published weekly at Waltham, contains some choice things, original and selected. We take from it the following beautiful sonnet by French : —

#### PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
 Spent in thy presence will avail to make !  
 What heavy burdens from our bosom take !  
 What parched grounds refresh as with a shower !  
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;  
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;  
 We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !  
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
 Or others — that we are not always strong —  
 That we are ever overborne with care, —  
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
 Anxious or troubled, — when with us is prayer,  
 And joy, and strength, and courage, are with *Thee* ?

- DR., HEDGE, in his pungent charge at Rev. Mr. Grinnell's installation, was hard on sensation preaching. He said the principal bond of sympathy between the preacher and the audience was shallowness.

A MAN AT A PRAYER-MEETING, who thought evidently that the greatest gift in prayer was volubility, rattled away for some time, quoting scripture profusely and promiscuously, and, among other texts, this : " O Lord, it is good for us to be here, and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias, *not knowing what he said,*"

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Cabin on the Prairie*, by REV. C. H. PEARSON, is one of the "Frontier Series," published by Lee & Shepard. It is a story of a family who settled on the western frontier, and encountered all manner of hardships, not least among which were attacks from hostile Indians. We think the young people will find it entertaining and instructive.

S.

*The Woman Who Dared*. By EPES SARGENT. Roberts Brothers. Marriage is the most sacred of anything left us of the ruins of Eden. Hitherto it has been regarded as the sole prerogative of the lords of creation to take the initiative in regard to it; and it cannot be denied that under this arrangement it has been most shockingly profaned. Half the woes from which the world suffers seem to come, directly or indirectly, from this profanation. In the new age that is dawning, it is proposed to divide this prerogative between men and women, in the hope that the latter, with quicker and clearer perceptions of the interior relationship of minds and hearts, and less in bondage to sensuous or sordid motives, may make this ordinance nearer what it should be. In Mr. Sargent's poem, this, and nearly all the topics incident to the woman question, are touched upon, Mr. Sargent being on the radical side. The poem develops easily and naturally, sometimes with passages of beauty, showing up, as it courses along, the wretched nature and consequences of mercenary marriages, brought about by the intrigue of selfish motives; and when Linda, the heroine of the poem, keeps her destiny in her own hands, scorns to marry a man for his fortune and rejects him, and, having through struggle and energy made her own fortune, goes to the man she loves, and offers him her hand, the reader is prepared to applaud rather than condemn. The marriage turns out splendidly. Linda, notwithstanding her bold step, is one of the loveliest of women.

The tale unfolds with unflagging interest. It will be read for what it is in itself, and as one of the most important works in the literature of the new reform.

S.

LEE & SHEPARD publish two volumes of the "Charley Roberts



Series," by the author of "Forest Hills," a prize story, — *How Charley Roberts Became a Man, and How Eva Roberts Gained her Education*. They are pleasantly written books, descriptive of the struggles and difficulties of Charley and Eva in attaining to manhood and womanhood, and they are well adapted to stimulate a noble ambition in the hearts of the young persons who shall read these volumes.

The same firm publish another of the "Dolly Dimple Series," *Dolly Dimple's Fly Away*, a pretty little book for smaller children, with illustrations. s.

*The Intelligence of Animals, with Illustrative Anecdotes*, published by Charles Scribner and Co., is a capital book in natural history, both useful and entertaining. A good book for boys and girls or for grown-up men and women. Buy it, and give it to the boys; for, while you open to them wonders of the animal kingdom, and the almost human intelligence there manifested, you are teaching lessons of mercy to our dumb animals and abhorrence of cruelty to the lower species. The book is largely and strikingly illustrated, and the anecdotes are very amusing. s.

*Nidworth, and his Three Magic Wands*, is a semi-fairy story, by E. PRENTISS, published by Roberts Brothers. The first wand turns all it touches to gold; the second converts books into knowledge; the third enlarges the heart in the diffusion of disinterested love, which, more than knowledge and gold, gives happiness and peace. The beauty and pleasure of living for others, instead of self, is the lesson of the book, allegorically set forth. s.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. are placing the reading public under special obligations in the republication of *Froude's History of England*, the first volumes of which are already issued in clear and beautiful type, and in a style every way worthy of so great a work. The first two volumes carry the history from the opening of the reign of Henry VIII. to the execution of Anne Boleyn, covering the first perilous years of the English Reformation. Froude's style of narration has the prime qualities of the first-class historian. It flows clear as a limpid brook, without any gorgeous coloring or any tinge of party spirit. It has all the charm of story-telling, while it never loses the dignity of history, combining the simplicity of Herodotus with the severity of Tacitus. In the first two volumes, some of the

disputed characters of English history pass over the scene, — Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and Anne Boleyn. While Mr. Froude aims at impartiality, he shows an unwarrantable leaning towards the prerogatives of kingly power: but we must say that Henry VIII., after all his whitewashing, does not lose his blackness; and though the greatness of his character had evidently won the admiration of Mr. Froude, he must class nevertheless with Caligula and Nero. At the same time, Mr. Froude shows very clearly that the tyrant's plea of necessity in times of perplexing changes, when the state seemed to rock over a volcano, was a great deal more urgent in Henry's case than has generally been allowed. To More he hardly does justice: he does not even understand him. He has not a shadow of doubt of the guilt of poor Anne Boleyn, because "seventy noblemen and gentlemen," that is, two grand juries, the petty jury and twenty-seven peers, rendered a unanimous verdict against her, when they had no interest in the case. Mr. Froude forgets that this very unanimity is ominous of some secret and baleful influence from the throne; that Henry had predetermined that his wife should be put out of the way; and that a vote of "not guilty" must have been given under terrors which "noblemen and gentlemen" are rarely willing to face. He forgets, too, that confessions of guilt, made by prisoners who know that the case has gone against them before trial, are by no means conclusive. He leaves out facts and circumstances which show the duplicity and brutality of Henry; allowing little force to the fact that the king had formed an attachment and determined on a new marriage before poor Anne was executed, and was himself an adulterer at heart while charging the crime upon his wife; and Mr. Froude does not tell his reader how Henry, on the day of the execution, sat ready on his horse, booted and spurred for the chase, waiting for the signal gun in the Tower which told that the wife he had once fondled was a mangled corpse, when he rode off gaily to his sports and pleasures. All this Mr. Froude leaves out, so bringing into relief the best traits of the man whom he makes the hero of his history, and throwing into the shade the bad traits which prove him a moral monster, and the murderer of women to whom on any theory he was bound to show mercy.

The story of the nun of Kent—one of the most affecting romances of history—is told by Mr. Froude so as to invest it with new interest. She was the Spiritualist of that day; and Mr. Froude hardly enters into her case so as to render full justice to her, seeing only what endangered the throne of Henry and must be crushed out.

But, with all his leanings towards kingly power, the lights and shades of English history henceforth will not be estimated aright without Mr. Froude's volumes. He dissipates some of the illusions born both of Catholic and Protestant fanaticism, through both of which factions he contrives to steer without being sucked in. He fascinates his reader from the start; and, without Macaulay's intensity and fire, he holds us to the close with an interest which sometimes thrills, and which never tires. For sale by Lee & Shephard.

S.

*The Lake Shore Series*, by OLIVER OPTIC, are in course of publication by Lee & Shephard; and the boys, we are quite sure, will be transported with the announcement. Four volumes are already issued, *Through by Daylight*, *Lightning Express*, *On Time*, and *Switch Off*, and the two remaining volumes will be ready before this notice is in press. They have been published already in Oliver Optic's Magazine, "Our Boys and Girls." But the boys who read them as serials in the magazine are the more eager to snatch these handsome volumes and read the stories over again and look at the pictures, as we find to our cost while trying to keep hold of them long enough to read them for this review. They are capital books for them; the best reading after books of historical pictures and biographies. Very shabby villains there are in Oliver Optic, but so presented that the boys will detest their vices; while the brave little hero, Wolf Penniman, figures through all the volumes, winning our admiration more and more. He is well and skillfully drawn, showing how in the boy manly courage can be combined with Christian conscientiousness. Let all the boys get the books and read them, which they will be sure to do if they once begin; and, what is more, let them imbibe the heroic spirit of Wolf Penniman. S.

*A Compendious German Grammar*, by so competent a scholar and teacher as PROF. WILLIAM D. WHITNEY, of Yale College, will be very welcome to those who have been hindered in their study of this interesting language by one and another unsatisfactory manual. It can be had at Urbino's.

L. Kehoe, Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau St., New York, issue *The Patriot's History of Ireland*, by M. F. CUSACK. The reader of this book will never again be astonished, if he has ever been before, at the readiness with which the Irishman betakes himself to the arbitrament of force in the settlement of personal or other

difficulties. He is only true to the national tradition. The wonder is that there should be an Irishman still on earth.

*Adventures on the Great Hunting Grounds of the World.* By VICTOR REUNIER. Illustrated with twenty-two wood-cuts. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 1869. An exceedingly interesting book of adventure, and manual of information as to the habits of wild animals. Some of it will try weak nerves not a little, but it is wholesome compared with the sensationalism of the prevailing novelettes.

*Planting the Wilderness* makes one of the "Frontier Series," by JAMES D. MCABE, JR., from the house of Lee & Shepard, 1870, and it has the singular merit of being true to life.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton publish a very entertaining, instructive, and well illustrated book, under the attractive title of *An American Family in Paris*.

REV. MR. SHACKFORD's Introduction gives increased value to the selection from the *Tales of Berthold Auerbach*, which is the seventh of the "Handy Volume Series."

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD publish a handsome volume of thoughtful paragraphs upon *Christian Experience, the Christian Graces, Christian Effort, and the Source of Strength*, by C. A. MEARS, who is already favorably known by a work similar to these, *Living Thoughts*.

*Ballads of New England*, by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1870. This beautifully illustrated, and exquisitely printed volume will be one of the most prized gift-books of the season. Of the poems which are so fairly set forth, there is no need that we should say anything. They have long since sung themselves into the hearts, not only of the New-England people, but of a great multitude beyond these states. Whittier contents us beyond any poet of our country,—we had almost written, beyond any poet of our time. The selection is choice, and the pictures grow out from the words beyond most pictures of the sort. They are the touches of a very skillful hand.

*The Building of the Ship.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. With illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1870. Less successful in its illustrations than the *Ballads*, as indeed there was

less to call into happy exercise the artist's gifts, it is nevertheless a beautiful specimen of book-craft in type, paper, binding, and form.

We have received from William V. Spencer, PROF. C. C. EVERETT's *Science of Thought*. We have read enough to have become deeply interested in the book, but not enough yet to do it anything like justice in the way of a notice, which we must defer for the present. We must add, however, that the book is *not* dry, and is even entertaining, and comes very near our times.

The only complete collection of the *Poems* of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will be found in the beautiful diamond edition of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., which has just been issued.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD publish *The Sunset Land, or The Great Pacific Slope*, by REV. DR. TODD, of Pittsfield. Read it and save the trouble of going over the ground yourself. The same firm sends out the *Rosa Abbott* and the *Elm Island Stories*, five of each, and the sixth of each in preparation.

*Stories from my Attic*. By the author of *Dream Children* and *Seven Little People and their Friends*. With illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge Riverside Press. 1869. A book which will yield to the young readers not a little pure pleasure.

We have received the first two volumes of Hurd & Houghton's new author's edition of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN's works, *The Improvisatore* and *The Two Baronesses*. The genius, poetry, and romance displayed in these two books cannot fail to attract the few who have not read them; and those who have already read and learnt to admire them will be delighted to find so attractive an edition, the print and binding of which is all that can be desired.

*The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition*. By F. H. HEDGE, D.D. Roberts Brothers, Publishers. This book comes to us so late, that we must defer our notice until the next number. We are unwilling to read in haste what we would enjoy, and are sure to enjoy at our leisure, or to set down any hurried comments upon words which are so freighted with thought.

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